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March 31, 1951

Russia CAN'T Take Alaska

A Reporter in Search of God

By HOWARD WHITMAN

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March 31, 1951

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The Cover

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep; if I should die before I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take. God bless Mommy and Daddy and the rabbit and make me a good girl. Amen."

Week's Mail

The Governor & the Red Czar

EDITOR: After reading The Red Czar Moves to Conquer Us by the Hon. Thomas E. Dewey (Feb. 10th), I thank God that there are still men like Governor Dewey, who don't want to give "good old Joe" (I borrow from President Truman) all of Europe and Asia before we decide we had better prepare to defend ourselves.

Truman would do well to listen to such men as Dewey and Eisenhower to build a foreign policy that we wouldn't have to change every few weeks.

JAMES H. GIBSON, Daingerfield, Texas

. . . Thank you for your most inspiring article by Tom Dewey. It is one of the few articles I have read concerning our present predicament which offers us hope—if only we will act, and quickly!

What can we, the common citizens, do to make our leaders act? To force our leaders into making constructive decisions? To force our leaders to forget their own political security and to start thinking of our national security?

Surely you have done the reading public a great favor in publishing Mr. Dewey's article. FRANCES SHEPPARD, La Marque, Texas

. . . Congratulations to Collier's for publishing the most informative, the most practical article I've ever read concerning our foreign policy. Let's have more of Mr. Dewey's writings. FLOYD GOTHARD, Bellefontaine, Ohio

. . . A consistent reader of Collier's, I would like to say thanks for giving us the brilliant article by Thomas E. Dewey. Stating actual facts, he advises us exactly where we stand in regard to Soviet Russia. Let us hope it is what the American people need to pry *them from a smug complacency to the* awareness of a dangerous situation.

MRS. ROBERT H. WARD, Paint Lick, Ky.

. . . Had Dewey written his The Red Czar before the last election instead of now, he would surely have been elected. Ain't he lucky? SAM SHREERO, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Timely Exposure

EDITOR: Collier's is to be congratulated on both the article on slot machines and the recent one on punchboards (The Punchboard Racket, Feb. 10th). Your fearless reporting on vice that taints the high offices of government and robs the very poorest is indeed heartening. The entire American press should rise and shout, "Well done, Collier's and Gordon Schendel."

V. R. HUGHES, Belgrade, Mont.

. . . The article on the punchboard racket was very interesting and enlightening. It puzzles me how Mr. Schendel was able to get all the inside information about earnings and stockholdings in the various companies, etc. He should be on the Kefauver committee.

ARTHUR P. ANDERSON, Park Ridge, Ill.

Kelly vs. Barzov

EDITOR: You probably have received many letters by now, from all your readers who consider themselves chess players, on the story All the King's Horses, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (Feb. 10th).

I am not criticizing the story, as I enjoyed

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it, but will put in my small bit as a beginning chess player. If my king was checked by the white queen, I would move my queen two spaces to the left, therefore protecting my king and making the opponent move his queen. If the opponent moved three spaces to the left, again putting my king in check, I would move one space diagonally to the left, having the space protected by my pawn, and also protecting the king. Next move?
ROBERT MCKEE, Payette, Idaho

. . . I do not want to spoil a perfectly otherwise good story, but in the story All the King's Horses, Brother Kelly was blind and Comrade Barzov was even worse. All Barzov had to do in the fourth move on the chart was to advance his castle to the king's knight two and he would have ruined Kelly's chances for a checkmate. Contrary to what was stated in the story, this was one of the ways in which Barzov could avoid a checkmate. CADET HERBERT D. PECKHAM, U.S.C.C., West Point, N. Y.

. . . It is too bad that the story had to be spoiled by a very illogical, almost impossible chess game.

Even an amateur player such as myself would know better to make a move such as Barzov made to get out of the first check. He could have interposed with either his rook or queen and be in no danger whatsoever. M/SGT. DANIEL B. WALL, Jacksonville, Fla.

. . . Kelly's plan for winning was so weak that only a writer of fiction would dare use it. After Margaret had taken black pawn (move 3) for check, Barzov's next move was so obviously *not* king to KR square, but black rook forward one square to black check. Protected by black queen, the rook move was so simple that it would hardly be overlooked.

At this point the game was far from being Kelly's. Evidently neither Kelly nor Barzov were as great players as Author Vonnegut would try to make us believe.
FRANK MATTHEWS, Missoula, Mont.

. . . I wrote the short story in your February 10th issue, All the King's Horses, because I was sore at Russian imperialists. I have yet to hear from an offended Russian imperialist. Judging from this morning's mail, however, I have affronted the great, good, and 100 per cent loyal fraternity of American chess experts. Let me say that they are far more friendly about it—after the fashion of helping a blind man across the street—than are most schools of experts in showing an author his mistakes.

The gist of all the letters is this, and it's based on the diagram that was published with the story: the chess played by both sides was abominable; both missed opportunities to make far more intelligent moves than they did make. True.

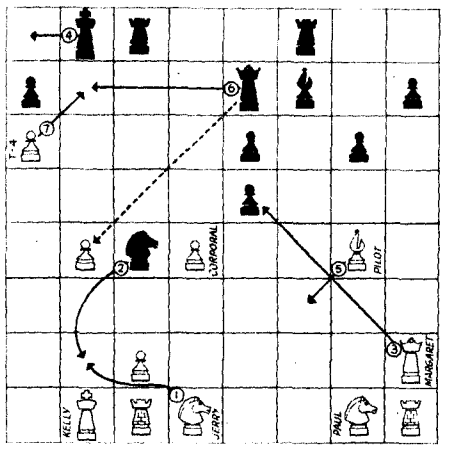
But there never was a chess game played under more harrowing circumstances. In a game where emotion is a handicap, Kelly had lives at stake—including those of his family. The entire game was seen through his eyes. He didn't see it right. He wasn't sure he saw it right. He was lucky to win. True. Thank God he won.

Pi Ying, as I tried to make clear, played a slapdash game because he was in for its sadistic aspects, and because he was tiring of the game and was going to knock off everybody anyway.

Barzov, when he took over, was in rough emotional shape because he had lost Pi Ying, a first-rate guerrilla leader and front man—a bad thing for Moscow and for Barzov's career. He, as the experts show, still had a chance to win. Kelly thought Barzov might still win despite the sacrifice. Barzov's arrogance also worked against him. He moved quickly (not like an expert) without much reflection. Barzov had a chance and muffed it badly. Thank God he lost.

In the story were five murders, an international incident, threatened infanticide, a suicide, a nervous breakdown. I have seen chess experts fly into a rage at the cough of a kibitzer, at the click of a door. Check?
KURT VONNEGUT, JR., Alplaus, N. Y.

BARZOV



KELLY

No Loopholes Wanted

EDITOR: Your editorial It Doesn't Make Sense (Feb. 10th) is a fine piece of hard hitting and Harry Devlin's cartoon has irony and power.

Truly it's about time we Americans realize that there must be no loopholes left for subversives, that our laws and the enforcement thereof must be tough. It has already been proved how fatal seemingly "small" weaknesses can be. MRS. JEAN LEONARD, Woodland Hills, Cal.

. . . I wish you would reprint your recent editorial on the statute of limitations with the caption "all papers please copy," for what you had to say should be said over and over again.

Many people are waking up to the sinister implications of this sloppy, sentimental and vicious law. MRS. S. J. KREMER, Hartford, Conn.

. . . It Doesn't Make Sense to me either!

Every time I read about these spies and *saboteurs* going scot-free or receiving a fine and a minimum sentence I really boil. If they tried such a stunt in the "wonderful" country they give information to, they would meet the firing squad at the next sunrise.
MRS. GILBERT LIBERMAN, Springfield, Ill.

That's Our Boy

EDITOR: I have just been studying the very clever cover by the Berenstains on the February 10th issue and I am sure I recognize the portrait of the ugly, bald-headed man in the frilled collar! I am positive that it is the dirty horse thief who ran away with my poor Aunt Mollie on my father's side. I you have any information as to the where abouts of this scoundrel, I am sure that i the interests of law and order, it should b turned over to the closest sheriff's office
BOB BARNES, Santa Cruz, Ca

Ugly, bald-headed Gurney Williams, wh can be found at his desk in our Art D partment, says Bob Barnes has probab sold his last cartoon to Collier's.

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"We needn't stop for gas
. . . I filled it last week"

WILLYS makes sense

— IN ECONOMY — IN EASE OF DRIVING — IN COMFORT

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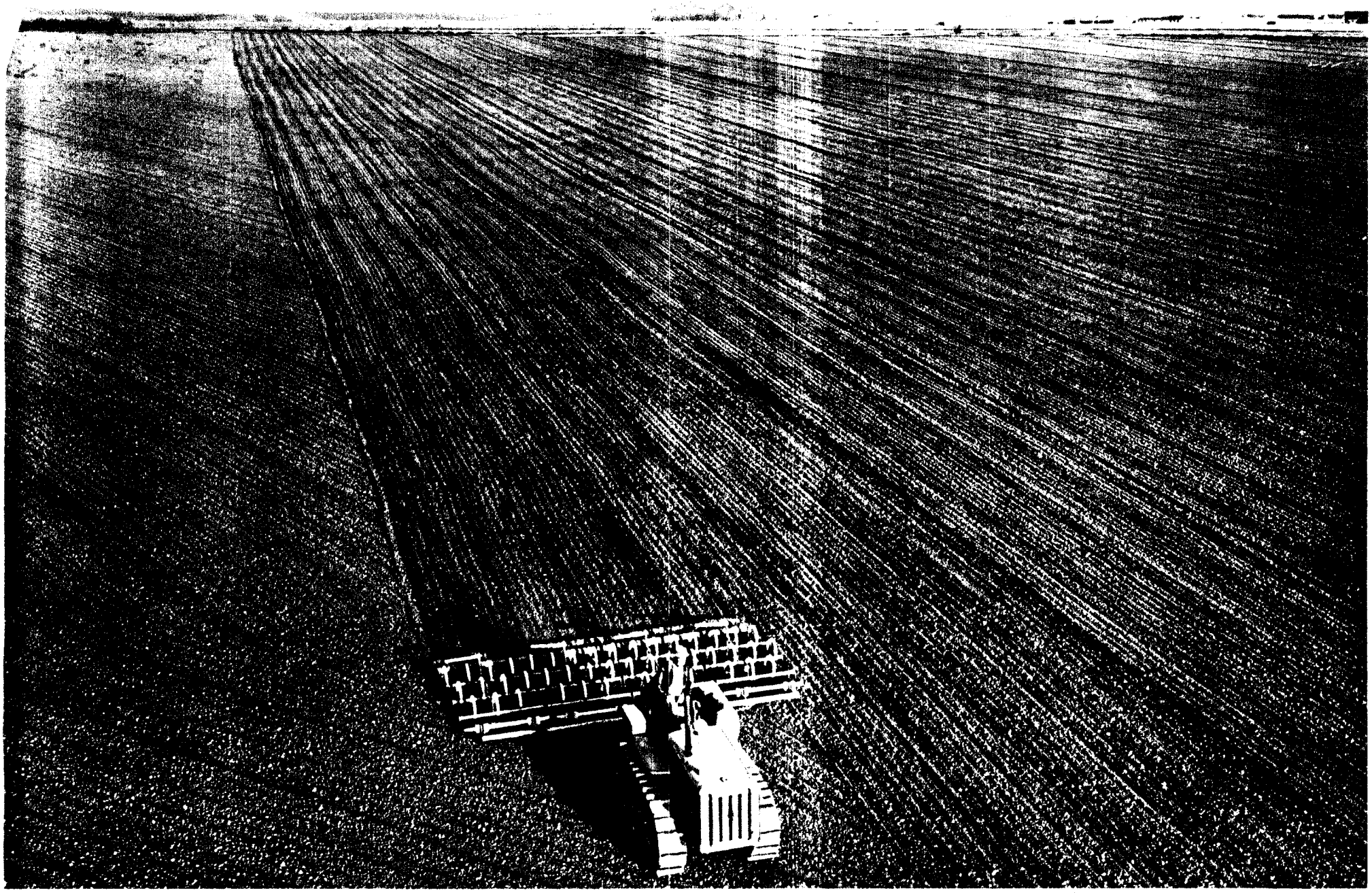
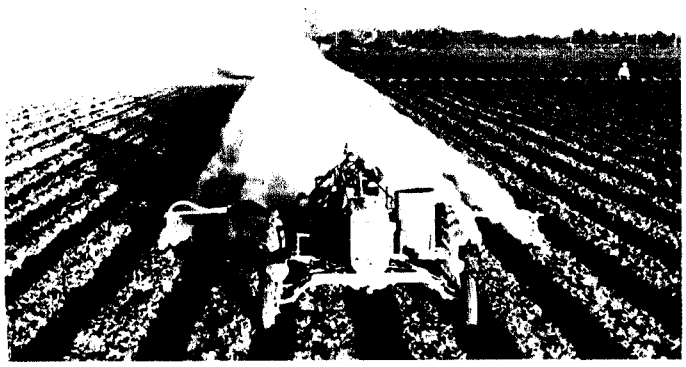


PULLING A 16-FOOT HARROW with his multi-purpose, diesel oil-burning tractor, William Gisler of Carmarillo, California prepares, in a single day, 40 acres of bean land for planting. This job would have taken him more than a week with horse-drawn equipment. On America's farms today, 4 men do the work 14 used to do.

TANK TRUCK DRIVER brings fuels and lubricants right to the farm. Oilmen have constantly improved the quality of the petroleum products America uses. For example, 2 gallons of gasoline now do the work 3 did in 1925—although gasoline today is priced about the same.



LETTUCE FARMER blasts leaf worms with new insecticides. Today the average farmer raises enough food to feed 15 people —against 9 in 1920. Also, with oil-powered machinery, he no longer has to use a large part of his land to feed work animals.

Oil Puts Record 178 Million Horsepower To Work On U. S. Farms

The American farmer's all-out food production drive this year is sparked by the world's greatest power plant—178 million horsepower* in mechanical energy—twice that of 1940.

This enormous energy, powered by oil, is more than that used in all America's factories combined. It is the big reason why the U. S., with far fewer farm workers, now produces 40% more food than ten years ago.

Meeting the farmer's sharply increased needs for fuels and lubricants is just part of the oilman's service to the farmer. Chemical magic, born of constant petroleum research, provides insecticides, weed killers, fertilizers, tires and rust preventives to further boost the yield per acre.

The oil industry's contribution on the food front is typical of its service to the nation.

In peace or war, America's thousands of privately-managed oil companies provide the public with the finest oil products in the world at the world's lowest prices.

This has come about because free men, competing vigorously over the years, have outdistanced the world in their race to out-distance each other. *The benefits of this competition go to you and the nation.*

**Latest estimates of U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

As much as we dislike to open this department of Collier's with bad news, perhaps it's better to get it over with. A citizen of Cabot, Arkansas, too ashamed to permit the use of his name, has dug a well and come up with, of all things, water. Hitherto, for the past five years, well diggers have struck nothing but ordinary stuff—like oil and gas. The city government, an old-fashioned instrument with antiquated notions that water is necessary to the happiness of the populace, is inclined to rejoice in the misfortune of the unnamed citizen. Our man down there dropped in on Mayor Ernest L. Bailey, who clings to the conventional theory that sooner or later water becomes a necessity. The mayor was on his way to a meeting of the city council which, he said, "is always in an emergency session trying to figure how we can get some water for the city water system." Our man, a pampered city fellow, is inclined to agree with Mr. Bailey, reporting that bourbon-and-petroleum highballs have an odd taste. Moreover, he adds, bathing in crude oil isn't wholly satisfactory.

★ ★ ★

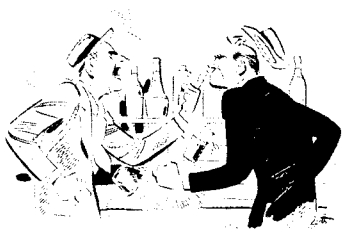
While pondering the predicament of Cabot, we ran into Jefferson Machamer, the artist and cartoonist—designations which some people insist are not necessarily synonymous. Mr. Machamer had a little spare time on his hands because his current model had asked for the afternoon off. Said she was meeting her grandmother due to arrive from Oregon. The request surprised Mr. Machamer, who said to her: "Your grandmother? Why, you don't look old enough to have a grandmother." Replied the model: "Oh—my grandmother is very young." However, the afternoon was not wasted. Mr. Machamer said he was going to devote it to working on an idea which had been trickling in between his brain cells for some time—a stringless Yo-yo.

★ ★ ★

This column is not given recklessly to shuddering. And yet we are trying hard not to think of what Joe Stalin's newspapers will do with the news from Houston, Texas. Recently, frying chickens were selling for $124.32 a pound there. Whether these fowls were eaten between oil strikes or whether they were merely encrusted with gold and precious jewels and mounted on the hoods of the jet-propelled automobiles of multibillionaire petroleum kings, we don't know. The part of the story which will not appear in the Kremlin papers is that there were only five of these fryers. Their total weight was 18½ pounds. They took first prize at the Houston Fat Stock Show. They were auctioned off for $2,300. But we can scarcely wait to see what Moscow does with the facts.

JACK BETTS

It is generally admitted in Salt Lake City, Utah, that patrons of the city's taverns and cabarets do not go into them for the purpose of reading. Yet the Salt Lake police have decreed that hereafter



all such places shall be lighted "bright enough to permit easy reading of a newspaper." Two literate cops have been assigned to make the rounds, armed with reading matter, to see whether the new regulation is being observed. Apparently it is. The proprietor of one barrel house, until lately famed for the dimensions and durations of its nightly rhubarbs, fears that the ukase is going to drive him out of business. "Losing most of my best customers," he sighed. "Haven't had a nice disorderly discussion of the state the world's in for two weeks—not since the lights went up. Some people can't argue good unless in the dark."

★ ★ ★

Comforting news for spaders of those home vegetable gardens now being advocated by the Department of Agricul-

ture. A Louisiana man has invented a seat which can be attached to the handle of a shovel. Adjustable.

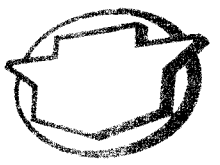
★ ★ ★

If your doctor is half the man you think he is, he can tell you about this time of year that your hypothalamus has run out of gas and your pituitary gland could do with a few prods. He might even add that your hemin isn't normal. After you've paid him his fee, don't start calling up your friends to brag that the entire medical profession is bewildered that you should be alive at all. You've only got spring fever. That hypothalamus is merely your thermostat and you'll find it in the middle of your brain, if you insist on looking. Hemin? Just the coloring in your red corpuscles. No charge for this service.

★ ★ ★

While Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur are looking after military matters to the east and west of us, San Francisco is taking quite a beating in her Pigeon War. With a notable lack of enthusiasm, that beautiful city claims it

(Continued on page 79)



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A Reporter in Search of GOD

By HOWARD WHITMAN

A great revival of interest in spiritual life finds millions of Americans seeking to understand and reach the Deity. A writer joins in their quest

I KNOW the perfect solution to the world's problems," the mechanic said. The scene was a small garage in New England. The mechanic, greasy-handed, was working with his head cocked upward at an odd angle under a car on a hydraulic lift.

"The perfect solution?" I queried.

"Yup," he said, shooting a blob of grease into a spring knuckle. He came out from under the car, straightened his head and said. "Man ought to abdicate and let God take over."

I set those words down in my notebook. They took their place beside so many similar words I had heard from the lips of Americans everywhere. A woman sitting next to me on a cable car in San Francisco had said, "Human beings have made such a mess of this world. I wish God would take it back and run it Himself." A businessman in little Kutztown, Pennsylvania, had remarked, "Mankind has had its chance—and muffed it." An old farmer near Ashtabula, Ohio, had crackled tersely, "Only God can save the world now."

Americans everywhere are turning to God as they never have before. Some, like the mechanic, want to throw in the chips and let God take over. Some just want God to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. Some, badly frightened, are rushing to the security of God's apron strings. Some sincerely want to find God and abide with Him.

Whatever the shading of motive, millions of Americans who previously may never have been sure, or even cared, whether God was in His Heaven are turning to Him now.

Churches are filling up. They are dusting off pews they haven't used in years. Memberships are zooming. Many, like the Oak Park Christian Church in Kansas City, Missouri, have had to hold duplicate services to accommodate the crowds. Evangelists, from Billy Graham to pretty Kathryn Kuhlman, are packing 'em in. People are gobbling up religious books as though they were spiritual headache tablets. And one earthy metropolitan newspaper featured the story of Jesus in the very same big, black type it customarily reserves for dope rings, murders and Hollywood divorces.

The Reverend George W. Lucas, of the Bethel Baptist Church in Dayton, Ohio, described the feeling which people have nowadays as a "heart hunger." He said to me, "Everybody is feeling for something, listening for something. People are hoping they can catch a bit of that something as the rush goes by."

At a medical school in the Midwest, I met a young man who was dropping out in his final year. He had decided not to be a doctor. He was going to be a minister instead.

"Why?" I asked.

The youth, tall, Lincolnesque, with heavy black eyebrows, replied, "I've been cutting man apart for several years now. But I've never found what I've been looking for. The soul never showed up under my microscope."

A businessman in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, Harold U. Landis, head of the Penn Oil and Penn Lumber Companies, remarked crisply, "More and more people are willing to sit down and listen. They are realizing there is more to life than meets the eye."

Undoubtedly you, too, have seen, or sensed, this "reaching out," this search for God. As a reporter, I have joined it. I have set out toward the small towns and the big cities, toward the factories and the farms, toward the big crossroads and the obscure corners of America—toward wherever the search may lead.

This is my first report. Later reports will deal with the search for God—for values to hold on to, for meanings of life in a tense, bedeviling age—as that search goes on in millions of hearts, perhaps in your own. A reporter's inquisitive nose will be poked into the basic beliefs of scientists, nature lovers, intellectuals, even atheists; into the out-of-the-way sects and crackpot fringes. Later reports will tangle with such puzzlers as the value of prayer, the question of fate and the riddle of life after death.

But in this first report I want to deal with first things first. Why are people turning to God? What do they mean by "God"? How do they propose to reach Him? How understand Him?

"People are turning to God," said Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill, "because they've learned something from history. They've learned that mankind cannot save himself by himself."

We sat in the bishop's study on Fourth Avenue, New York, and saw out the window some of the wondrous towers of steel and stone which man had built. I remembered how that morning, in one of the towers, I had seen a busy little man tacking up notices about where to run in case it should come toppling down.

Bishop Sherrill continued, "Until now,

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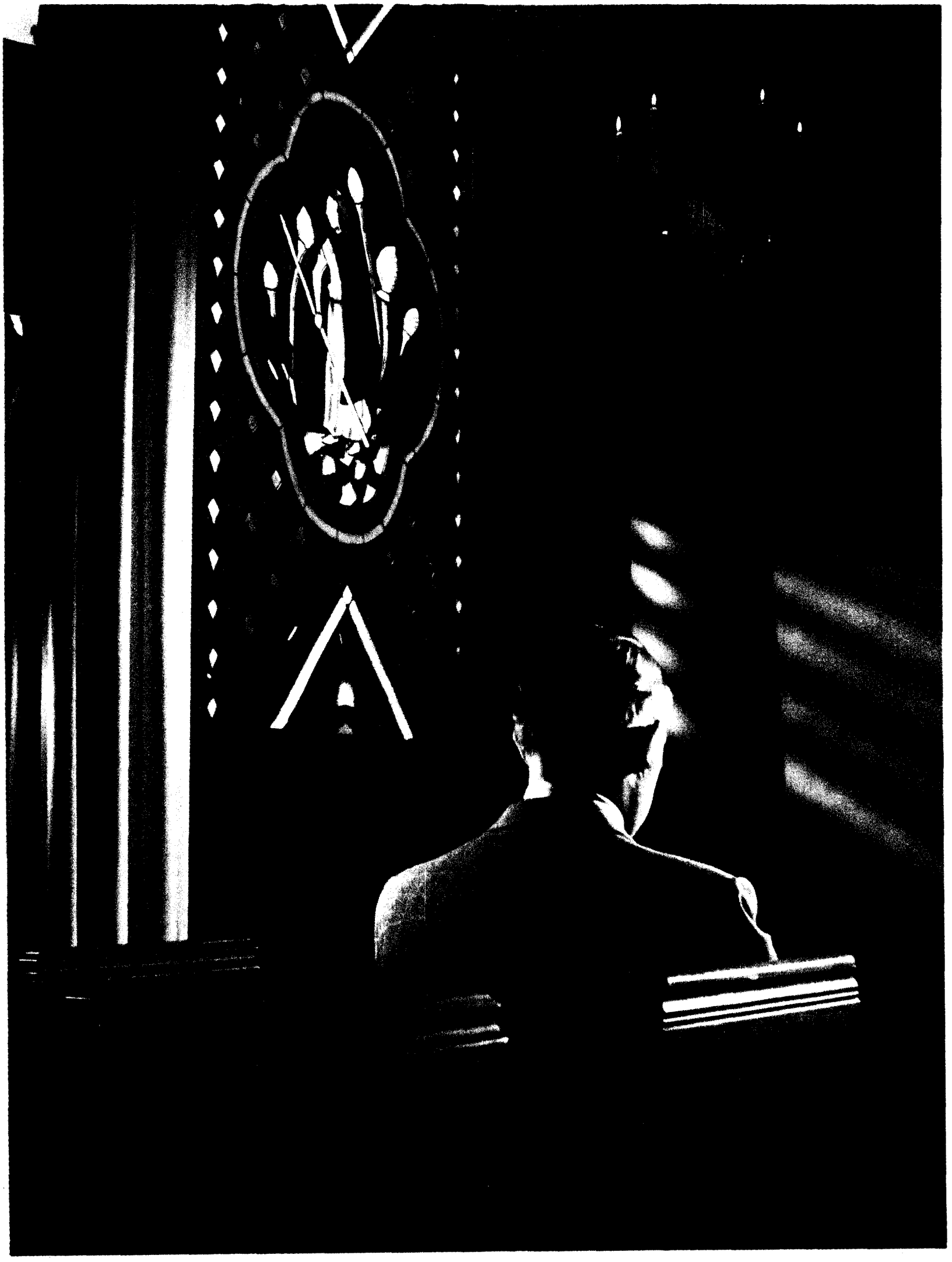

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL

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people felt that man himself could work out everything. 'Progress' was the answer to all his problems. He thought he was going up an escalator. All he had to do was learn more, invent more, progress more—and the world would get better and better. Now people can see that something has been left out of the picture. What has been left out is God."

Something deep inside of people seems to tell them that. That's why they're reaching out. Bishop Sherrill, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church and president of the new National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., summed up the mood of today: "Man's necessity is God's opportunity."

But certainly man has found himself in a spot before. He's been bogged down so many times. What's different about this time?

The difference, as I found it, is that now—for the first time—people feel really helpless. They've never felt really helpless before. They've always had some ace up their sleeve: science, technology, mass production, medicine, psychiatry, education, government, League of Nations, United Nations.

Do they think any of these things can save them now?

"No," said one of the men I met. "We have exhausted the tangibles!"

So people are turning to God.

It's not just a "save me, save my skin" kind of turning. It is not all foxhole religion. Much of it is the sincere "heart hunger" the Reverend Lucas of Dayton talked about. People are not merely quaking; they are searching.

When the National Council of Churches was being formed last November, the Reverend Ralph W. Sockman, of Christ Church in New York, declared, "Never since the first century have conditions been so ripe for a new apostolic age. The dangers which threaten the world, the longings for peace and brotherhood in the hearts of common men, the visions of unity caught by church leaders—all furnish a striking parallel to the conditions confronting Christ's first disciples."

But if people are reaching out for God, do they know what it is they're reaching for? People I talked to everywhere, in country stores, along busy thoroughfares, on farms and in skyscrapers—all of them used the word "God" without hesitation. But just what did they mean by "God"?

In my reportorial rounds I came upon many definitions of God, perhaps all the same. A schoolteacher said, "God is wisdom." A businessman said, "God is nature." Many people said, "God is love." Others said, "God is truth," "God is mercy," "God is the creator," "God is the supreme being," "God is the Father."

In Rochester, New York, I heard this discussion between a minister and a biochemist. The Reverend Murray Alexander Cayley, of the First Presbyterian Church of Rochester, had taken me to the home of the biochemist. I was an extra man on a pastoral visit. We had eaten a fine dinner of roast beef. Now the biochemist, the minister, their wives and I sat about in the living room—and the question of God come up.

THE BIOCHEMIST: To me, God is intelligence. God is the sum total of intelligence in the universe—the supreme intelligence.

THE MINISTER: I'd say God is infinite spirit.

THE BIOCHEMIST'S WIFE: Just what do you mean by that?

THE MINISTER: That's always the trouble when we use words. Words are finite. How can we use them to describe the infinite? Anyway, I'll try. I'd say God is a spiritual reality, an intelligent personality, best described as infinite wisdom, love and power.

THE BIOCHEMIST'S WIFE: It's hard to picture anything like that.

THE MINISTER: Of course. A student of mine had the same trouble. He finally described God as an "oblong blur."

THE BIOCHEMIST: Why be so mysterious? I can observe God every day—in terms of supreme intelligence—right on my laboratory table. I put two chemicals together, they act upon each other, and there you have it. They act upon each other in accordance with absolute natural laws. There is intelligence, sense, rhyme, reason to the way they act upon each other. That intelligence, that power behind the immutable law and design of the universe, is my concept of God.

THE MINISTER: That power, you say?

THE BIOCHEMIST: Yes.

THE MINISTER: Well, you're a scientist. Have you ever seen power?

THE BIOCHEMIST: Certainly.

THE MINISTER: No, you haven't. All you've seen is the results of power—the manifestations of power. Can you see electricity? Oh, you can see molecular and electronic activity caused by electricity. You can see a bulb light, a spark jump. But can you see the essence—the power itself?

THE BIOCHEMIST: Well, we know it's there.

THE MINISTER: Precisely. *We know God is there.*

THE BIOCHEMIST'S WIFE: Isn't it easier just to think of God as a person? I don't mean any special person. That is, He wouldn't look like anybody in particular. But He would be, well, more or less in the shape of a person.

THE BIOCHEMIST: You mean an old man with a white beard sitting on the edge of a cloud?

THE BIOCHEMIST'S WIFE: Oh, I know it sounds childish. But when I pray to God, I like to think of Him as being something definite, not a particular person, but—in the general shape of a person.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE: Yes, what difference does it make? If you find it easier—if you're more comfortable thinking of God that way, why shouldn't you?

THE MINISTER: It puts you out on a limb. The scientists will look up into the sky with their telescopes and report back that your "person" isn't there. They'll tell you that if anyone were up there, he'd fall through space and be burned up by friction.

THE BIOCHEMIST'S WIFE: Then where is God?

THE MINISTER: Everywhere.

THE BIOCHEMIST: Just as I said—the force and the power behind everything. The supreme intelligence.

THE MINISTER: Exactly. The infinite spirit.

The man of science and the man of religion agreed, in the end, that they were looking at the very same thing—even though they stood at different windows.

There are lots of windows to look through.

The Reverend Albert D. Betts, a Methodist minister from the little hamlet of Travelers Rest, South Carolina, gave me a rich, inclusive definition. Said he, "God is the creator and governor of the universe, the all-knowing, the all-just, almighty, supreme intelligence. God is spirit. God is light. God is love."

"One could give a hundred-and-one definitions, and all of them might be truthful approximations," remarked Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, of The Temple in Cleveland. He tilted back thoughtfully in the chair of his book-lined study and offered this one—"God is the thinking and creating Mind of the universe. He is the source of all its laws, physical and spiritual. The universe is a manifestation of God."

Having given the definition, the rabbi sat forward and said, as if humbly to withdraw it, "Perhaps *(Continued on page 82)*

Howard Whitman, a veteran magazine writer, embarked several months ago upon a search that many millions of Americans are making—a search for God. In the accompanying article, he reports on the first steps of his spiritual journey, telling why Americans are turning to God, what they mean by "God" and how they propose to understand and reach Him. Later articles, to be published from time to time, will tell what he learned from Protestants, Catholics and Jews about their quest for God, will report on the religions of men and women in many walks of life, and will take up such questions as prayer, and life after death. Mr. Whitman was born in Cleveland in 1914 and educated at Western Reserve.

Howard Whitman

After jobs on the Paris Herald, the London Daily Express and the Daily News of New York, he became a full-time magazine writer six years ago. He has published 47 articles in Collier's. His home is in Westport, Conn.

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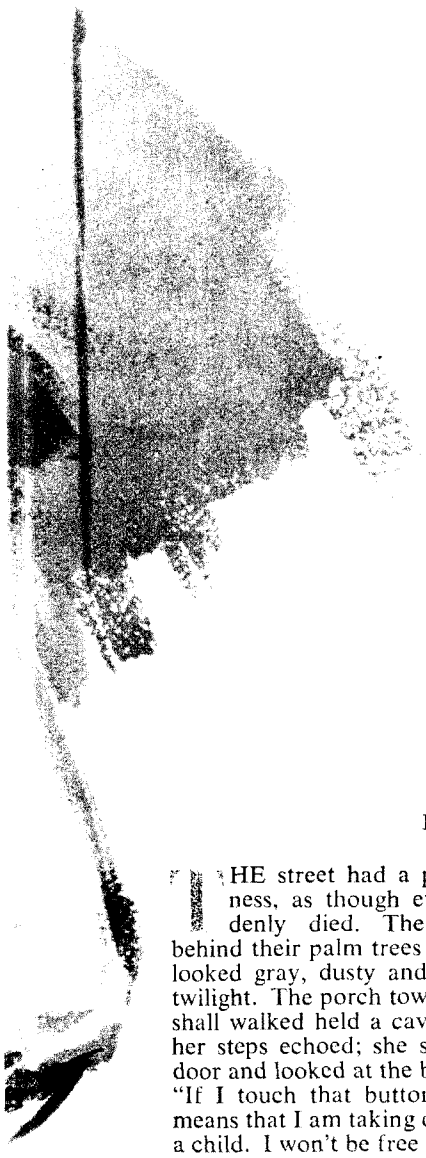


Stairway to an EMPTY ROOM

Beginning a new serial: the story of a girl who was forced to discover a whole new world—in which death and the threat of death were frighteningly real

I

THE street had a peculiar, arrested quietness, as though everyone on it had suddenly died. The old-fashioned houses behind their palm trees and thatches of lantana looked gray, dusty and remote under the dull twilight. The porch toward which Monica Marshall walked held a cavernous silence in which her steps echoed; she stopped abruptly by the door and looked at the black button on the wall. "If I touch that button," she told herself, "it means that I am taking over the responsibility of a child. I won't be free any more. I'll have Biddy's little girl." And because the sudden memory of Biddy, and the manner of Biddy's dying, was unendurable and terrifying, she touched the button quickly without further thought.

A woman opened the inner door and looked out through the screen. She was middle-aged, with fine black eyes that once must have been soft and lovely but were now as hard as jet. "Yes? What do you want?"

"Mrs. Lannon? I'm Monica Marshall. I've come for the child."

The woman made a sound of indecision deep in her throat. Then she touched the latch of the screen door grudgingly. "I guess you better come in. She's asleep. You'll have to wait."

Monica said, "I can't wait. I'll take her now."

The black eyes flickered. "I didn't have no notice. Her clothes ain't packed. They ain't even clean."

"All right, I'll take them just as they are."

The woman frowned, grumbling: "I don't see why she can't stay here."

Monica didn't answer. She was looking at the room: big, high-ceilinged, full of oak furniture with a lot of claw feet and dusty red velvet. There was a potted fern, mottled by some sort of plant disease, in the bay window that faced the street. The lace curtains hung motionless in the humid warmth. There was no breath of fresh air in this room at the end of a summer's day; no open windows, nor even a fan. The place was like a prison.

"You got the court order?" Mrs. Lannon asked.

Monica opened her purse and took out the papers signed by the judge.

"Yeah, but she's familiar here," the woman argued. "You oughn't to take her away, leastways not till after the—the . . ." She stopped there; she smirked, studying Monica's face.

"I'll take her today. Now. At once." Monica kept her tone firm, though it was hard not to show her inward confusion and her grief, and hard not to show that she was almost afraid of this woman.

The woman shrugged and turned to lead the way down a hall. She stopped before a door, opened it to peep in, then threw it wide. "Well, you ain't asleep after all! You got a smile for Mama Ida?"

The little girl was sitting very straight in the middle of the bed. She wore a white cotton slip which was too tight and too short, and a pair of dirty blue socks. Her face was round, solemn, unsmiling; she did not smile at the black-eyed woman. "I'm not asleep because it's too hot," she said.

"You're going to get dressed and go away, and Mama Ida will cry."

"I don't care," the child said matter-of-factly.

In spite of her own feeling of distaste for the woman, Monica was disturbed. The child's manner was cold and dismissing; and Monica had planned the meeting quite differently. Tears, perhaps—emotion of some sort.

The girl said, "Shall I scrape the egg off my dress, or can I have a clean one like you said?"

Monica stepped forward. "Winifred—"

The solemn face turned toward her; after a moment the little girl said, "Yes?"

"Aren't you going to say hello?"

The child seemed to study the remark; then she said carefully, "Hello, Aunt Monica."

Monica looked about for some way to open the friendship. "Shall I help you put on your shoes?"

"No, thank you."

"I could brush your hair."

Winifred fingered the fuzzy, unkempt pigtails. "Would you?" She crawled toward the edge of the bed, her big eyes wary. "I'd like it. My head itches."

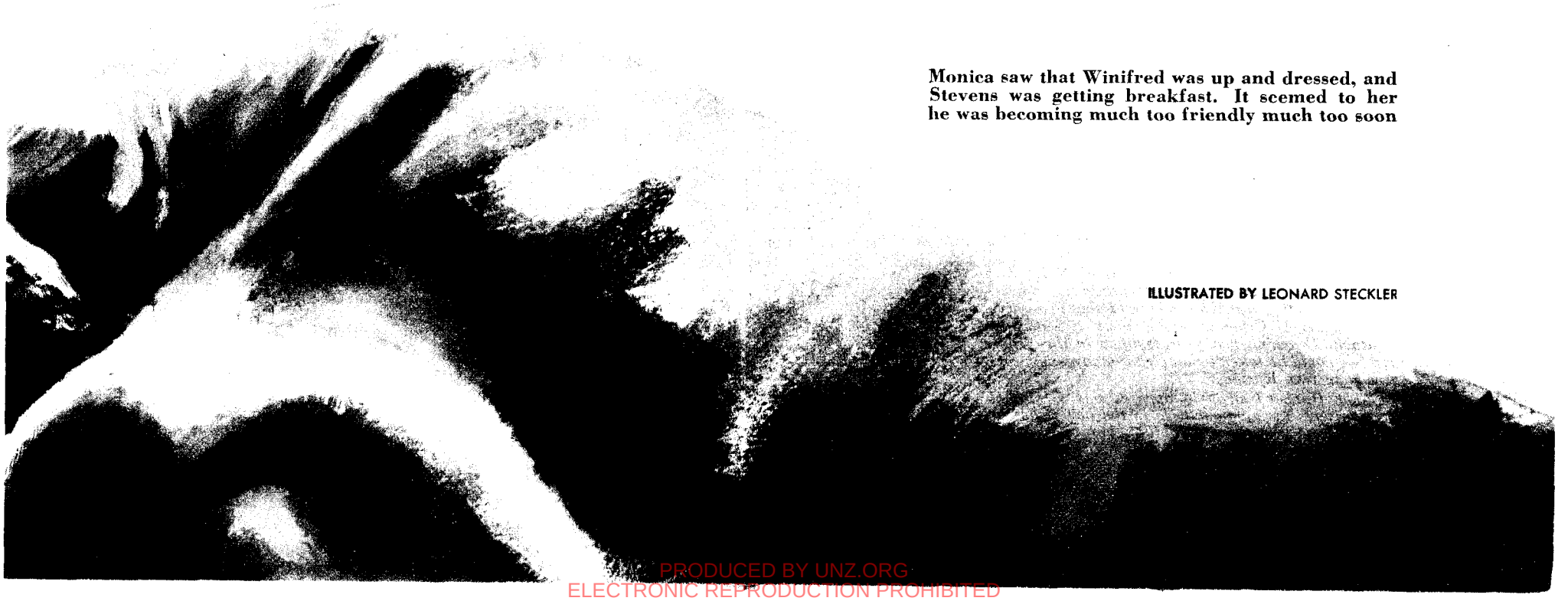
Monica picked up the brush off the dresser. She rolled the rubber bands from the ends and loosened the braids. Winifred's hair was fine and soft, the color Biddy's had been, a light canary yellow. When the braids were brushed, Mrs. Lannon interrupted her packing to tell Winifred to wash up a bit.

When the bathroom door had slammed, across the hall, Monica asked, "Does she know what's going to happen to her father?"

"No, no, of course she don't!" Mrs. Lannon answered—too quickly, too smoothly.

"You haven't told her?" Monica insisted.

"I wouldn't do that! *(Continued on page 46)*



Monica saw that Winifred was up and dressed, and Stevens was getting breakfast. It seemed to her he was becoming much too friendly much too soon

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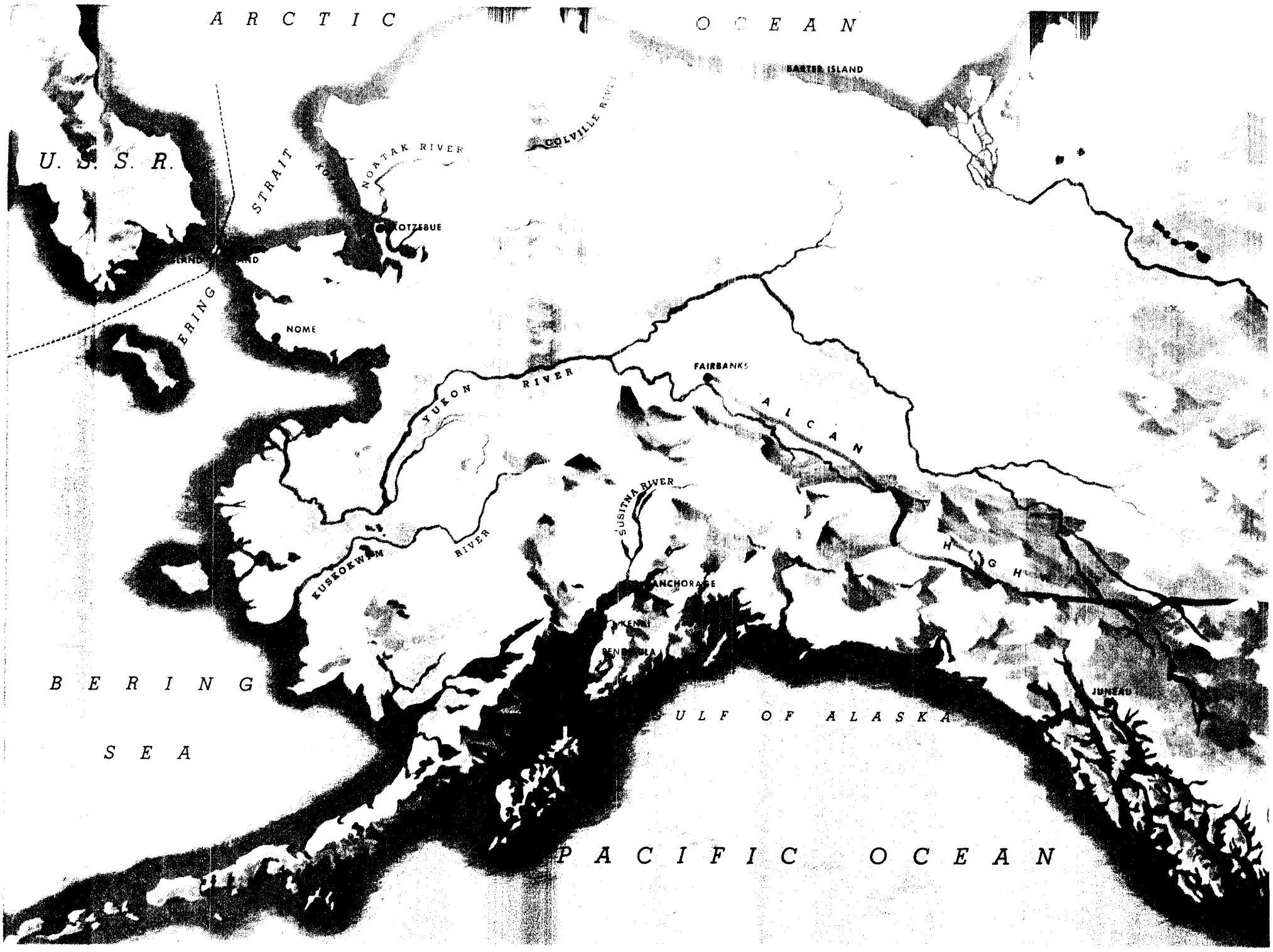

AL TARTER

Russia Can Take Alaska

By FATHER BERNARD R. HUBBARD, S.J. with BILL DAVIDSON

[illegible] wild, [illegible] fourth, that our military forces would be [illegible] and destroyed in it without [illegible] a shot," says the famed Glacier Priest

Father Hubbard is a Santa Clara University geologist who has spent the last 25 of his 62 years exploring the unknown areas of Alaska and other polar regions. He is considered one of the world's foremost experts on the arctic. Recently he has been teaching survival techniques to armed forces personnel.

The subject of Alaska's military vulnerability is a controversial one. A great many authorities—including General Dwight Eisenhower and the Territory's Governor Ernest Gruening—feel that it is wide open to attack. Gruening last year testified in the Senate that "we could be taken by an airborne invasion of not more than two divisions."

Father Hubbard strongly opposes this view. Collier's presents his opinions here in the belief that his wide experience in the area entitles him to be heard.

ALASKA'S delegate to Congress, E. L. Bartlett, recently stated on a television broadcast that Russian paratroopers poised in Siberia could conquer Alaska's great air bases in 48 hours. At about the same time, there was a report from Taihoku, Formosa, that the Russians had massed 300,000 crack troops opposite Alaska, and were ready for an irresistible blitzkrieg on the territory.

This is tommyrot.

Such glorified rumors have become more and more persistent of late. Many of them are demonstrably silly.

A short time ago, an American pilot flew up the international date line in the Bering Sea along the 2¾-mile-wide strait separating Russian-owned Big Diomede Island from American-owned Little Diomede. It was an exceptionally clear day and the pilot took an aerial photograph of the Soviet territory. The picture, published in Alaska's newspapers, caused international panic. For, according to the analysts, the photograph showed a military airfield across the sugar-loaf top of Big Diomede! The headlines screamed that this meant there were bombing planes and some 2,000 Russian soldiers massed just 2¾ miles from vital U.S. territory!

While the Big Diomede jitters were at their peak, I went to Little Diomede Island to fill in as a missionary for the famous Father Tom Cunningham, who had just been called back to service with the U.S. Army. With me was an Eskimo boy from the

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The Territory is just a jumble of lofty mountain ranges and impassable tundra, Father Hubbard declares. What appears to be an easy invasion route to Anchorage along the Alaska Peninsula is actually a volcanic morass; the "corridor" from the Bering Sea to Fairbanks is even worse; Alcan Highway is a deathtrap

mainland, a member of the Alaska Territorial Guard named Edward Magaluk. We kept staring at the bulk of Big Diomede, and one day Magaluk said, "I smell a big fog coming. A good man could sneak across to Big Diomede, have a look around, and get back before the fog lifts."

A half hour later, Magaluk was in his kayak, paddling silently through the pea-soup Bering Sea mists, toward the ominous humpbacked island that is Russia's closest outpost to the United States.

He hit the Big Diomede shore and hid his kayak among the rocks. Then he scaled a 700-foot cliff and slipped between the two sentry posts we had studied through our binoculars. He cut back and forth over the grassy, three-square-mile area on top of the rocky hump of the island, and he peered into the island's sole government building, a stone hovel in which a handful of Russians were reading or working on weather reports. Just to be sure, Magaluk bisected the top of the island again, slipped into the Eskimo village on the far side of the hump, and counted the Russians in their sentry posts.

Finally, he paddled back across the narrow strait as stealthily as he had come. His report was what I had expected.

No Airstrip on Big Diomede

"There is no airstrip on the island," he said, "and there are only 28 Russians, most of them civilian weather technicians." Later, government experts re-examined the aerial photograph and discovered that the airstrip was merely a light streak across the negative.

This incident typifies the fear complex we have built up about the Russians and Alaska. Scarcely a day goes by that someone does not claim the Soviets could walk in and take our great northern bastion at will in the event of war. I am not a military expert, but Alaska has been my scientific laboratory for 25 years—and to all of these scare stories I can only deliver a one-word answer: "Nonsense!"

For one thing, I do not think the Russians could capture Alaska if they wanted to. Secondly, I don't think the Reds are foolish enough even to want to invade the huge wasteland. For, contrary to general belief, the territory is not a land of gold and furs for the taking, but a subcontinent that is more than 99 per cent uninhabited wilderness. Gold and fur production, in fact, have declined by nearly half since their peak years earlier in the century, and the great natural resources are still untapped and undiscovered. Science unquestionably will change all this in future generations; but for the time being, Alaska as an offensive base is more a financial liability than an asset, even to us.

These statements may shock most Americans and I know they will bring down the wrath of the civilian military sages and politicians on my head—but they are opinions founded on a lifetime of exploration in a part of the world that has never even been visited by many of the armchair strategists.

My basic contention is this: our two mighty air bases at Anchorage and Fairbanks are the only Alaskan targets presently worthy of an enemy attack. Because these areas are so limited in size, Lieutenant General William E. Kepner has been able to draw all his forces into formidable, radar-protected defense perimeters around them. A direct airborne assault on either would be as suicidal as dropping paratroopers into the cone of an active volcano. The same thing holds true of bombing attacks—with the added factor that any bombed airfield normally can be put back into action in a matter of two or three days.

I firmly believe that if the Reds were strong enough in the air to attack Anchorage or Fairbanks, or the distant Juneau Panhandle region, they would be strong enough to by-pass Alaska altogether and land on the coast of *(Continued on page 80)*

PHOTO BY FATHER HUBBARD

U.S. Little Diomede Island (foreground) is less than three miles from Soviet Big Diomede (rear)

JOHN FLOREA

Father Hubbard says Reds would find Alaska a liability if they did succeed in invading it

PHOTO BY FATHER HUBBARD

Coast line at Tracy Arm shows problem confronting an enemy attacking by sea

Alaska Peninsula is tangled wilderness; 30-mile trip here once took Father Hubbard four months

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

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Two nights of bridge were enough to convince everyone that the easiest way to love one's neighbor was not to see too much of him

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The Secret of GANDERGOOSE PARK

By LAURENCE KIRK

GANDERGOOSE PARK lies in a pleasant part of Worcestershire and was built by, or rather at the order of, Sir Miles Gander in 1723. The first part of the name speaks for itself. Nobody knows when the second part was added, but tradition tells that it came about because the geese—that is to say the rich young women the Ganders married—did all the paying both for the building of the extra wings and the other Gander extravagances.

The gay, gambling Ganders managed to keep the bailiffs away for nearly two centuries. After that the direct line became extinct, and the park began to have a checkered career.

The second World War found it first as a gas school; second, as a hideout for the B.B.C.; and third, as a training camp for parachutists. Some entrepreneur during this period managed to steal most of the lead off the roof and that made the inside rather damp. The Coal Board looked at it when the Coal Board came into being, but decided that it was not big enough. And finally the horrified mortgagees discovered that they weren't mortgagees any longer but the sole and rightful owners of Gandergoose Park.

At this point a resourceful house agent came into the picture. He pointed out to the mortgagees that they could easily get their money back if only they would spend a little more. Gandergoose Park could be converted at a very reasonable cost into twelve well-appointed flats; four in each wing and four larger ones in the main body of the building. Each flat would be entirely self-contained with its own kitchen, but the main salon and the extensive gardens would be communal, the upkeep being included in the rent. The occupants would therefore have the advantage both of privacy and of club life, of a town flat and a country house, all at the same time.

The house agent was a good talker. He could, he said, let each flat twenty-four hours after it was completed. The tenants would all be ladies and gentlemen. It would be an important contribution to the problem of the housing shortage and therefore there would be no difficulty about building permits.

The mortgagees signed on the dotted line and coughed up the extra money for the alterations.

The losses, libels and lawsuits that followed could all have been avoided if the mortgagees had known less about finance and more about human nature. A very modest amount of thought would have shown them that we are never told to do the things that we do naturally and like doing. Obviously, therefore, we were told to love our neighbors because we don't naturally love them and there is very little hope of our ever doing so. That was why there was an eight-foot wall round Gandergoose Park. And if there were now a few gaps in it, it certainly didn't mean the people who had made the gaps were welcomed inside.

Had they got this far, the mortgagees might have digressed to consider how different things were in America. Americans didn't put barriers round their houses or themselves. They seemed to like their neighbors and that was why no self-respecting European would ever understand them or vice versa. In any case, the mortgagees weren't concerned with what happened in America. They were concerned with England and what happened to their pounds. No one in Europe had ever had much reason to love his neighbor, whether he was an individual or a government or a nation; and with Europe being what it was, it wasn't surprising that the English were wall-minded. The wall (or moat) which nature had placed round them had saved them from a great deal of unpleasantness.

THE mortgagees should have known that their countrymen were a dubious prospect for experiments in communal living. Was it wise to have the salon as a common meeting place where people might get to know one another better and like one another worse? And if the salon was a danger, wasn't the garden a much greater danger still? The English are even more monogamous about their gardens than they are about their wives. An Englishman might have a sneaking admiration for someone else's garden, or even someone else's wife; but if any other man laid a finger on *his* garden, or even made a suggestion as to its possible improvement, he'd be just as much up in arms as if his wife had been insulted.

If the mortgagees had thought this far, they would no doubt either have scrapped the scheme altogether or at least have deleted that clause in the seven-year lease which enabled both landlord and tenant to terminate the agreement after six months. The clause was put in specifically to protect the mortgagees and to nip a troublesome tenant in the bud. That was just the effect that it didn't have, but then nobody need waste much sympathy over a mortgagee. . . .

The house agent kept his part of the bargain. Ten minutes after the workmen moved out of the west wing, the four sets of tenants were moving in. They were Colonel and Mrs. Rumboldt to Flat A, Mr. and Mrs. Baldock to Flat B. Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Cranwell to Flat C and *(Continued on page 56)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

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To musicians, he's an explosive uncompromising fury with a top sergeant's manners and vocabulary. Yet their loyalty is unbounded, for he's the best in the business. Here's the real

TOSCANINI

SY FRIEDMAN, NBC STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

The Maestro and son Walter at Sun Valley, Idaho, during NBC Symphony's last tour last spring. Fit and vigorous at 84, Toscanini loves travel

IT HAD been a remarkable rehearsal; the music had come very close to Toscanini's ideal. He relaxed and permitted himself a rare moment of self-satisfaction. With disarming candor, he said to his men, "I am not beautiful. I am not a genius. I am not a composer. But I *am* a conductor." To be a conductor, in the full and true sense of the word, has been Arturo Toscanini's objective for most of the eighty-four years of his life. For him it is a stern, exacting, unending task.

"This *porco* of a stick," he once said wrathfully, holding out his baton in one hand and pounding his chest with the other. "I cannot make it express what I feel here."

His drive for perfection is still relentless, even though most public and musical opinion long ago placed him in a class all by himself, both as conductor and man. He has set musical standards for other musicians, but he still strives to make better music at each performance.

In this all-consuming effort, it does not matter whether he—or anybody else—gets hurt. On two occasions years ago in Italy, musicians sued Toscanini for actual physical damage suffered during rehearsals. As it happened, both lost their suits.

In recent years, the men of the National Broadcasting Company Symphony will tell you, Toscanini seems to have grown more mellow. Yet he can erupt violently, hurling furious invective at a player who he feels has crossed him.

If this is mellowness, what must it have been like when he had not yet become gentle and soft? The players will tell you that at times it was frightening and frightful. He has thrown watches on the floor and stamped on them until they were ground to bits. Once he took a valuable score and, with what seemed like maniacal deliberation, ripped out page after page until they lay like ravaged leaves around him. He kicked the music stand so often that it was finally set in an iron brace to keep him from demolishing it: this little man scarcely over five feet tall then pulled and hauled at the stand until it came loose, picked it up and furiously hurled it off the stage.

Toscanini came to New York in 1908 at the age of forty, to start an eight-year stint as a conductor of opera at the Metropolitan. He got off to a good start. This was accomplished mainly through the efforts of the late director Giulio Gatti-Casazza, who had switched from La Scala in Milan at the same time. Familiar with Toscanini's talents and tantrums, and anxious to have him impress the Met orchestra, Gatti-Casazza insisted that the maestro appear at his first rehearsal without a score. The opera was Wagner's Götterdämmerung.

Early in the proceedings, the conductor—with no music in front of him—stopped the cello section and said that it had played an A-natural when it should have played a B-flat. The outraged musicians pointed to the A-natural in their parts; they had always played it that way. Toscanini sent for the full score. It bore him out. At the end of the rehearsal, the orchestra spontaneously burst into a salvo of bravos and applause.

Such amiable relations could not last long. Some days later Toscanini tore into the men savagely.

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His vocabulary of invective, particularly in Italian, can be astonishing; on this occasion he lashed out with everything he had. After the rehearsal a delegation went to Gatti-Casazza to complain of the vile names Toscanini had called them. Gatti listened, then shrugged his shoulders and observed quietly: "You should hear what he calls me."

The men were not appeased. When Toscanini arrived at the Metropolitan for his next orchestra rehearsal, the players were not there. "I understood," he recalled later, "and I put on my coat and went home." As he sat brooding, there was a knock on the door. The solo flutist, an Italian, had come to explain the failure of the orchestra to appear.

"Sorry," Toscanini said, "but that's the way I am. I was frank, and if they play miserably, I must tell them so." But he made it clear that his comments, even if they reflected on a player's ancestry, were never meant to be personal.

The orchestra reassembled, and Toscanini resumed rehearsals. He did not change his ways or the tenor of his remarks. But the Metropolitan musicians finally realized, as other players have in other places and times, that Toscanini's swearing was just another aspect of his complete immersion in the task of bringing the music to life.

Toscanini also tangled with the Metropolitan singers. The fabled tenor Enrico Caruso, who should have known his man better, tried to slip one by Toscanini one night. He landed on a high note with tremendous impact and, pleased with the stunning effect it was having, held on to it as long as his breath lasted. Toscanini waited for the singer to let go of the note, then shouted at him across the pit so that the audience could hear: "Have you finished, Caruso?"

But Toscanini could be understanding and helpful in an emergency. One night Jacques Urlus, a tenor who was singing Tristan, found his throat tightening up in the middle of the first act. He could scarcely sing. No substitute was available, and Urlus carried on. So did Toscanini, with the efficiency and thoughtfulness of a seasoned trouper. Whenever he sensed that Urlus might manage a passage, he filed down the orchestral tone so the performer's voice could be heard. Where the music was beyond Urlus' powers, he caused the orchestra to surge forth and cover the tenor's failings. He eliminated other passages entirely, and made it possible for Urlus to get through the show.

When Toscanini first conducted the opera Louise at La Scala, Frances Alda sang the title role. The young Australian soprano had spent several months learning the role in Italian, and when she arrived in Milan she sang it for the conductor. He sat listening to her, his eyebrows knitted in a way peculiar to him when he is preoccupied, and did not interrupt her. When she finished, he said, "Tell me, dear, what language were you singing?"

Most young singers would have collapsed at this sally, but Alda had more spirit; she walked out. After three days, Gatti-Casazza persuaded her to relent, assuring her that Toscanini would work with her syllable by syllable. She conceded afterward that the tough Milan audience would have been death on a young singer who could not handle their language intelligently. Alda later said that she could never adequately express what she owed to Toscanini.

Starting in 1944, Toscanini conducted a number of radio performances of operas. Many of the singers who worked with him were later amazed to find what they had done. Herva Nelli, who sang Desdemona in the 1948 performance of Otello, listened to a recording two years later and exclaimed, "How did I do it? He must have hypnotized me."

Even when everyone else is pleased with a performance, Toscanini may feel intolerable anguish because of some detail that has gone amiss. Once while listening to the play-back of this same magnificent Otello, he dashed to the phonograph and stopped the record. "At this point," he shouted, "I was betrayed!"

In the ideal version he hears in his head there is no betrayal. Speaking of this opera, he once observed to a young friend, "I like Otello best in my study when I read the score. Then it is perfect."

He has never ceased to study scores and to seek fresh illumination, even when it is music he has done for half a century or more. Toscanini is sure of himself and his ability, but he takes no performance for granted. Each concert is like a debut. He is always nervous and tense before the start. His son, Walter, who is in the habit of embracing him before he goes on stage, says he can always feel his father's muscles quivering.

When Toscanini enters the rehearsal hall, he is thoroughly prepared and knows just how he wants a piece to sound. If something goes awry, he tries to illustrate the right tempo, phrasing or expression in a musical way, either by his gestures or by singing the passage. His hoarse, cracked voice is most effective in transmitting his desires to players or singers, although its range is limited and its quality negligible.

When singing and gestures do not turn the trick, he breaks out into spoken comment. His remarks may be pleading, sympathetic, hurt, sorrowful, angry, abusive, piquant, funny or tortured. But they are always directed to the point in question: their purpose is always musical.

Instead of giving technical directions he may say, "Be happy!" or "Enjoy this," or "Realize this sorrow, this anxiety, this fever."

To the first violins at one point of the prelude to Die Meistersinger: "First violins, play *sotto voce,* but with intense feeling, as if you were saying"—here his voice becomes a hoarse whisper—"'I love you, I love you!' . . . but whispered, under your breath."

All is well if the rehearsing musicians show good will, concentration and energy. But let there be some sign of stupidity or indifference, and the conductor's language turns more colorful.

If the tempo is wrong: *"My* tempo!" he screams. "Not yours."

Or the volume: "Roar! Roar like a lion!"

To the trumpets: "This must sound far away, but not too far—Brooklyn."

Of a Beethoven symphony: "Fortissimo! It is not I who wants it, but Beethoven."

Another time his voice becomes appealing: "I know it is difficult to be intelligent—but try, please try."

Suddenly he loses control of himself. He begins to shout in a fine mélange of languages: *"Pagliacci! Imbecili! Vergogna!* Shame!"

To an oboe player: "I could kill you, because you kill me."

To the violinist of Italian extraction: "I cannot believe you are an Italian."

To the whole orchestra: "After I die, I shall return to earth as a gatekeeper of a bordello and I won't let any of you—not a one of you—enter."

If his breaking point is reached, Toscanini barges out of rehearsals, breaking batons, tearing scores as he goes. Sometimes he returns, sometimes he does not. Once in Radio City's Studio 8H he decided to leave by the back of the stage. When he reached the rear he tried a door and found it locked. He turned to the right and tried another door; it was also locked. He walked to the left and yanked at a third door. It did not budge. He let his hands fall to his sides, looked around with the air of an animal at bay, shrugged his shoulders, walked downstage again, picked up his baton and resumed the rehearsal.

One thing is certain—no Toscanini rehearsal is ever dull, and no two rehearsals are ever alike. He may blow a pleased kiss at a player for his handling of a solo passage, or he may gesture that he feels like cutting the man's throat. He may try more subtle tactics, like holding aloft a silk handkerchief and letting it fall to show the kind of delicate pianissimo he wants.

"Put some blood in it!" That is his battle call. His own blood is in every note.

A member of the NBC Symphony said one day, "When the old man picks up the stick, there is a tremendous sense of excitement." Another player observed, "He makes me feel like playing till I drop." A third man said, "After playing La Mer 20 times, there is a feeling of discovery in preparing it the twenty-first time with him."

A violinist who had turned down an offer to become concertmaster and associate conductor of another orchestra explained, "I wouldn't leave as long as the maestro is around. I learn something at every rehearsal." An emotional fellow said in all sincerity, "I would give my life for him."

There have been players in this orchestra and others who have professed no such devotion. To be plain about it, they have hated Toscanini. What is surprising is not that he has made enemies, but that so few musicians have held lasting resentments.

Most of the men complain about the maestro, but that rarely affects their fundamental feeling of affection and pride. As one man who had played with Toscanini in La Scala orchestra in Italy and then joined him in the NBC Symphony said, "My head is bloody from some of the things he has said to me over the years, but I know in my heart that he is a good man."

Even when a musician has demonstrated time after time that he is not first class, Toscanini may not have him fired. He may struggle with him, yowl at him, abuse him savagely, yet keep him on the job. There was one fellow in the NBC Symphony whose playing was a constant source of anguish to Toscanini, but he nursed him along for 10 years; the man eventually left of his own accord. There were players in the New York Philharmonic, during the 1926-'36 period when Toscanini was its conductor, who should have been pensioned, but the maestro could not bring himself to force their retirement.

Away from rehearsals and performances, most of his associates have found Toscanini a delightful and amiable man. He is fond of being with the men of his orchestra. They are his boys, and he is proud of them. When the NBC Symphony had a guest conductor whom Toscanini regarded as a poor musician, he bellowed, "It is an insult to the men to put a conductor like that before them. There are dozens of men in the orchestra"—and he proceeded to name them—"who know more than that imbecile."

He has been helpful and encouraging to the men who have aspired to become conductors. He looked upon Alfred Wallenstein, his first cellist with the New York Philharmonic, as his protégé long after the younger man had established himself as a conductor in his own right.

Once when he was rehearsing the Philharmonic, Toscanini wanted to hear a passage from the back of the hall. He handed the stick to Leon Barzin, first viola player, and said, "Leon, you do it. I'm sure you can."

Barzin took the baton and went through the passage capably. When Toscanini returned to the podium, he patted Barzin on the back and said, "You are going to be a conductor." And when the violist left the orchestra to make good that prediction, Toscanini carefully followed his career.

Milton Katims, his present first-desk violist, is another man whom Toscanini has encouraged to become a conductor, and the maestro was instrumental in getting Katims a chance to lead the NBC orchestra.

Yet he can be sharp with his friends who are young conductors. He found one sitting on a high stool while rehearsing and said coldly, "You sit when you eat lunch." One day another conductor said, "I've been reading the critics on my Beethoven, and—" *(Continued on page 77)*

More than 40 years ago, a scrappy little Italian musician, relatively unknown to Americans, arrived in New York to take up a conductor's chores with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

On the 25th of this month, Arturo Toscanini, now generally considered one of the world's foremost orchestral leaders, observes his eighty-fourth birthday. He is still in fine fettle, despite speculation that a trick knee—which caused him to drop his last two concerts of the 1950-'51 season—might force his retirement. (Toscanini himself made clear to the NBC Symphony at one of the season's final rehearsals that he fully expected to be back next year.)

The occasion of his birthday gives both Toscanini and his legion of admirers a chance to look back on some of the high spots of a fabulous career. On these pages music critic Howard Taubman of the New York Times does just that, using excerpts from his book The Maestro, to be published by Simon & Schuster this month.

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Civilized PEOPLE

By BRENDA WEISBERG

"It doesn't seem fair," Eunice said. "Two people don't get married unless they want to; divorce ought to be the same way"

AT HALF past eleven Eunice Piper should have been packed and ready to leave. Laurel Bundy was coming to drive her to the airport, and there was no time to spare if she hoped to make that one-twenty plane. Three-year-old Tod was planting apple seeds in the garden and was probably up to his ears in dirt. If they were to have lunch in the Sky Room, he should have some of the grime removed before they left. And they'd have to drive blocks out of their way to pick up Sara, who had spent the night at the Preens. In some ways it would be easier to say good-by to Sara over the phone; the thought of sitting through lunch opposite her high-strung, ten-year-old daughter, questioned by those dark, insistent, uncompromising eyes, frightened Eunice. But not to see her once more before she left was even more terrifying.

She had never before been away from the children for more than two days and now it would be weeks! They'd be fine with Laurel and Tom Bundy, of course, and Matt would see them every day, but, all the same—weeks!

Perhaps it was weight of this dreary cargo of thoughts that kept her sitting on the edge of her unmade bed when she should have been locking the last piece of her luggage. She wasn't even dressed beyond her bra and girdle and she sat staring at a delectable, impractical negligee spread across her knees. It was the color of apple blossoms and she remembered that she had seen it first in a glossy advertisement on an impossibly slender model, who floated in a shower of palest pink blooms above an idyllic meadow. She had been, even then, a little overweight, but she'd fondly seen herself, once the gossamer garment was hers, as fragile as its pictured tenant and, like her, suddenly lighter than air and more glowing than light.

Remembering that, she smiled wryly and touched the small roll of flesh above her girdle. One thing she could do on this "holiday," she thought, was really get to work on that waistline. She'd better find those exercises that Myra Lopert had given her, right now before she forgot. But she made no effort to obey the thought. She just sat, staring at the negligee and smoothing its pleats. Her half-packed luggage cluttered the floor, and chairs held mounds of limp lingerie and stockings. The only sound in the untidy room was the hum of the electric clock.

For a moment this was absorbed in the polite, small music of the door chimes, but the summons failed to arouse her, even when it was followed by the slamming of the front door.

From the living room Laurel Bundy called, "Eunice!"

"In here, Laurel," Eunice answered, and moved at last, bending to feel under the bed for her mules.

"Are you ready?" Laurel was approaching the bedroom. "We haven't got too much time. Not that I'd mind if we missed—" She broke off abruptly when she reached the doorway.

"Oh, *Eunice!* You're not even dressed."

"I've just been wondering," Eunice said absently, indicating the negligee, "whether I'd have any use for this."

"I could think of times when it would be more useful."

Eunice shook off her lethargy and rose, tossing aside the frothy garment.

"You're right. Anyone would think I was packing for Niagara Falls instead of Reno." Her voice broke sharply on the last word and she turned away. "It won't take me long," she whispered.

"Get your clothes on," Laurel said. "I'll finish packing." She went to work on the half-packed luggage, scowling fiercely, as though she hoped the frown would hold together the disintegrating planes of her face, would secure her quivering lips, her brimming eyes, against the onslaught of her grief for the grief of her friend.

Eunice went to the closet where her gabardine suit and her white crepe blouse hung. She pulled the slim skirt over her head and her voice emerged from beneath it, muffled and remote.

"Laurel."

"Yes?"

"You won't forget about too much chocolate giving Sara hives?"

"I won't forget."

"Of course you won't. You were the one who had to remind *me* the last time I made chocolate pie. I guess I'm just a little *non compos mentis* today."

"I think you're *non compos mentis* for getting on that plane to Reno."

EUNICE did not take up the challenge. Then her head appeared above the skirt. Her face was stiff and white.

"Laurel."

"What?"

"Laurel, I'm going to lose Sara!"

Laurel sprang up and faced her.

"What are you talking about?" she said.

Eunice slipped on the white blouse and buttoned it and tucked in the tails with fierce concentration, all the time trying to put her voice in order before she dared try to use it again.

"What do you mean, you're going to lose Sara?" Laurel demanded. "What has Matt made you do?"

Eunice crossed to the bed again and sat down to draw on her stockings. "Nothing much. Just got me to promise we'd let her decide for herself whether she'd live with him and visit me or live with me and visit him. That's all."

"The rat!"

"You know how she'll decide, don't you?"

"No, I don't. Sara's unpredictable."

"Not about Matt. You know how she worships him. Sometimes I feel like an outsider."

"Well, promise or no *(Continued on page 73)*

Eunice held Sara tight, bending now and then to kiss the top of her head. "Poor baby," she said, "I've made such a mess of it"

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PORTLAND HOFFA PATRICE WYMORE FRED ALLEN MICHAEL TODD BETTY FIELD ELMER RICE MAE WEST JOE E. LEWIS HARRY HERSHFIELD EDDIE CANTOR

Corned-Beef

By MURRAY ROBINSON

Max Asnas runs a Broadway delicatessen where celebrities go to look at people. Here's his saga,

ON a recent afternoon, Fred Allen, the well-known funnyman, stood waiting for a seat with six other patrons just inside the door of the Stage Delicatessen in New York's theatrical and hotel district. The capacity of the Stage is 72. "With mink coats, 30," says Max Asnas, its founder and most unsilent partner.

Max has been Broadway's delicatessen darling for 25 years, and from the Battery to the Bronx, they'll tell you he's the grandest little guy in the goulash game.

When those ahead of the comic with the baggy blue eyes had been seated, Max went scouting for a seat for him and came back quickly with a report. "Over there," Max said, bobbing his head, "will soon be a table. It should be now, but the man picking up the check is a slow reader."

Soon the table was vacant, and Allen sat down with Max, a dapper, graying little man of middle age with a barrel chest. Max launched into an account of a trip he had taken to Hollywood. As he did so, a stranger squeezed into the seat opposite Allen and said to the waiter: "A pastrami sandwich and a glass tea."

"So," Max was saying, "I get off the train out there with a satchel of salamis for my friends in the movies because, I don't know what it is, but they can't raise good salamis in California, and I go to my hotel. In the lobby, I meet an actor I know for years and I don't have to mention any names, but he starts telling me troubles—his wife is sick, and so on. So I say, 'How much?' and he says two hunnert will do, so I give it to him and throw in a salami for good measure . . ."

"Just a minute," the stranger said. "I wanna enjoy right. This is for real or a made opp?"

Max looked at him coldly. "Of course it's for real," he said.

"Don't lemme interrupt," the stranger said. "Go on."

"Well," Max went on to Allen, who was eating an ascetic dish of prunes, "so afterwards I go to another hotel to look around, and I meet another 'broker' from New York. Things is werry tough with him, too, so I say, 'How much?' and he says, 'Fifty,' and I give it to him. Then I say to myself, 'I'm gonna move to this hotel, because here I'm making money.'"

Allen smiled amiably, but the stranger frowned and said crossly: "How could you make money? It cost-es you 50, don't it?"

Collier's for March 31, 1951

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EARL WILSON JOAN BLONDELL TONY MARTIN WALTER WINCHELL FIVE "MADE OPP" CHARACTERS MILTON BERLE

[illegible]

and it's "for real," as he would say—not "a made opp"

"I'll explain you," Max said. "The first touch cost-es me two hunnert, and the second only $50, so I'm making $150, get it?"

"No," the stranger said firmly. Perhaps by way of explanation, he added: "I'm in the pawnbroker line."

He raised his glass of tea and Max pointed to it. The glass nestled in a tiny straw basket which protected the drinker's hand from the heat.

"See that basket?" Max asked Allen. "I inwented it."

"Hah," the stranger said. "HE inwented it! I seen a basket for a glass tea in Moskowitz & Lupowitz it must be 20 years ago."

"That's down on Second Avenue," Max said grandly, "so it don't count. I still was the first to inwent a basket for a glass tea. It was 21 years ago."

The stranger snorted, picked up his check and departed. "Know him?" Allen asked Max.

Max shrugged. "First time I seen him," he said, "and he's already giving me aggaments like we was married with a license."

This episode parlayed only two of the many reasons why Max Asnas and the Stage form one of New York's most fascinating restaurant combinations. One is that customers need no introduction to get into arguments—academic or on point of fact—with Max, his waiters, or one another. At any time between 8:00 A.M. and 4:00 A.M., there's at least one debate going on somewhere in the Stage. The other is that the celebrities who eat there in droves are either unrecognized or ignored by the other patrons, as Allen was by the stranger at his table. *(Continued on page 36)*

Max is a mild boss, but he fired a waiter who, asked for hot mustard, shoved the mustard jar in the oven

ILLUSTRATED BY AL HIRSCHFELD

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LILO HESS

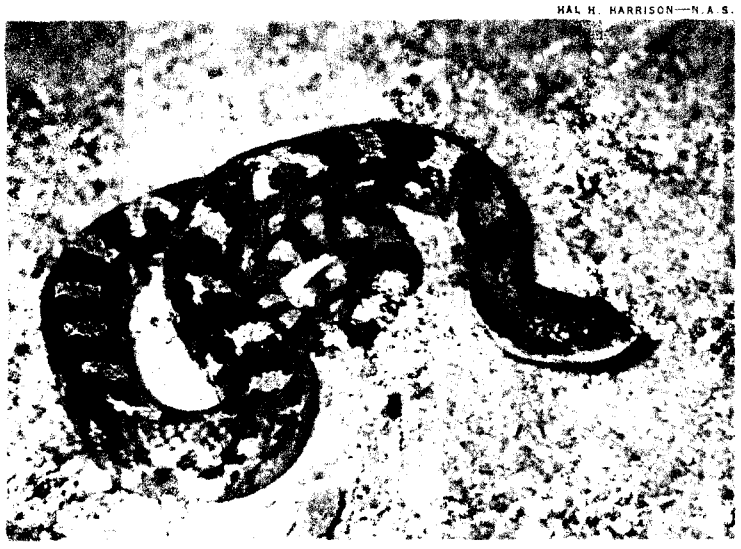
Spotted skunk—to supplement its regulation skunk spray, it startles most potential enemies with a fandango performed on its two front legs

LILO HESS

Water ouzel—this strange little bird keeps itself submerged in swift streams by holding its wings like fins, at an angle to the water's flow

Hognose snake—able to pretend it is deadly, the innocent hognose, also called a puff adder, is often killed by unnecessarily alarmed people

HAL H. HARRISON—N. A. S.



Collared lizard—when startled, this critter scoots for a hole on its hind legs, a feat only a few of its 2,500 lizard-relatives can achieve

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

L. W. WALKER—N. A. S.

Elf owl—a shy, pocket-sized owl, the elf lives in holes in saguaro cactus trees on our Southwestern deserts. But it does no excavating for itself, prefers holes made by obliging Gila woodpeckers

America's Ten

MANDRILLS, mambas, pandas, okapis, kangaroos and gnus come from faraway places with strange-sounding names. In America's zoos, on any sunny Sunday, the folks and their kids stand six deep in front of the cages of these curios from other lands and gape in awe-struck amazement. Usually few of them give a second look to the critters with labels that read, "Habitat: U.S.A." Nevertheless, the United States of America can lay exclusive claim to some of the most bizarre, most wonderful animals on earth.

Scores of odd kinds of creatures make their homes in the U.S., and a student of zoology could make a list as long as an elephant's trunk. But to make it easier for the average zoo visitor to enjoy and appreciate America's claim to zoological distinction, Collier's asked John O'Reilly, author and amateur zoologist, to consult with a panel of zoological experts and prepare a list of the weirdest animals in America. Here are the 10 which took top honors.

First, to prove that the judges were not influenced by size, gaudiness or noisemaking ability, there's the tiny, popeyed elf owl that lives in the deserts of the Southwest. The smallest owl in the world, this one is no bigger than a common English sparrow. What's more the elf owl literally doesn't give a hoot. But while elf owls are hootless, they are not voiceless. Their call is a curious, high-pitched chatter, described by ornithologist Roger Tory Peterson as "chew-chew-chew-chew-check-chewk-chewk"—a sound that's enough to embarrass more ordinary owls.

Second of the big ten is the good old American rattlesnake—an animal more accustomed to cussing than kudos. Though practically everybody knows the rattler for its nasty character, few grant it the respect it deserves for being unique, even among the extraordinary monsters which abound in the world of reptiles. The rattler, for instance, is the only snake in the world with jiggers which can make music on the end of its tail. And it's one of the few snakes that can produce any sort of noise at all worth listening to. It is also the cause of interminable arguments among herpetologists. Some say it stabs with its hypodermic fangs, bringing up its lower jaw after the damage is done. Others claim it does not stab but bites like a dog, both jaws closing at the same time. Collier's picture, according to Clifford Pope of the Chicago Natural History Museum, proves the snake bites, leaving tooth marks as well as fang marks.

But sparrow-sized owls and musical snakes are only the beginning of the weird list. In the South and Southwest there's a fur-coated varmint that stands on its forelegs and gives warning to its enemies by dancing. This engaging personality is the little spotted skunk. Like common, everyday skunks it possesses a spray gun, but it also possesses a sense of courtesy. Instead of just letting go, it

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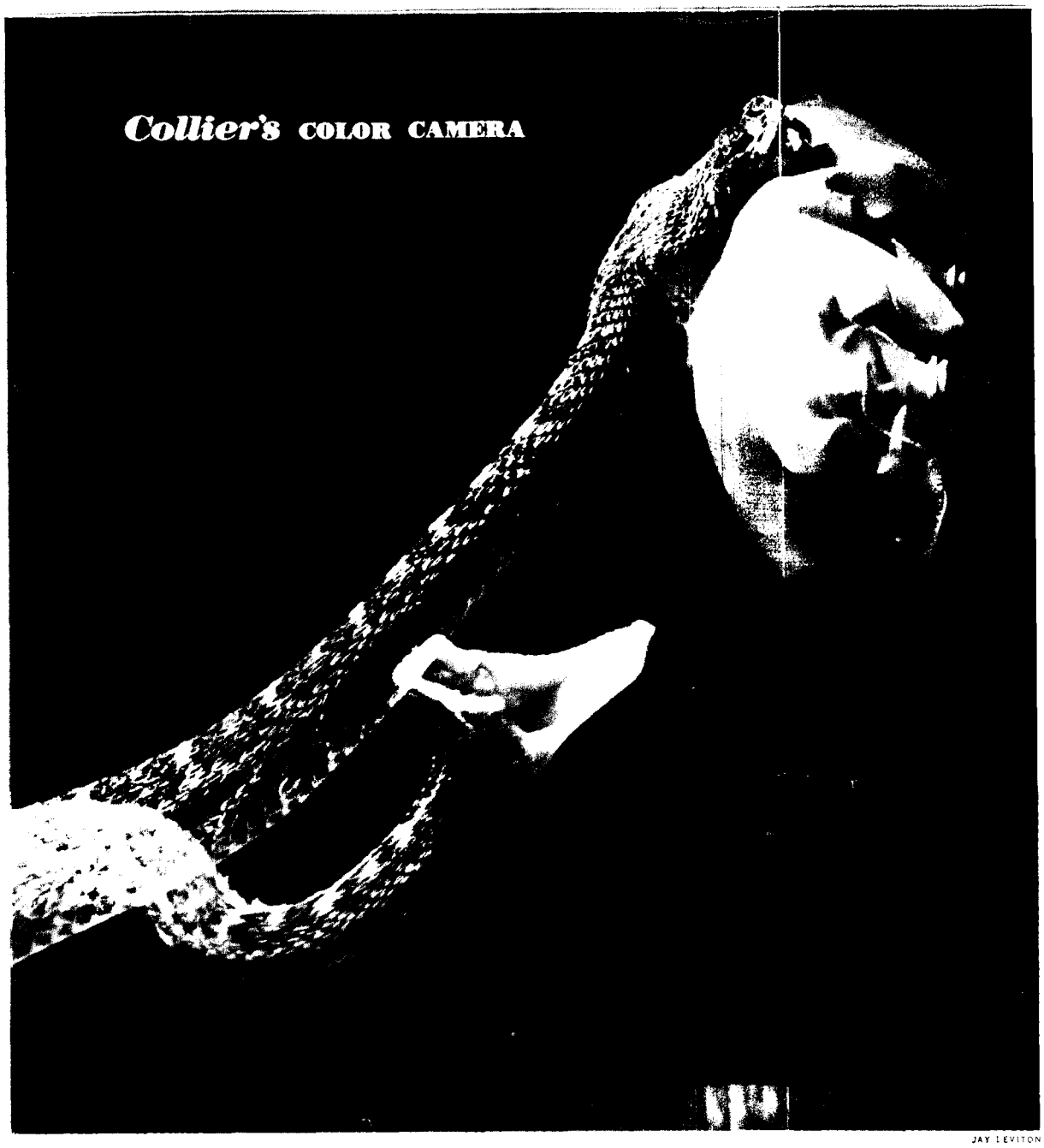


JAY LEVITON

Rattlesnake—only one rattler, in two positions, appears in this awesome picture: A double exposure made to determine whether the deadly snake bites or stabs when it strikes. The answer? It bites

Weirdest Animals

gives warning of attack by prancing around on its "hands" in a remarkable exhibition of equilibrium. It needs very little else to make it weird.

The water ouzel (pronounced *oo-zel*), pride and joy of the Northwest's ornithologists, is number four on America's zoological honor roll. Though it looks like a plain, wrenlike homebody about eight inches long, it is a daredevil with the most amazing powers. This shy bird delights in walking around on stream bottoms (even in below-zero temperatures) and calmly feeding on insects and the edibles it finds attached to rocks.

Next candidate that rates medals for oddity is one of the commonest reptiles in the U.S. It ranges from Massachusetts to Florida and westward to Minnesota and Texas. This is the hognose snake which acts like everything it isn't. Its turned-up snout, its ability to hiss, strike and puff up its head give it the appearance of a really poisonous snake. Only the hognose isn't dangerous. When frightened, it rolls over and plays dead, apparently hoping the enemy will go away quietly.

Then there's the collared lizard which ranges from Texas to California and up into Utah and Kansas. Rarely longer than 13 inches, it startles many an unsuspecting citizen who frightens it by getting up on its hind legs and racing for the nearest hole.

The critter that comes closest to taking top honors in the furbelow department is the star-nosed mole, a native of most states east of Illinois. The star-nosed mole burrows in moist or swampy places where there is hardly anybody at all to appreciate its fantastic proboscis—an amazing rose-colored star with 22 fleshy points. Foreign zoologists look upon this creature as one of the weirdest on the whole North American continent.

The horned lizard or horned toad, which is next in line for salutes, appears most frequently in Texas and is really a lizard—not a toad. When this critter gets excited, it shoots a stream of blood out of its eyes.

If anything is weirder than the horned toad, it must be the Gila monster which also inhabits Southwestern desert country. The Gila uses its tail as a storage place for food. After it has eaten enough, its tail is large and fat. In lean times it draws on its rear-end bank account. Working this way, the Gila can live for months without going hunting.

And last, but not least, is the Southern States' armadillo—armored tank of the animal world. Not only is the body of the armadillo covered with bony plates, but it is hinged in the middle so it can roll up in a tight ball when attacked. There isn't an okapi in the world that can do that.

These, then, are America's ten weirdest animals. They are eye-popping evidence that the U.S.A. has the ouzelingest rattle-tailed, armor-plated, star-snooted critters in the whole wide world. THE END

LILO HESS

Star-nosed mole—like its more plain-snooted kin, this fancy mole lives underground, and has little chance to show off its stellar attraction

LILO HESS

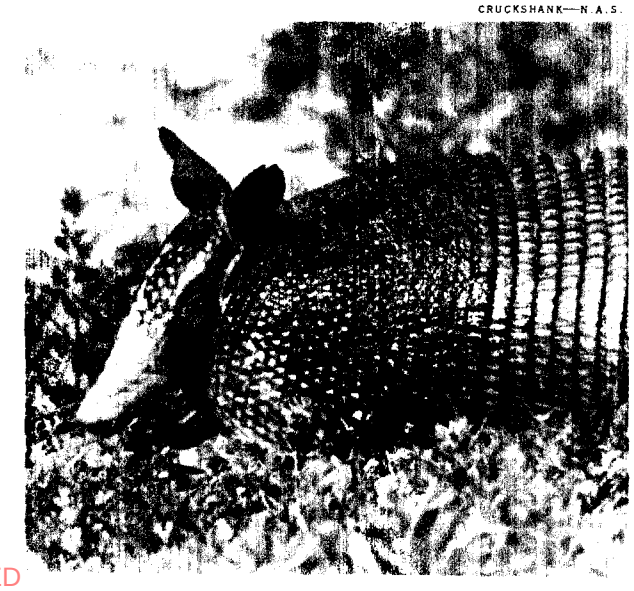
Horned toad—native to U.S. deserts, it is too flat to cast shadows, thus finds protection from enemies which fail to see it lying on sand

Gila monster—a neighbor of the horned toad, the Gila, except for a similar cousin in Mexico, is the only poisonous lizard in the modern world

JOSEF MUENCH

Armadillo—weak-eyed, keen-nosed and dumb, this Southern curio is covered with bony plates which few of its carnivorous enemies can pierce

CRUCKSHANK—N.A.S.



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Woman's Work

Link Morley knew he was being pushed around, and he knew he didn't like it, but he didn't know what to do about it. All he could do was smash things, and that didn't help a bit

By JOHN D. WEAVER

LINK MORLEY, when he heard the news from a passing squirrel hunter, came roaring down out of the hills and marched straight into Gus Falk's Cassville store, where Mrs. Falk told him indeed it was true, Slate had run off and married the little Thorne girl. Link fell back against the counter, as though struck a powerful blow, and Mrs. Falk cautiously shifted the glass candy jar against the probability he'd be seized by one of his fits to throw things.

"My other children I give up on long ago," Link said, bitter with the memory of the three married daughters who had deserted him and the oldest son who had moved to Richmond and married a city girl. "But Slate I had my hopes for."

"Rowena's a nice li'l thing," Mrs. Falk said.

"She's a Thorne."

Link's hands began to claw at the counter, and Mrs. Falk cleared a still broader area for his fumbling rage. One Saturday, arguing infant damnation with Jud Thorne, Link had picked up a crate of empty pop bottles and thrown it the length of the store. Usually he threw smaller things.

"There's no living with a Thorne," Link said, and Mrs. Falk said she reckoned you could get used to living with anybody. "It's just harder with a Thorne."

Link stalked out of the store, banging the screen door, and his trail home was marked by the rocks he threw at every living thing he saw and by the branches he ripped from trees along the way. He kicked open the door of his log cabin and grabbed Slate's five-dollar fishing pole, the first thing to catch his eye. He snapped it across his knees, and then, because his hands still itched with the aggravation of what Slate had done, he began to throw dishes. When Emmy was alive, she'd always kept her cracked plates within easy reach, but Emmy was dead now, and he threw what came handiest.

"I'm just an old plank the children walk across on their way outta the house," he told himself, as he moved restlessly through the cabin he'd built on the land Link, Jr., had bought for him after he'd been run off the Ridley place for throwing an organ stool through the front window.

"One of the girls could of stayed by me," he said, and it came to him how unfair it was that he should have had all the bother and expense of raising three girls, and then just as soon as they'd got some age on them and had learned to do about the house, they'd gone and got married. "I bring 'em up and strangers get the good of 'em."

He brought out the Mason jar of apple brandy he'd been saving against the first frost. He needed something to ease the pain of the great emptiness to which life had come—Emmy dead, the last of the children gone, and nobody to care for him in case he got sick, which he more than likely would, working as hard as he did.

"It was Link, Jr., that started it," he said, remembering how the boy, from his first day in town school, had lived for nothing except the time when he'd finish his schooling and get himself a town job and live in a town place. After two years in town Link, Jr., had moved to Richmond to work in the bag factory. He'd married a city girl who'd come to the hills only once, a holiday week end Link would never forget. The girl wouldn't eat fried cooking, had to have her washing water heated, and drove all the way to Royalton to go to the hotel bathroom.

"Link, Jr., married too high and now Slate's gone and married too low," Link grumbled, feeling certain that only trouble could come from a union with the Thornes. Unlike the Morleys, who were Democrats and Salvationists, the Thornes were all Republicans and Foot Washers, and a strain of contentiousness flowed in their blood.

At every election the number of Thornes who'd reached voting age was always the same as the number of votes recorded in Cassville against the Democratic Organization, and no matter what discussion arose at Gus Falk's store on a Saturday or a rainy weekday, a Thorne would take the opposite side. Only last Saturday, Link had said the deer from the national park would be the ruin of their crops, and everybody had agreed except Jess Thorne, who'd taken the deer's side.

"There's two sides to everything," Link had maintained, "but some things a man would have to be a lunatic to see the other side of it."

THE Thornes had been run out of every church in Cassville for disputing doctrine, and finally old Saul Thorne had built his own church and brought in a Foot-Washing preacher who'd married a Thorne and kept a picture of Herbert Hoover in his parlor.

"A Thorne!" Link sent the empty Mason jar crashing against the far wall, and then, in the quiet which came with the darkness of evening, he slumped in his chair, bowed low with the pitiful knowledge of what, through no fault of his, had brought his life to this great nothingness. "The trouble is none of the children took after me."

He sat in his big chair, night settling over him with the cries of whippoorwills, and when it came time to eat, he had to strike matches to light his way into the kitchen. The floor, sprinkled with broken china, made a frosty crunching sound beneath his shoes. "I deserve better'n this." He found the oil lamps where Slate always left them, lined up in a row beneath the hanging skillets. "I'll die thisaway, by myself, some night." He lighted a match to the wick of the big Aladdin lamp. It was dry. "The children will all come home to bury me and steal what they can from the house." The next lamp was dry, too. "It'll maybe make 'em see how they—Why, damn it to hell, they're *all* dry."

He flung a lamp chimney against the door and then, because no one would ever come tend for him again, he had to lug the five-gallon coal-oil can up to the table and fill the lamps himself. Emmy had always taken care of the lamps, and, after Emmy, Slate. The planting, hoeing, cooking and what cleaning was unavoidable had also been done by Slate, and it rubbed Link raw to think of doing all these things himself.

"It's a sorry pass to come to," he said, splashing coal oil over the lamps, the table and the floor. "Woman's work."

He was sweeping a path through the broken china when the front door opened and Slate came in with his head drawn into his shoulders, ready to duck in case something whizzed across the room at him. The Thorne girl edged in behind Slate, and it shamed Link that she should see him brooming up the floor like a hired girl.

"Whatta you want?" Link asked, and Slate began to back away.

"We wanta stay here," Rowena said, and it was the Thorne voice, no mistaking the quiet coolness of it.

"I got trouble enough keeping myself," Link said, "without I start taking in strangers."

"I'm not a stranger."

Slate cleared the dry fear from his throat. "She means we've got married."

"I know what you've did."

Link thrust the broom into the corner. Free of the broom, he felt more himself. He moved into the center of the room, eyeing the wiry, black-haired girl with the large dark eyes which looked like pure stubbornness melted down. She stood, like all the Thornes, straight and defiant, with the firmness of a young tree.

"We got no place to go," Rowena said, "but here."

Link snorted. "You ain't got here."

"We'll pay."

"Pay! 'Tween the two of you it wouldn't be enough to pay for a lickerish stick."

"Slate's got work."

Slate, from behind Rowena, nodded. "Picking apples."

"And what happens when the apples is picked?" Link asked.

"Mr. Miller said he'd keep me on," Slate said. "Trucking for him."

"I'll work out our first week's keep," Rowena said, "and then we'll pay."

"Well . . ." Link, at the mention of "work," hesitated, drawn by the pleasant prospect of having a woman do for him again. "I reckon we could try it out."

ROWENA proved to be a quiet, capable girl who, to Link's surprise, never entered into an argument. Not since the first days of his marriage to Emmy had he enjoyed such hopping and tending, always without complaint. All he had to say was, "I'm thirsty," and Rowena came running, seeming to know by instinct whether he wanted a dipper of fresh spring water or a cup of hot coffee. She cooked and cleaned, weeded the garden, put out flowers around the house, and did up the beds every morning, as though company were coming.

"Music," Link would say of an evening, and Rowena would sit by the hour cranking the phonograph and playing his favorite records.

Link even overlooked Slate's pampering of the girl, figuring it was only natural he should make a great fuss over her, the way a young man does when the wonder of his woman is fresh upon him. Slate carried water to her kitchen, filled her lamps, even helped with the supper dishes. But when the boy insisted Rowena should sit at the table with them of an evening, Link decided it was time he spoke up. "A woman don't 'spect to eat with her men."

"She's tired."

"It's a fitten tiredness, somepun a woman's born to."

(Continued on page 84)

Then the front door opened and Slate came in, ready to duck, and the Thorne girl edged in behind him. It shamed Link that she should see him brooming up the floor like a hired girl

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BEGINNING: *Umpire Bill Klem's Own Story*

"I Never Missed One in My

The Old Arbitrator, one of the game's most vivid personalities, takes you back

By WILLIAM J. KLEM with WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

I

I HAVE always been a little leery of writing my autobiography. Not because of modesty, for I am about to prove in print what I have said for more than half a century—"Any umpire who does not think he is the best in the world is not a good umpire"—but because I always made it a policy to furnish baseball players with as little ammunition as possible. They are so good at thinking up their own. However, the Old Arbitrator will umpire no more ball games, so perhaps it is now safe to take an umpire's look at more than a half century of baseball.

I was taking tickets in the Rochester park in 1890 and I am chief of staff of National League umpires as this is written.

Not that some ancient baseball warriors, reading this, aren't going to start stomping around, copies of Collier's in hand and blood in their eyes. But let them yell. It will be good to hear them once again. They won't have to worry about the Old Arbitrator "drawing the line" or putting them out. I would just remind them now, "I never missed one in my life." That should make them wilder than ever. It always has.

"I never missed one in my life." What a happy day it was for me when the baseball world tied that egomaniacal sentence to my coattails and never let me forget it. It was worth a million dollars in publicity to me because for all time it singled me out from the other umpires. I was a good umpire, to be sure; I was to receive more honors off the field than any arbiter in the history of baseball; and on the field I received the tribute of being assigned to 18 World Series, more than any other man in the history of umpiring. But I credit the tag line "I never missed one in my life" as the difference between me and other good umpires. And the funny thing is, I never said it.

In 1912 the Cubs and John McGraw's Giants were in one of their typical Donnybrook games at the Polo Grounds. In the eighth inning a Giant slapped a drive against the scoreboard in left field. The scoreboard spanned both foul and fair territory, and the foul line stopped at the base of the scoreboard and continued from the top. But there was no line on the board itself. I followed the flight of the ball and when it struck the scoreboard I yelled, "Foul ball!"

The Giants swarmed all over me, for had the ball been fair it undoubtedly would have won the game.

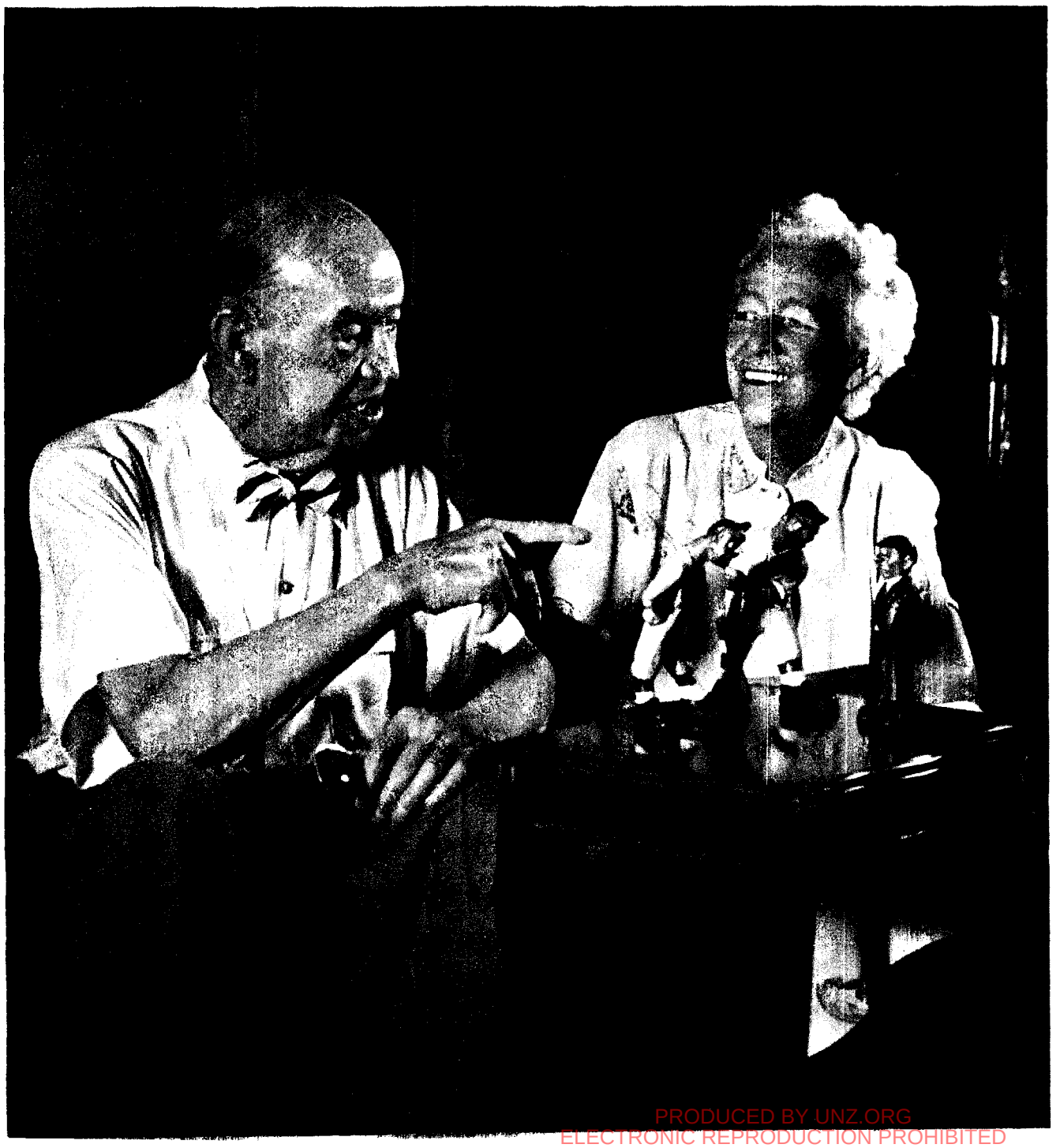
The Polo Grounds had been rebuilt after the 1911 fire and the metal scoreboard was new, so John McGraw saw an opportunity to accomplish something he dearly enjoyed doing—embarrassing, humiliating, or securing the discharge of an umpire. I was his favorite target and the story of our running warfare will be told in gruesome detail later.

Two days after the incident I was told of McGraw's newest effort to get me. Jim Foster, the architect who had rebuilt the Polo Grounds, met me. "Wilyum," he said, "McGraw made me get out plumb lines and climb up on that scoreboard to find the dent the ball had put in it. Then I measured it, and do you know that ball was foul by three inches?"

"You're not telling me a thing, Mr. Foster," I roared. "I never missed one OF THOSE in my life." I meant, of course, it was a simple play. When the ball was in flight I had straddled the foul line and watched it curve to the left. So it had to be foul. But, fortunately, Foster told McGraw and, in relaying my statement, he edited it to "I never missed one in my life." The sentence got all over the league and then all over the baseball world. It became my trade-mark.

Bill Klem and his beloved wife, Marie, point to figurines in their large baseball collection

BILL STAPLETON



He Called 'Em as He Saw 'Em

Did I ever miss one? I'm human, so I made mistakes; I'll tell you about a few later. But I still say I never missed one in my heart. I umpired the ball and I called it the way I saw it with my eyes and my heart.

I became an umpire reluctantly. Gentlemen were not umpires and I was always a gentleman. A gentleman steelworker, a gentleman bartender and, upon occasion, even a gentleman bookmaker. I tried hard to be a professional baseball player, but I'm afraid I played the game more like a gentleman than a professional.

I was born of German parents in the Irish section near "Dutchtown" in Rochester, New York, on Washington's Birthday, 1874. My real name is Klimm but an uncle had changed his to Klem and I did the same after my first year as an umpire. I thought Klem had a firmer sound and was a fitter name for an arbiter. I later changed it legally.

In the spring of 1896, I took the Empire State Express to Buffalo and crossed over to Hamilton, Ontario, seeking a tryout with the Hamilton team in the Canadian League. I was hired as a catcher but my arm went bad and before I was released I had just about ruined it. It was back to Rochester.

A boyhood friend, Frank (Silk) O'Loughlin, who once pitched for a Lyelle Avenue semipro club

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Heart

of baseball's historic scenes

I had managed in Rochester years before, had sunk to professional umpiring. He was later to become one of the all-time great umpires and was the originator of the traditional pronunciation of "Steerike Tuh!" Silk was working semipro games at Palmyra, New York. When he heard I was back from Canada he got me a job playing first base for the Palmyra town team.

From Palmyra I wrote my brother George, a bridgebuilder who was to become one of the best. He was working in Springfield, Massachusetts, at the time and told me to come on. I went to Springfield and was hired as a painter. I never returned to Rochester except to visit and, in 1937, to attend a testimonial dinner in my honor.

Our next spell of work was a big construction job at Berlin Junction, Connecticut. There Tom Burns, a grand man, *(Continued on page 59)*

INTERNATIONAL

Phils-Bosox 1915 World Series umpires (l. to r.): Cy Rigler, Silk O'Loughlin, Billy Evans, Klem

Frank Chance, "Peerless Leader of the Cubs," tried to emulate John McGraw's baiting tactics

PAUL THOMPSON

INTERNATIONAL

Ump Tom Connolly once fled fans by rowboat

Pirate Fred Clarke enjoyed baiting umpires

PAUL THOMPSON

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The Corpse was in the Countinghouse

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Neil had signed a "confession," even though he was innocent. Now he had to face the police—taking the chance that their evidence might convict him of murder

The Story: At last, NEIL ANSON's dangerous search for the person who had murdered FRANK CRENSHAW and robbed his bank was beginning to lead somewhere. Neil, afraid the police would pin the crimes on him and ELLEN JASPER, Crenshaw's secretary, had been a fugitive for two days trying to find the real criminal himself. On a hunch, he had gone to the office of DR. LANCASTER after overhearing a suspicious telephone conversation between Lancaster and GEORGE DURANT, the bank teller who had been held up.

Before Neil could learn anything, Dr. Lancaster managed to drug him and hypnotized him into confessing his identity and purpose. Some time later, Neil woke up to find that he was a prisoner in a small basement room. Again Dr. Lancaster used posthypnotic suggestion and forced Neil to write and sign a "confession" of the murder and robbery. The next time Neil came to, he found that the door of his cell had been opened and a thousand dollars planted in his pocket. As he was fleeing, he met Ellen Jasper, who had traced him there. Together they went back into the house to try to recover the "confession." There they overheard Dr. Lancaster administering posthypnotic suggestion to a man who had to beat a lie-detector test to get a job in a nuclear-fission plant. However, Dr. Lancaster surprised them and there was a fierce struggle before Lancaster and his nurse fled.

Neil told Ellen to telephone the FBI and went to search the apartment of KATHERINE GLOSTER, the girl who could have proved that Neil hadn't been in the bank at the time of the crimes. She had refused to help him, and Neil suspected she was involved in the crimes herself. When he opened her door, he saw that her apartment had already been ransacked, and a moment later a man disguised by a hideous plastic mask jumped him. While they were struggling, Katherine Gloster came in, and the man fled. She held a gun on Neil and told him to start talking. Neil convinced her that it was not he who had searched the apartment, but admitted that he was suspicious of her. Katherine agreed then to trade her information about the case for Neil's, and at last he felt that he was on the verge of solving the crimes.

CONCLUSION

IF YOU want my information, you'd better start talking," Neil told Katherine Gloster. "Then I'll tell you what I know."

"All right," she said. "This is the second bank holdup that George Durant has been mixed up in. The interesting thing, so far as we're concerned, is that it didn't show up on his lie-detector test. When he was being screened here, he said he had never worked for any other bank and had never been discharged. Both of those answers were lies, but the polygraph didn't give any indication that they were. Well, you can see how important that is."

"What's your connection with all this?" Neil asked.

"You probably won't believe it, after the way I've bungled, but I work for a detective agency. Alva Kenton hired me to try and find out how George Durant was beating the lie detector."

"Were you getting anywhere?"

Katherine shook her head. "Not really. Just a hint here and there."

"And you think he had something to do with this last holdup?"

"I'm sure of it. It was so much like the other one he was involved in. That's why I was willing to give you the breaks right from the first. Only this holdup is harder to figure out. He must have had an accomplice to truss him up. That accomplice must have been wounded, probably in the hand or wrist, but no one has gone to a doctor with a gunshot wound—so far as we know."

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Neil said, "All right, I know Durant beats the lie detector [illegible]

"You couldn't take a [illegible] hypnotized," she said positively. "You get an reaction and the machine would [illegible] We experimented with hypnotism. [illegible] You're on the wrong track."

Neil said positively, "This is different. This is posthypnotic suggestion. A man gives no guilt reaction on the one thing he really wants to cover up. Aside from that one thing, he reacts normally."

She thought for a moment, then shook her head. "I don't believe it would work."

"I do."

She said, "You can't hypnotize more than a certain percentage of the people, and even then you can't—"

"Forget it," Neil interrupted. "I know something about hypnotism. So far as textbooks are concerned, hypnotism is right where it was a generation ago. People think there haven't been any discoveries, any changes. They're wrong. Use the new drugs in connection with hypnotism and use continuing posthypnotic suggestions and you get answers that aren't in any textbook."

"How do you know?"

"I was hypnotized by Dr. Lancaster and made to confess that I'd murdered Frank Crenshaw and held up the bank."

"But you didn't do it!"

"Of course not," Neil said, "but I confessed to it just the same."

"You mean Lancaster forced you against your will to write a confession?"

"It amounted to that."

"I don't believe it."

Neil said, "If you're working for Alva Kenton, call him up. He probably knows about the confession by this time."

She looked at him with worried eyes. "I wouldn't listen to you for a minute," she said, "if it weren't that what you've told me about Lancaster is just about the only possible explanation of what's happened, crazy as it may sound." She picked up a pencil and started doodling aimlessly.

Neil said, "I can tell you what I've been able to figure out. That's the best I can do."

"Go ahead."

Neil said, "I know I didn't kill Frank Crenshaw. So I know that much more than the police do and I can work from there."

"Go on."

"Ellen Jasper was a little late for work the morning of the murder. The man who killed Crenshaw could hardly have counted on that. He had to be where he could kill Crenshaw and he had to have a good idea of how he was going to get out without being seen after he had done it. It would have been impossible for anyone to have gone into Crenshaw's office, killed him and gone out. So someone must have been waiting in Crenshaw's office."

"How did he think he could get out without being seen?"

"The way he did get out without being seen."

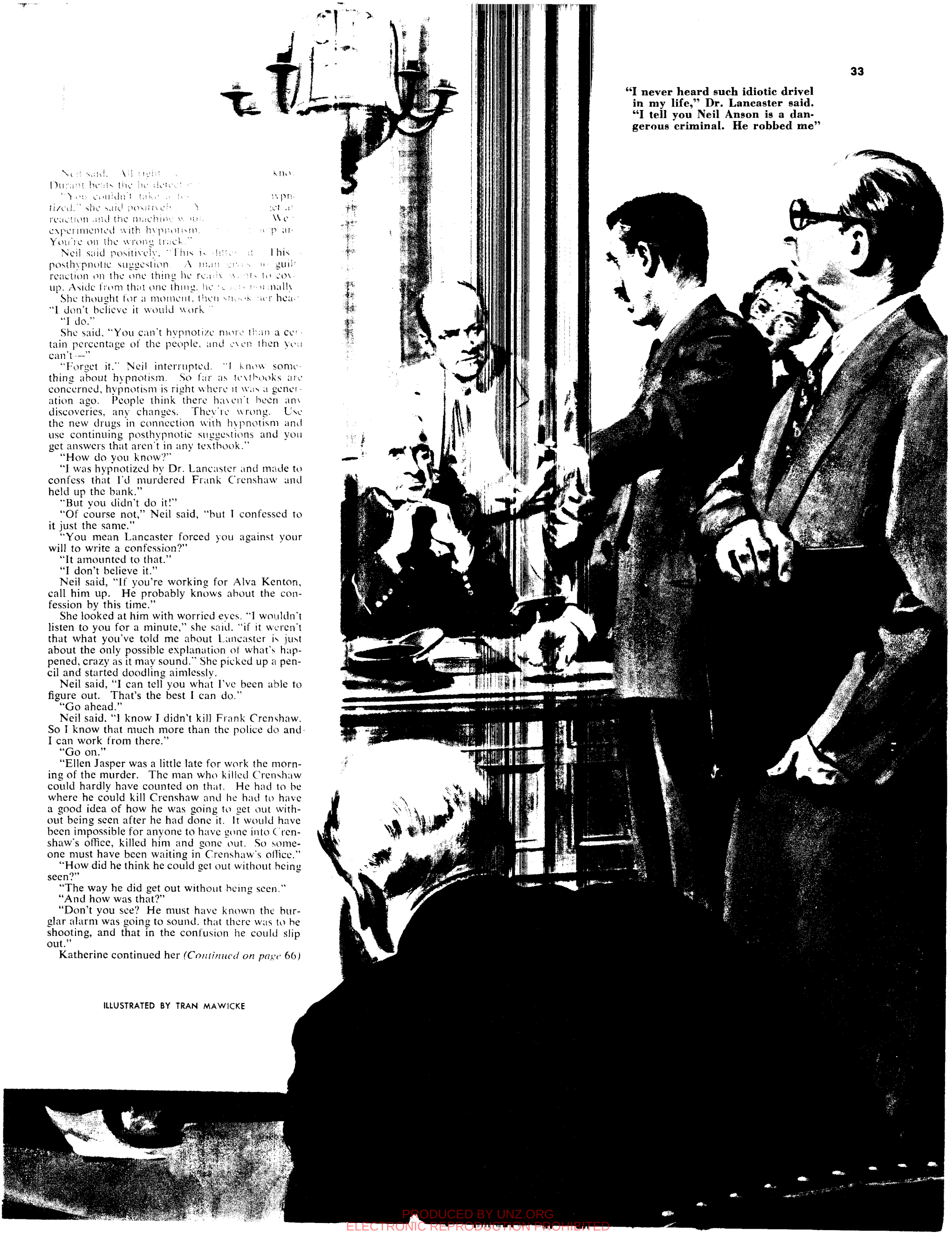
"And how was that?"

"Don't you see? He must have known the burglar alarm was going to sound, that there was to be shooting, and that in the confusion he could slip out."

Katherine continued her *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

"I never heard such idiotic drivel in my life," Dr. Lancaster said. "I tell you Neil Anson is a dangerous criminal. He robbed me"



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Marion Bowls 'Em Over

By BILL FAY

One day Marion Ladewig subbed for a missing pin boy. What she noted from the pit end made her a champ

ONE evening in March, 1945, with the temperature at three degrees below zero, the furnace broke down at the Fanatorium bowling alleys in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Proprietor Bill Morrissey, who was convalescing at home from an attack of flu, was in no position to cope with this emergency, but the Fanatorium's cashier, a slender brunette named Marion Ladewig, rose to the occasion with a dazzling display of feminine ingenuity.

After efforts to locate a furnace repairman failed, cashier Ladewig invaded the basement and took off her right shoe; then, using the spike heel as a hammer and working from the top of the furnace down, she banged every knob and lever within swinging distance. Somewhere inside the furnace something clicked—and the heat came on again.

But Marion's troubles weren't over yet. When she went back upstairs, she discovered that a pin boy had failed to report for work. Two alleys were standing idle, and the impatient customers wanted action. Marion met this crisis by taking off both her shoes; then, hopping nimbly in her nylons, she set pins for three hours straight. When closing time finally arrived, Marion had developed an aching back and an idea which eventually elevated her to the No. 1 spot among the nation's 8,000,000 distaff bowlers.

"There was a cute little blonde in orange slacks rolling on my alley," Marion recalls. "This blonde was serving up slow spinning balls that were barely moving when they got down to the pins. But once in a while, she'd spin one into the head pin and then —*boom!*—all the pins would go down.

"On the alley next to the blonde, a big truck driver was having terrible luck. He was firing fast balls into the head pin, but he wasn't getting strikes. Two or three pins always refused to go down.

"When his fast ball cracked against the head pin," Marion remembers, "it veered off slightly left or right, instead of grinding through the middle like the blonde's spinners. The deflection wasn't much —from the head of the alley you wouldn't have noticed it—but I could see it from my position *behind* the pins. After watching that blonde and the truck driver for a couple of games, I decided speed wasn't nearly as important as the spin on the ball."

On the night the furnace broke down, Marion already had been bowling for nine years. Using an exaggerated backswing—which carried the ball high above her head—she'd developed an extremely fast delivery (33 miles per hour) and a 194-point-per-game average. She was the top-ranking woman bowler in Grand Rapids, but she never had been able to win a tournament outside her home town.

By reducing her backswing to shoulder height, and concentrating on spin rather than speed, Marion gradually braked her fast ball. Over four years, the speed of her delivery dropped four points to 29 miles per hour, while her average rose four points to 198—a mark that proved to be Marion's bowling bingo.

During the 1949 Christmas holidays, she won the National Women's Individual Match Game championship at Chicago; then she captured the All Events title of the *(Continued on page 84)*

Picked as Woman Bowler of the Year in 1950, Marion is holding her pace this season, will earn as much as $25,000

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCCO PADULO

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FOUR ROSES
Words and Music
BILL WHITMAN
Wouldn't you rath-er drink Four Ro - ses, — the
fin - est whis - key you can buy, —
Wouldn't you rath-er have the fla - vor — that
makes Four Ro-ses whis-key rate so high? — It's un-sur-
passed, — can't be out-classed, — it's the nic-est thing that could
hap-pen to a glass, So wouldn't you rath-er drink Four
Ro-ses? — So man-y oth-er peo-ple do! —
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BETTY HUTTON—Co-starring in Cecil B. DeMille's
"THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH"
A Paramount Release

00-00-OOH!

...that awful stuff
in my car?

A mucked-up oil filter can cost you plenty in engine repairs. Get in a new Purolator* Refill—quick!

Would you believe it—two pounds of this dirty sludge in *your* car? Yet that's just about average for every 5,000 miles you drive.

What to do? Don't delay—get in a clean filter refill—fast. **Which make?** Pays to buy the best—a Purolator Micronic*. New accordion-type design gives up to 10 times the filtering area—with pores so tiny they trap engine-wrecking abrasives you can't even see. **Cost much?** Strictly small change—*$1.38* to *$3.00*, depending on car make. Purolator Products, Inc., Rahway, N. J.; Toronto, Ontario, Canada. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PurOlator
MICRONIC
OIL FILTER

Corned-Beef Confucius

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

"The Stage is a place where celebrities go to look at people," says Allen. He remains one of its most devoted patrons even though the man with the stethoscope has ordered him to cease and desist from eating most of the exotic goodies.

Stared into dyspepsia by gawkers in most of New York's plushy restaurants, big names in every phase of show business, letters, politics, sports and even society know they can eat in the Stage without being annoyed. They don't have to make an entrance or worry about which fork to use. They literally rub elbows with ordinary folks from Broadway, the Bronx, Newark and points west without drawing more than a "Please pass the mustard."

Why Celebrities Are Ignored

This phenomenon has yet to be explained fully. Scientific observers say it's due, in part, to the fact that the other customers are too busy looking out for flying elbows and waiters and either listening to entrancing debates or themselves indulging in them to notice the celebrities. And anyone trying to reach for a star's autograph would get a flying saucer of potato soup down his collar.

Some of Max's arguments with his customers are classics of their kind. A crotchety theatrical agent came into the Stage at ten thirty one evening and ordered roast chicken.

"Who's got roast chicken at half-past ten at night?" Max asked.

The customer growled an order for boiled beef. The next night, he was back. "Roast chicken," he ordered again.

"I told you last night," Max said. "Nobody's got roast chicken at half-past ten. Give me your order a day ahead. I'll save you one."

"What?" screamed the agent. "Me feel obligated to eat roast chicken when I may not even want it? I should say not!" He jammed on his Homburg and headed for the door.

Max was after him, plucking at his sleeve. "You know," Max said softly, "I wisht I had a hunnert customers like you . . ."

The agent relaxed. "Max," he said, "that's more like it. At least you're learning a little diplomacy."

"Leave me finish," Max said. "I wisht I had a hunnert customers like you—because right now, I got a THOUSAND of them."

The theatrical agent is still a customer at the Stage. When you get to know Max, says Joe E. Lewis, this is not so strange.

The food, the customers say, rates with the best in New York—and this estimate comes from taste buds attuned to the fabulous French fripperies of the Chambord and other top scoffing joints on New York's fashionable East Side.

"I go to the Stage for the food and because it's one of the few places in New York without a disk jockey," Walter Winchell says. "I want peace and quiet."

Peace, maybe, but if Winchell finds quiet there, it's the spiritual kind. Harry M. Warner, the movie magnate, once was browsing through an order of Max's chopped liver when he called Max over. "This is the best chopped liver in the United States, bar none," Warner said, "but how can a man enjoy it with all this noise here?"

"Mr. Warner," Max said, "show me a place with good chopped liver and without noise, and I'll go there with you."

In the final analysis, the fame of the Stage, often called the poor man's Stork Club, rests on little Max Asnas himself. He is a philanthropist, philosopher, punchinello and pastrami pundit in one package. He moves serenely through a maze of comical woes which would unhorse a lesser spirit. Max has troubles with customers, partners, comedians, mustard pots, waiters, chefs, panhandlers, countermen, horse players and grammar. He beats them all down without drawing a deep breath.

Just consider Max's mustard pots as an example. The coat hooks above the 17 tables in the Stage are set, diabolically, just high enough to insure the dipping of every coat hem in a mustard pot.

One day, a fussy, aging juvenile's hat fell into the mustard, and Max said: "Leave me have it cleaned for you."

"My hat is ruined," the juvenile wailed. "My expensive hat."

"Expensive hat, expensive hat," Max mimicked. "What do you think we got here—cheap mustard?"

Mustard also got the Stage in an uproar the day Max put on a substitute waiter. He waited on "Senator" Ford, veteran monologist who produces the Can You Top This? radio and television show.

The Senator ordered corned beef, and the waiter slid over the mustard pot. "I don't want that," Ford said. "Please get me some hot mustard."

The waiter disappeared into the kitchen with the pot. "Put this in the stove," he told the chef. "Some guy out there wants hot mustard."

Accustomed to novel requests from Stage customers, who assay about 50 per cent crackaloo, the chef did as he was told. When the pot was good and hot, the waiter put it on a plate and took it out to the impatient Senator. "Hot mustard," the waiter said.

"Thank you," said the courtly Senator. He reached for the mustard, went, "Yipe!"—and the hot pot lit out for the ceiling. That afternoon there was mustard on the coat collars as well as the hems—and the waiter was looking for a job.

Max's pitched battles with conservative English have earned him some renown.

One night, when Harry Hershfield, the wit and after-dinner speaker, brought New York's former Mayor William O'Dwyer, now ambassador to Mexico, to the Stage, Max broke out a bottle of whisky—which he doesn't sell in his delicatessen. He poured some into a cup and offered it to O'Dwyer.

"What you don't think is in there is in there," Max told O'Dwyer with a wink, "because that's what I think you want it."

Describing a woman in an evening gown, Max once said: "She had on an empty-back dress." Max never smells anything. He always says, "I hear a smell." And one day he said rapturously to Frank Farrell, the columnist: "I seen a wonderful thing today—a blind man with a sight-seeing dog."

Max has evolved a philosophy which has Broadway sages Elmer Rice and Mae West nodding their heads punchily and repeating his nuggets of wisdom. Allen has dubbed him "the Corned-Beef Confucius." And even when Max's bons mots are not precisely new, you can go bet nobody has ever said them quite like Max.

He says things like: "There are three sides to every story—yours, mine, and the truth," and, "A playboy is a bum with money and a bum is a playboy without money." When a chef asked for more money on the grounds of his long experience, Max said: "Lissen, the better you know the work, the cheaper you ought to work, because it's easier for you."

There are very few things which seriously upset the Corned-Beef Confucius, and one of them was not a fire which broke out years ago in his delicatessen.

Awakened and told of the blaze, Max yawned and said, "This'll be the first time the food is really hot."

Cantor Refuses Room Service

When Eddie Cantor lived at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, it was his custom to drop into the Stage after midnight for supper—a practice indulged in by hundreds of show people. Max's place is on Seventh Avenue near Fifty-fourth Street, more than a half mile from the swanky Waldorf.

"You don't have to come so far," Max told Cantor. "I can send everything up to you."

"Not everything," Cantor replied. "There's one thing you can't send up by boy—your philosophy. For that, I have to come to the Stage."

This encouragement from Cantor moved Max thereafter to try a sortie into philosophy with every pastrami order. He's still in there trying.

Max, the comics' comic, runs neck-and-neck with Max the philosopher. He throws away lines for which pro funnymen would give their toupees. Some hint Max has

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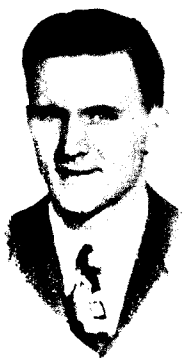

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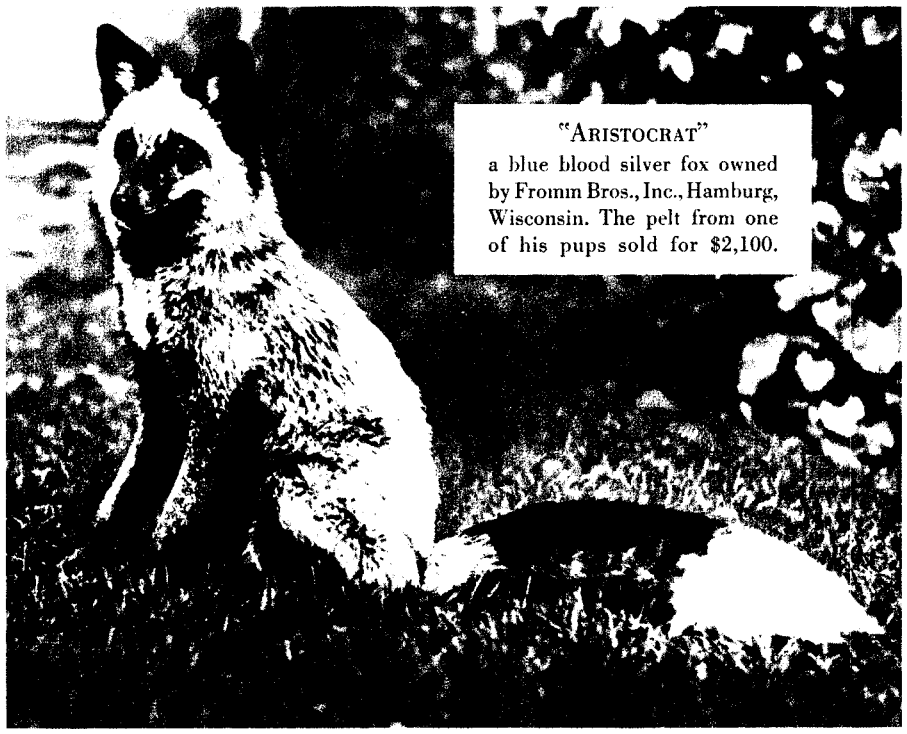

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writers, but that's plain jealousy. Both Harry Hershfield and Betty Field, two genuine Asnas *aficionados,* agree that most of his laconic humor is original Asnas. His sallies often have a hint of gentle melancholy.

One evening, Hershfield said to Max: "You're the best-liked man on Broadway. I was just over in Lindy's (the Broadway restaurant) and everybody there is sitting around and talking about what a wonderful guy you are."

"Better," Max groaned, "they should sit around here talking about what a wonderful guy Lindy is."

"Business is so good," Max once said to Patrice Wymore, "that I ain't got time to run to the bank to borrow money to pay the rent."

The Seventh Avenue salami solon once told Earl Wilson, Broadway columnist and a student of Asnasana, about a man who "used to be a cousin of mine."

"What do you mean—'used to be'?" Wilson asked.

"I bought off the relationship," Max explained.

The comics who frequent the Stage—and they include Sid Caesar, Phil Silvers and the Ritz brothers—usually wear their offstage sad pans in Max's. He'd rather have it that way, because he frowns on monkeyshines which might disturb the routine disturbances. There's enough noise in the place without yaks. Besides, the Stage is big enough for only one comic—Max Asnas.

Outquipping Milton Berle

Occasionally, a visiting comic gets out of line, and Max has to straighten him out. Along Broadway, they still talk of the night Max topped Milton Berle. To top a master of the ad lib like Uncle Miltie is to win undying fame. Max won it that night.

Berle dashed into the Stage and shouted: "Hey, foreigner, make me a pastrami sandwich!"

Max looked frostily at Berle and asked: "Your father and mother was Indians?"

The setting for Max's mad marathon—20 hours a day—is located halfway between the Palace Theater, shrine of vaudeville, and Central Park. It nestles among hotels, movie palaces, apartment houses, and is just north of the legitimate theater belt. One window is filled with salamis, pastrami (highly spiced beef plate), corned beef, tongues, pickles and peppers. The other window is devoted to cookies, cakes and pastries.

Inside, the Stage is a kosher-type delicatessen whose counterparts are seen in profusion in the Bronx, the lower East Side of Manhattan and parts of Brooklyn. On the right is a long sandwich counter loaded with smoked meats, salads, sturgeon, herring, mounds of rye bread and, for the breakfast trade, bagels.

A bagel is a hard-boiled, varnished doughnut without sugar, jelly, grease or taste. "It's a lot of dough with a hole in the middle, like a race track," Max says. The *cognoscenti* eat bagels sliced in half and sandwiched around butter and/or cream cheese and lox (smoked salmon). Some uncouth persons dunk bagels in coffee.

Near the door is the cash register, presided over by Mrs. Lillie Marson, Max's sister, who is one of his three partners. The others are Hymie, his younger brother, and sad-faced Eddie Rabuchin. The kitchen, for serious cookery, is out of view.

After the evening shows and until the 4:00 A.M. closing time, the sandwich counter at the Stage is lined with mink-coated women and celebrities in dinner jackets ordering fodder "to go." These outpatients account for about 40 per cent of Max's business. This figure includes telephone orders from nearby hotels and apartments.

The clothless tables, each seating four persons, are in the area at the left as you enter the Stage, and they occupy three sections separated by chin-high partitions. The lighting is bright and direct, leading Joan Blondell to utter the only knock against the Stage. "The lights," she said, "are not flattering to women." But the glamor girls keep coming, which proves that Max's liver is more important than his lights.

On the very day Max opened the Stage 12 years ago, he had trouble with a customer. A customer ordered onions and eggs. Harry Rice, Max's "headwaiter" (a strictly honorary title), delivered the order. The customer beefed. "The onions ain't done enough," he said, "and the eggs is done too much."

When the customer beefed again at Harry's retread job, the headwaiter eyebrowed Max. "Lissen, you," Max said, "how much is onions and eggs in the cafeteria?"

"Fifty cents," the customer said.

"Here's 50 cents," Max said, "and go eat in the cafeteria."

At noon, Max spied his remittance man at a table. "I don't want no trouble with you, y'hear?" Max growled. "How much do you want to eat again in the cafeteria?"

"One dollar," the man said. Max gave it to him.

At dinnertime, he was back. He took a seat and opened one of Max's menus. Max snatched it from his hand.

"You gotta look on the menu?" Max squeaked in the voice of an angry boy soprano. "Don't forget—you're making ME the price. How much to get outta here?"

"A dollar and a half," the customer said.

"Sold," Max snapped, digging into his pocket. "Now bit it!"

In Fred Allen's happier eating days, he

COLLIER'S "When it's time for your wife to go to the hospital—okay. But stop making trial runs!" DON TOBIN

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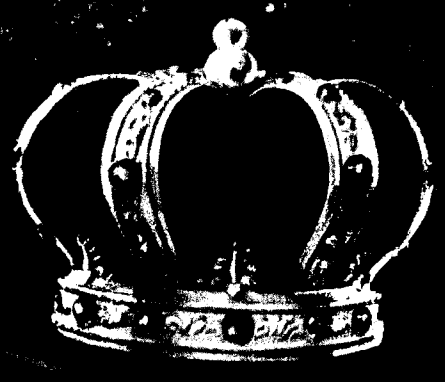

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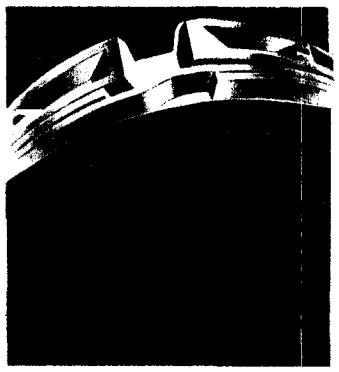

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ran the whole gamut of Max's luscious cuisine. His favorites were tongue and eggs, pancake style, and cheese blintzes, which are stylish-stout pancakes. Once, when he ordered his favorite egg dish, Harry the headwaiter offered another suggestion.

"Try the beef brisket," Harry whispered like a tout at the Jamaica race track. "It's real good today."

"No, thanks," Allen said mildly, "I think I'll have the eggs."

"The brisket," said Harry.

"The eggs," said Allen.

Max joined the little discussion group at this point.

"I'm telling him he should take the brisket," Harry said to Max.

"And I say I want tongue and eggs," Allen said.

Max's lids drooped a little, a sign of annoyance.

"Are you by any chance insiniating there is something wrong with my brisket?" he asked Allen testily. Before Fred could reply, Max said curtly to Harry: "An order brisket for Mr. Allen." Allen ate it, too.

When Doctors Disagreed

A patron Max hadn't seen in some time started complaining about his stomach ulcers.

"Who says you got ulcers?" Max demanded.

"My doctor, the best in New York," the customer, a band leader, said.

"You ain't got ulcers," Max said flatly, "and I'm gonna tell you why, and I don't care even if you get mad. You ain't got ulcers because to have ulcers, you got to have brains, and you ain't got them. Go to another doctor."

"Would you believe it," Max said later, "he went to another doctor, and he told him I was right. Not about the brains, y'understand, but about the ulcers. Now he's back here every day, eating herring and brisket like nothing."

Celebrities or not, Max sometimes takes a dislike toward some of his patrons, and is apt to give them a quick brush.

One of them, a radio writer, complained one day that he didn't like the color of the meat on his plate.

"That's awright," Max said affably, "I'll send out for a painter and he'll fix it up so you will like the color."

"You can't talk to me like that," the patron blustered. "I'm a customer."

"Well," Max snapped, "what do you want to be for a lousy sannawich—a partner?"

"I got a great new dish for you," Max once told another patron who irked him. "It's my own inwention. It will give you heartburn right now, instead of three o'clock in the morning."

Max often stands on the Seventh Avenue sidewalk and scouts for characters in need of a square meal. He brought in a wanderer on a wintry afternoon, bade him wash up and seated him at a rear table. While he was eating, Max brought in another tramp. He motioned him to the first nonpaying guest's table.

"I won't eat at the same table with that bum!" the seated one roared. "Get him away from me!" Max sighed and took him to another table.

Max gave an unfortunate the price of a pair of shoes one snowy night. He came back a few moments later, well shod but looking sad.

"I just happened to think," he said to Max, "that the good die young—and you're the best man in the world."

That made Max moody for all of ten minutes. But the thought hasn't stopped his good works. He feeds down-and-outers, hands out money to anyone with a sad story, caters benefit shows, donates to charities of every creed, supplies holiday fare to hospitals—and has to be restrained from picking up his wealthy patrons' checks.

Because Max occasionally plays the horses—a weakness he deplores and fights valiantly, if in vain—he's considered an excellent touch by horse players. After a hard day at Jamaica, a purse-poor punter stumbled into the Stage and broke into tears. "Max," he sobbed, "I tap out today and I can't go home to the wife. I lose her $50 and I got to get it up."

Max, of course, gave him the $50. The broken horse player hastily stuck it in his kick and again broke into tears.

"You got the money for the wife," Max argued, "so why are you crying now?"

"I got to have another $25," the player wailed.

"Why?" Max demanded.

"So I can show the wife I made a winner," was the answer. "I can't tell her I only break even. She wouldn't have no more respect for my figgers."

Max saw the clear logic of this. He gave the man the $25.

Max has had many partners in his career as pastrami purveyor. "But," he is fond of saying, "I got tired of having strangers take adwantage of me, so I took in my relatives. Leave them take adwantage of me."

Max here sacrifices accuracy to a gag, because there is actually a strong bond of affection between him, sister Lillie and brother Hymie. Max pressed Eddie, his third partner, into service when Hymie went into the Army in World War II.

"Eddie and me both do nothing," Max says, "but I do it the easy way and he does it the hard way. Eddie worries."

Max regards his employees with the same skeptical air as he does his customers—a synthetic cold front hiding his inner warmth. "My waiters are werry reliable," Max says. "They always rely on each other to do the work."

Arthur Manaker, one of his countermen, is putting his son through Harvard, and Max speaks of him with deference. But he frowns on the extracurricular activities of another of his sandwich makers. He's an ex-fighter named Mannie Rosen who, between making up Hymie Specials, knocks off lyrics for television commercials and tries to interest visiting musicians in them.

"He's working here," Max says of Mannie with the Muse, "because it's easier to lay down on the job than on the canwas."

Harry Rice and Nat Felton, the nucleus of Max's serving staff, which is augmented by a few waitresses and an occasional sub, keep dossiers on the eating preferences of the Stage's name patrons. They have such fascinating items as: "Winchell, breast of beef. Xavier Cugat, must have taste of pastrami and corned beef before order. Robert Merrill (the Metropolitan Opera star), steak with frankfurter, dessert when on diet, and loves petchah. Henry Fonda, pastrami. Tony Martin, nice guy, blintzes and lox. Mike Todd, bagel with cream cheese, if money, lox. David Dubinsky, Louis Schultz must make his sandwiches."

Two footnotes are here necessary. Louis Schultz is Max's head counterman, a modest man who blushes furiously at compliments on his art, which includes the decoration of strawberry shortcake. Petchah, accent on the second syllable, is jellied calves' feet.

Some Screwball Incidents

Harry and Nat also keep tabs on Max's screwier customers—and help.

"I had a woman one day," Nat recalls, "and she orders goulash in casserole. She says to me, 'If it is all the same to you, I'll have another vegetable instead of the casserole.' "

A substitute waiter who failed to last the day recently with Max was an embryo Escoffier who got an order from Harry for a steak. When the customer changed his mind, Harry sang out: "Hold that steak."

During the next 15 minutes, a great muttering arose in the Stage. Nobody was getting any food from the kitchen. Max went in to investigate. He found the chef sitting in a chair. He was gripping a steak firmly in one hand.

"What's going on here?" Max demanded.

"Well," the chef said, "I figgered this was a nutty joint, so I don't ask any questions. The waiter said to hold the steak, so I'm holding it, like he said."

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Max sums up his daily routine this way: "I work 10 hours a day, give or take 14 hours."

One ritual Max never neglects—opening the Stage at 8:00 A.M. after its four hours' darkness. His first customers do not order breakfast, but dinner. They are mysterious men from out of the Broadway shadows whose affairs keep them abroad all during the night.

Until noon, Max is busy checking his incoming provisions. After the lunch and late-breakfast crowd thins out at about 2:00 P.M., he disappears. When he lived in the Bronx, he dozed the rest of the afternoon in a rear chair in the barbershop next door. He would start up fitfully every few moments and try to pay the tonsorial check of a favored customer of his.

But Max, married in 1934 (he has a fourteen-year-old daughter), was divorced six years ago and moved to a hotel near the Stage. This eased his afternoon siesta problem, and recently he eased it further by taking an apartment above his delicatessen. Once in a while, he swaps his siesta for sport—at the track.

The Corned-Beef Confucius is back in the Stage at 6:00 P.M. for the dinner trade, sharp and eager to toss in a gag with every plate goulash, and it don't cost you a penny extra. Max feels very kittenish after his cat nap.

Recently, Robert Q. Lewis, the TV-radio whimsey man, ordered breast of beef for dinner. "Remember," he told Max, "I've got to have it lean."

"Which way?" Max asked.

Max usually spends his evenings in the Stage, but takes in an occasional show or movie. In recent years, he has promised himself to retire by midnight, leaving the late watch to brother Hymie. But he seldom does. He's in the Stage until the 4:00 A.M. closing every Sunday morning, and almost every other night. At the slightest twinge of insomnia, he makes unscheduled flights into his delicatessen.

Max has a steely inner core forged in the roaring furnace of Russia during the Bolshevik Revolution more than 30 years ago. His sufferings at the hands of the Reds and his observation of their ruthlessness as a teen-aged czarist soldier explain his fierce hatred of Communism and Communists.

For three years, following the upheavals of 1917, Max, a kid torn from his family in Minsk, lived the life of a hunted animal in the swamps between Russia and Poland.

"I couldn't go along with the Communists," Max says. "They were miserable thieves who taught everybody to steal, you from him, him from the next man, and so on."

By 1920, young Max, even then shrewd and ingratiating, had become an important local figure in a town near Warsaw.

"This town," he recalls with relish, "had six sneaky Bolshevik agents. With friends, I grabbed the whole six. I said to them, 'Lissen. My mother, sister and brother are in Minsk. I'll let the three of you dogs go and bring them here. The other three dogs, I hold for security. If the three I let go don't come back in two weeks with my family, I shoot the security. Now bit it.'"

Within a fortnight, Max was reunited with his family—his mother, Mrs. Hannah Asnas, who died last winter, Lillie, and Hymie, who is 10 years younger than Max.

Max arrived in New York in 1922. His first job was in a butcher shop. Later he got on with the Gaiety Delicatessen, a four-table store in West Forty-sixth Street, just off Broadway and in a few years, he owned the place. "The Gaiety," Fred Allen says, "was so small, they had to take the salamis in endways."

Future Stars Ate on the Cuff

The Broadway crowd quickly discovered Max, and his puns, and his pastrami, and many of today's stars were helped through their tough early days by his nourishing food, some on the cuff. S. Jay Kaufman, first of the Broadway columnists, had a gag sign printed for the Gaiety. It read: "Tables by Reservation Only." Max was on his way as a character.

In those days, Max didn't know many celebrities, and this ignorance once proved embarrassing. One of his theatrical friends said to him one day: "Max, Bernard Baruch is a boiled-beef man—with red horse-radish. Cook him up a nice boiled beef and send it up to his home."

While the Gaiety was strictly a short-order joint, young Asnas went to work with a will, whipped up the special order, and sent it to the address his friend had given him.

A few days later, the Gaiety was jammed with chorines, actors and other local fauna when a tall, distinguished gentleman approached Max's counter.

"Boiled beef," he said, "with red horse-radish."

"Hah," Max said, "don't make me laugh. Who's got time to make boiled beef in this place? We ain't got no boiled beef."

The visitor looked surprised, said something about a mistake and left. The next day, Max's friend reproached him. "That," he said, "was no way to treat Mr. Baruch. He came all the way down here just to eat your boiled beef."

"That learned me two lessons," Max says. "Always have boiled beef, and never get fresh unless you know who you are getting fresh with."

Max has come a long way since he got his job at the Gaiety, just off the boat. He knows more stars with their hair down and napkins up than anyone else on Broadway. He even visited the Stork Club at a luncheon. He was not overwhelmed, although Billingsley gave him a pair of his souvenir red suspenders.

Max studied the expensive surroundings of the Stork and the famous guests. "Shoiman," he said to Billingsley, "today you got all my customers."

And Max wasn't kidding. THE END

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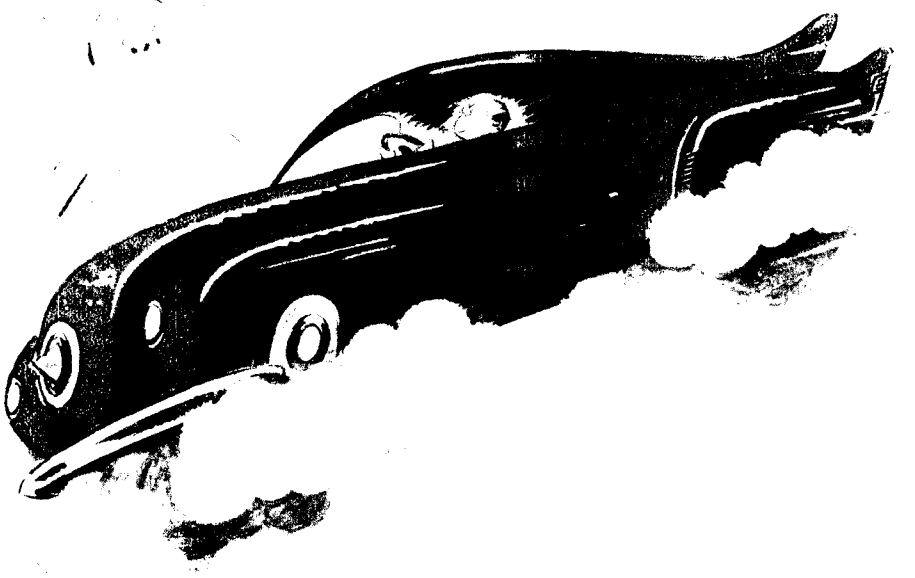

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ROBERT J. LEE

The Green One

By RUTH HALDEN

IT WAS the Friday before Easter and the settlement house was having the Flower Party. They had parties as often as possible, on occasions like Halloween or Washington's Birthday, for these kids who never had parties at home. But next to Christmas the Easter party was the favorite of the whole year. The children really got presents then, and not just the little favors that the teachers and the social workers made for them at other times. On Easter the presents were potted plants and that was how it had come to be known as the Flower Party.

The settlement was supported by the wealthy members of a fashionable church—all of whom lived in a different part of town—who supplemented the salaries and contributed equipment and backed the two big parties of the year. And once in a while they came to visit. They were always asked to the parties. They were always, like any patrons and patronesses, flattered and wooed, because something extra was always coming up like a new furnace, or the roof mended, or one of the children in need of an operation, or two weeks at a summer camp. And there was always the wistful hope that one of the brighter children might be helped with an education, or one of the handy ones set up in a trade. So they were always asked to the parties, but it wasn't often that any of them came.

The Easter party was an exception. Mrs. Chancery came to that because it was really hers. Flower growing was her hobby and she kept greenhouses from which she supplied the plants—a few crocuses in a pot, or a single daffodil, or a blue or white hyacinth. They were simple, but the children loved them. For most of them it was the only time they ever saw flowers, to say nothing of having their own.

Mrs. Chancery came to distribute the plants, standing on the platform in the hall, looking as large and healthy and well-dressed as the children were small and sickly and poor. She always looked at the children as if they weren't quite real, as if she couldn't quite believe in their presence with its intolerable burden of rebuke. She seldom spoke to them except to say something about the flowers, perhaps, and this gave to everyone, and especially to the children themselves, the feeling that *she* wasn't quite real, that she wasn't exactly a person but another kind of plant.

She never asked any of their names. She never seemed to see any difference between one child and another, the bright and eager or the hopelessly dull, the trusting ones or those withdrawn in the despair of their need.

There was nothing to be hoped from her—except her continued support. At least she wasn't likely to withdraw that. She wasn't likely to light on Mary and decide her money was being wasted teaching an idiot, or on Johnny, who might be tubercular and certainly looked it, and wasn't he a subject for the state's care?

Now there was this new boy, Tommy, his starved and patient body making him look older than he was, so that no one would ever give him the benefit of any doubt. More would always be expected of him than any boy of his age could achieve—even one who had always lived in clothes that fitted him, always eaten food that satisfied his hunger, always known love.

It was hard for anyone to know, even those who might be supposed to know him by now, whether he was bright or dull. Some memory deeper than the brain, perhaps, and beyond the brain's reach now, held him captive to silence.

It might be the dread of authority from which he had suffered, under which he had finally surrendered even the will to speak. It might be the inconstancy of a grown-up world in which the outstretched hand was withdrawn, the soft voice raised to anger, the peace shattered by violence while he watched, while he waited, while he failed to understand. Whatever it was that had done it, he had surrendered into silence, and none of them had found a way to set him free.

At least, the workers congratulated themselves, Mrs. Chancery would never notice. At least they could be left alone to go on bringing their love and their patience to bear on what to them was only another problem for patience, for love.

Mrs. Chancery's gardener brought the plants early in the day to give himself time for a second trip in the small station wagon that would only hold half the load. By afternoon, when Mrs. Chancery arrived and the children were lined up in double file outside the closed hall doors, the potted plants had been ranged on benches at the back of the platform, and the scent of hyacinths and the moist-earth smell of the greenhouse filled the large room. The children, bursting through the finally opened doors, paused abruptly in the fragrant air, some awed, some strangely embarrassed by the opulence and unfamiliarity of the occasion, by the magnificent, detached presence of Mrs. Chancery presiding over the flowers.

There was no use trying to interest them in the games, trying to silence them for the reading of the story, until the plants had been given out. In any case, Mrs. Chancery's time was short. One of the helpers marshaled the children in a line to the foot of the platform, a boy and a girl, a boy and a girl, stretching across the hall and through the doorway into the corridor beyond.

No one knew what he was to be given—a daffodil, a crocus or two, or a hyacinth that might be blue or might be white. Some of them had made bargains and would do their swapping later. Now they only reached up their hands, shouted or mumbled "Thank you" and moved quickly away, holding their plants roughly or in tender astonishment. Then the line got to Tommy.

FOR a long minute the line stood still while Tommy stared at the daffodil being reached down to him in Mrs. Chancery's black-gloved hands. The social workers, the teachers, the other children stood watching him, and even Mrs. Chancery's unrevealing face was growing a puzzled look. Was he going to refuse? Was he, perhaps, the helpers wondered, trying to say his "Thank you"—he who had never said anything in this place before? Then, to their amazement, he spoke.

"I want a green one," he said, and his voice was clear and firm. Some of the children giggled. Who'd ever heard of a green flower? What on earth could he mean? the helpers asked one another. But Mrs. Chancery knew what he meant.

"You want to watch it come out," she said, nodding in understanding. "I never thought—" she said, and her voice accused herself, offered apology. "I'm so sorry," she said, looking into his hopeful, uplifted face, "but if you'll come to my house tomorrow, I'll find a green one for you. Come in the afternoon and we'll go through the greenhouses." Her face lifted then to look at the other children, to look at the waiting helpers as if she had never seen them before. What else was Easter? she was thinking; what else was Life, she was asking herself, seeing this place for the first time, but the imagination to take something green and the patience to watch it bloom? THE END

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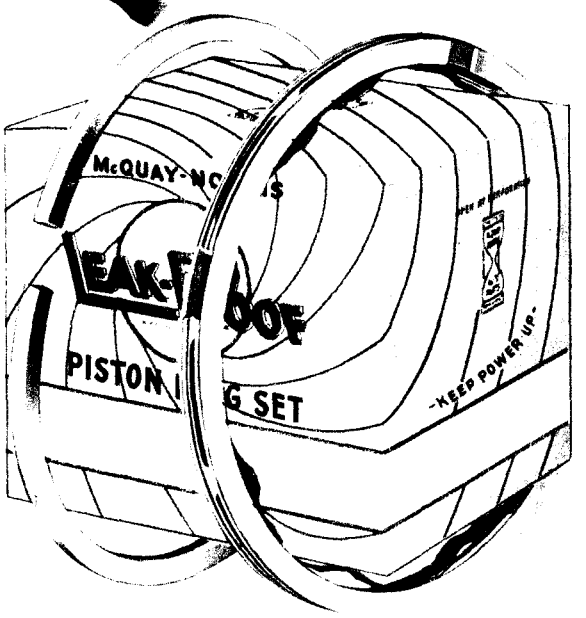

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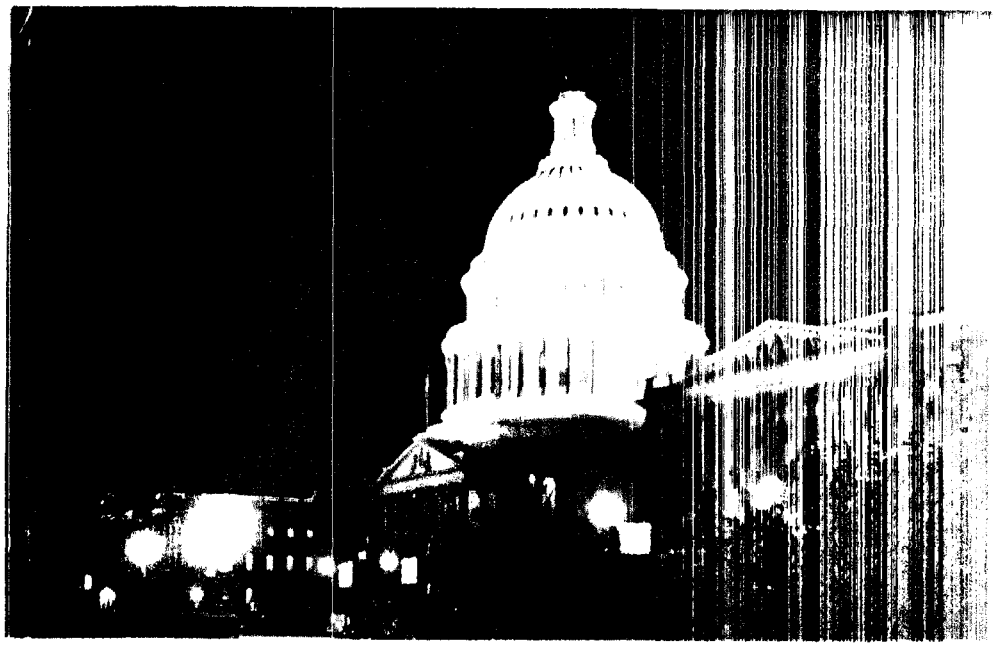

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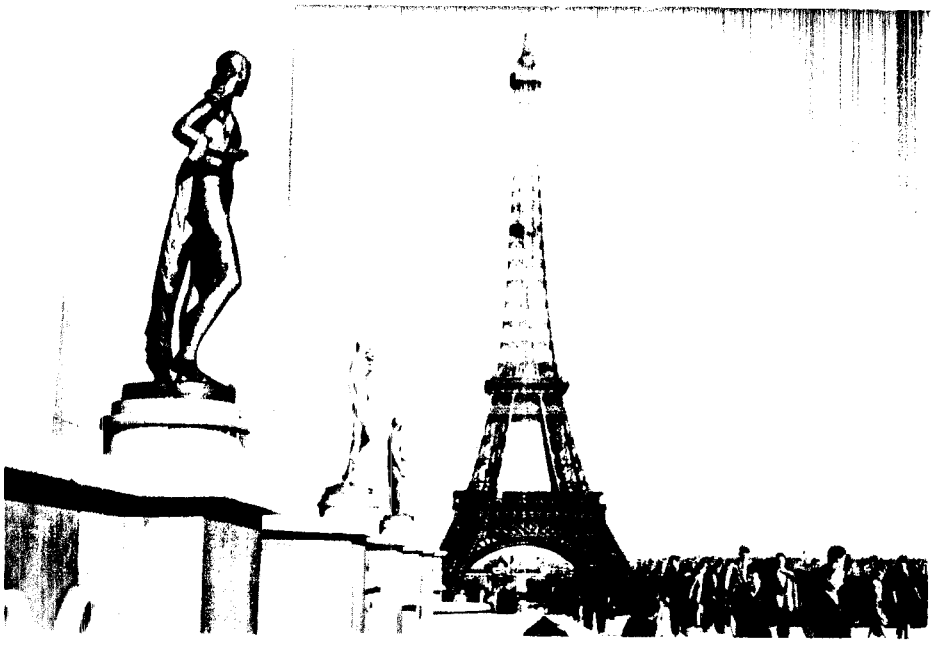

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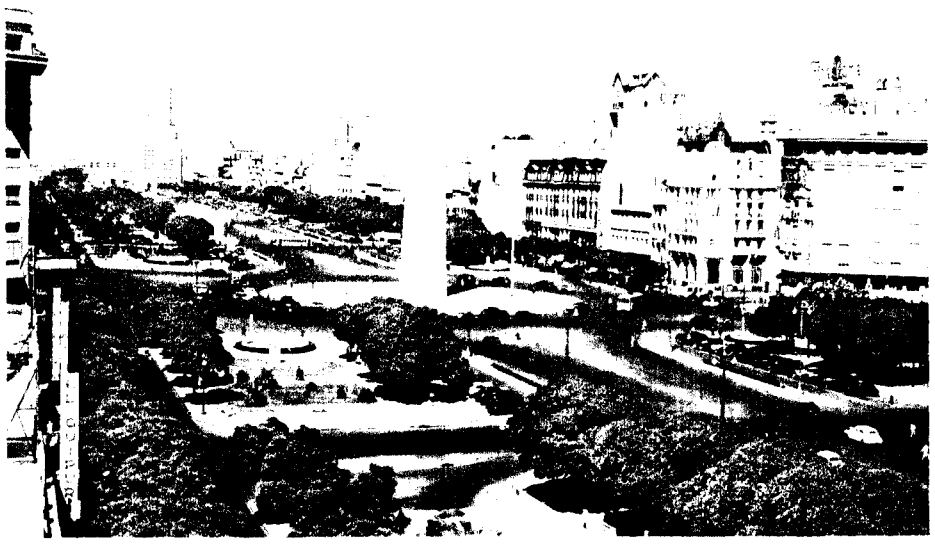

Buenos Aires is less than [illegible] South America is an important source of raw materials. [illegible] quick in-person transactions. Needed cargo arrives [illegible] shipping delays. What's more, expensive crating [illegible] eliminated for air shipments.

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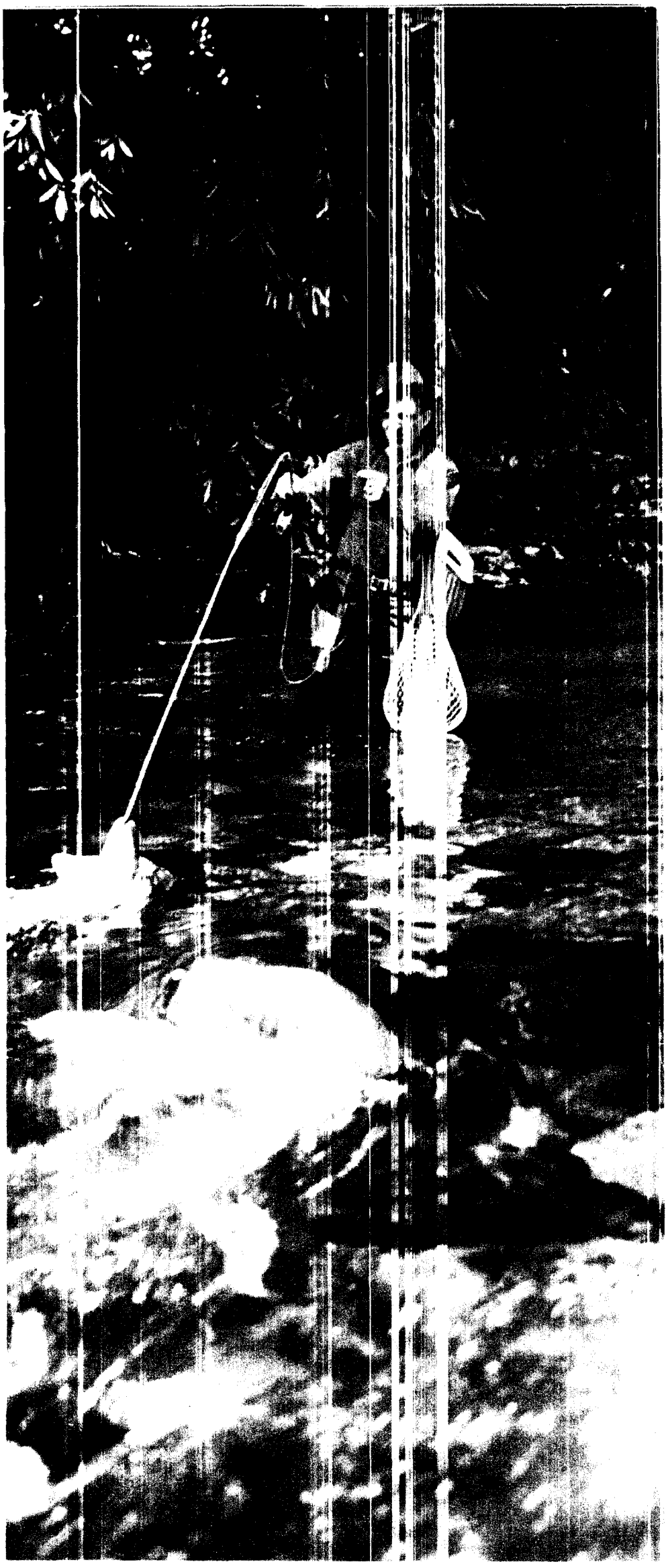

When the strain's too much, the wise man doesn't risk a breakdown—he takes a rest. If possible, he goes away for a complete change of surroundings. When you go by air, even a few days are sufficient for a refreshing holiday hundreds of miles away.

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Stairway to an Empty Room

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

It was bad enough, going to the funeral and all."

"You took Winifred to the *funeral?*"

Mrs. Lannon's mouth became pinched and defensive. "Of course, we didn't get to look in on the body, on account of the face. It was a ballpeen hammer he used."

Monica turned away. She knew the sickness must show. "I wish she hadn't gone."

"They found the body on the stairs," Mrs. Lannon went on. "All beaten in. The skull like jelly and the brains . . . You know."

"Please stop," Monica said.

"Of course. I forgot. She was your sister. Younger than you?"

"Two years."

"They boarded here with me when they first came to Los Angeles. Did you know that? I got well acquainted with both of them. He wasn't educated as good as her. You could see that. And from the South—poor white trash. And he had a temper."

"Did you ever know him to—to strike her?" Monica asked, hating to ask it.

"No, can't say I did. He cussed bad when he got riled. She was a cute little thing. Did she marry him in the East?"

"Yes," said Monica. "In New York. In my apartment there."

The memory was unexpectedly vivid: Biddy in the white dress, short for wartime, her yellow hair like a cloud under the thin white veil. And Jerry—he hadn't shown the temper, then; he'd seemed gentle and considerate. "I was there. I remember my sister—the way I want to remember her. She had a beautiful bouquet of orchids and white carnations. I found it, after a week, in the back of a closet."

WINIFRED came back from the bathroom, had her hair braided, and was helped into a silk dress, blue, with two stains that looked like coffee just above the belt. A coat was brought out. It needed brushing. No brush seemed to be available. "You want the hat?" Mrs. Lannon asked.

"I put it in the trash," Winifred said.

"It was an old one, anyway," Mrs. Lannon apologized to Monica. Her eyes communicated the thought: She's a brat; you'll be sorry. "Good-by, chick. Come back and see me." She bent and kissed the child; Winifred turned a cheek up for the kiss.

Outside on the walk, Winifred rubbed the cheek hard with the back of her hand. Monica pretended not to notice; it seemed ingratitude toward the woman who had taken the child in and sheltered her during the trial and conviction of Jerry Huffman.

But Winifred was looking at Monica. "I don't like her. She *knows* things."

Monica reminded herself that she must not seem to be concealing a secret. Her manner must be easy and natural. When the certain day, the certain hour came, there must be no sign. It should be a day like any other day, with things to keep Winifred occupied and happy, and there must be no cloud, no incident for Winifred to look back on in years to come, and say: *That* was when my father died; *that* day they took away his life because he killed my mother. The idea came back to Monica that it would be better if they got out of the city.

Winifred's picture had been in the papers. There must be people who would recognize her—a little girl with a solemn face, tight pigtails, defiant eyes. Well, fortunately there was the money; not much, but some. She'd sold the furniture in New York, subleased the apartment, drawn out her bank account. "First of all," she told herself, "I'll get her some different clothes."

The bus let them off near the small Wilshire Boulevard hotel, and they took the elevator to Monica's room.

Monica opened the cheap suitcase. The packed clothes gave off an odor. From the bed where she sat watching, Winifred said suddenly, "She made me wear the hat the day we went to see a trial. They took pictures."

Monica, half bent over, felt shock run through her, unbelief.

"That's why I threw the hat away," said Winifred. "There was a picture in the paper, and it wasn't pretty. It was awful."

Monica found herself turning, straightening. Something hot was beating in her throat. "Who took you there?"

"Mrs. Lannon. She told me not to blink when the lights went off in my face. It was just going to be like Fourth of July."

"Did you—see anyone there?"

"I saw Daddy. She said it wasn't, but it was. He was at a table with some other men. Up in front was a man in a big box. Daddy didn't look at me."

Monica found her wits returning; she wanted to believe, still, in Mrs. Lannon.

"Well, perhaps your daddy was busy."

There was silence in the room. She stole a glance at Winifred, and found the child regarding her with a curiously reflective stare. "Shall we go out to dinner? What would you like?"

"Chicken salad with toast," Winifred said promptly.

Monica went to the small stand in the corner of the room to wash her hands. "What did you have mostly at home?" she asked, making conversation. "What did your mama like to fix?"

There was a curious stillness from the child on the bed.

"Don't you remember?" Monica asked.

Winifred looked restlessly around the room. In a way somehow more definite than words would have been, she implied that they were not to talk about her mother.

Monica dried her hands on a towel. "Put your coat back on, Winifred."

"It smells."

"I'll get you a new coat tomorrow."

Winifred put the coat on slowly. They went downstairs and into the small café next door. Winifred ate with a good appetite, not choosily, but with an obvious lack of manners.

Watching her, studying the pale head bent above the plate, Monica thought: There's so much to do, and it has to be done slowly and carefully. The child needs sympathy, training; needs time spent on her. And I'm an old maid. I'm picky about the smelly clothes, I don't like the way she eats. I think she's sassy. I'm twenty-nine, a commercial artist who's wrapped up in her work, long given over to the single life, the cool narrow bed, the solitary chop shared with the cat . . .

In the midst of wondering if Winifred might not, after all, have better been left with Mrs. Lannon, Monica was reminded of her old tom, Beezer, whom she had left in the care of the hotel's garage attendant.

"When we've finished eating," she told the little girl, "we'll go get my kitty. I brought him all the way from New York."

Winifred appeared to think about the cat. "What color is he? Does he scratch?"

"He's yellow and he won't scratch unless you torment him."

Winifred looked interested. "Can I take him some chicken salad?"

"He won't eat lettuce."

"Oh, well, I'll just give him chicken." With no self-consciousness, Winifred dug into the pockets of her coat until she produced a wrinkled sheet of paper. She spread it out beside her salad bowl, and proceeded to spear bits of chicken out upon it.

They found Beezer asleep in the garageman's lap. On the floor were two half-pint milk containers, empty, and a saucer.

"You know what, Miss Marshall?" the garageman said. "You know what your cat done? He drank a whole pint of milk. I never saw a cat drink milk like this one."

She tipped the garageman fifty cents, took Beezer, and went back up to the lobby. Here she picked up a number of resort folders from the rack beside the elevator. Then they rode up to the room.

Winifred put the paper down, spread it out, and waited for the cat to eat. Beezer looked at it and jumped up on the bed. Winifred said slowly, "He isn't going to eat it."

Monica was in the single easy chair by the window, glancing through the resort folders under the light of a reading lamp. "Give him time. He's not hungry now."

"He doesn't like it 'cause it's me, 'cause it's *my* salad," Winifred said with a sudden touch of hysteria. She picked the paper up and threw it at the wall. The greasy chicken clung for a moment to the pale-green plaster, making a splotch, then dropped to the floor. Winifred kicked it, scattering it, then jumped on it, grinding it into the rug.

Monica stood up. She felt stunned, baffled, helpless in the face of the child's rage. "Don't do that, Winifred!"

"He didn't do it!" Winifred shrieked.

"He isn't hungry!" Monica cried in exasperation, her own voice rising. "Leave him alone! He'll eat after a while!"

Winifred ran toward the bed, flung herself on it, and dug her toes into the mattress; with her hands she tore at the pillows and coverlet. This was more than a tantrum—even Monica, who had been around children but seldom, recognized the excess, the frightful hysteria, the compelling grief. She began to stroke Winifred's heaving shoulders. "Don't be angry with poor Beezer. He'll make friends when he's not sleepy."

The child jerked up her head and looked back at Monica, her eyes full of fury. "You think he did, but he didn't! He didn't do it!"

"Look—I want you to sit up and be quiet," Monica said angrily. "I'll wash your face with a wet towel. I'll—I'll show you a picture of the place we're going tomorrow."

Winifred hiccuped in the middle of a sob. "We're—going away?"

"Yes. We'll go where there are places to swim, where you can be out-of-doors."

The sobs subsided. Winifred allowed Monica to wash her, to brush the tangled hair out of her face, even to put a cheek against hers briefly. "What kind of place?"

"A resort. A place where people go to rest and have fun."

"Where? The beach?"

"No. Beaches are crowded now. We'll find a place beside a lake."

While Winifred watched from the bed, Monica went to the chair and picked up the resort folders. They went through them one by one. "There!" said Winifred. The folder had a picture of quiet water, a row of cabins under some tall pines, a spindling pier to which rowboats were tied. "Will we take Beezer? Will he go in a boat?"

"He might. But cats are afraid of water, you know." Monica went to the telephone and called the lobby, and asked how reservations were made. The clerk took her name and the name of the place, Raboldi's, and promised to call back when he'd talked to the travel bureau.

In fifteen minutes he called back and told Monica that the reservations were made. She could leave tomorrow. There would be a cabin at Raboldi's for her.

She got Winifred's pajamas from the suitcase. They were patched, and they had the unwashed smell of all her other clothes, but Winifred put them on without complaint. Her mind seemed taken up with the idea of the trip. The storm over the cat's refusal of the food-offering seemed safely past—a small tempest born of frayed nerves and a feeling of neglect. I'll learn, Monica told herself. We'll get along; we'll be friends.

In the middle of the night, Beezer woke her up by walking across her feet. She lay half asleep, listening to the faint traffic noises, until another sound close at hand caught her attention. Steps—very light ones—receded softly to silence.

Someone passed in the hall, she thought.

Only—it's funny I didn't hear them come; I just heard them go away. As if someone had been standing by the door.

Some altering in the even breathing, or some small movement, told her that Winifred was no longer asleep—that, like herself, the child lay awake, listening.

WHEN Beezer slept, he had a very Oriental look, Monica thought. In the mirror, as she brushed her hair, she could see the bed, the sleeping child, the big cat. My family. People will think that Winifred belongs to me. Well, why not? It will stop questions. I can call myself Mrs. Marshall. I can call Winifred—I can call her Biddy. Biddy Marshall. I'll tell her it's a game.

Today she would buy a car, and some clothes for the child, and she and Winifred would go to the mountains. It would be nice—as nice as things could be for an inexperienced old-maid aunt and a child whose father was due to be executed for the murder of his wife.

She cut off the bitter thought. Justice had been done. It was time to forget.

Winifred yawned, rolled over and sat up. She looked pink and puzzled. She rubbed her face with the palms of her hands, then reached down to scratch inside the bosom of the pajamas. Then she looked at the door. "They listened to us," she said.

Monica had forgotten the incident in the middle of the night. "Who?" she asked.

"Mrs. Lannon, I bet," said Winifred.

"Oh, nuts!" Monica said, and then she stopped. Better to humor the child, to pre-

SISTER

COLLIER'S

"Would you like to wear these for a while? My ears are killing me"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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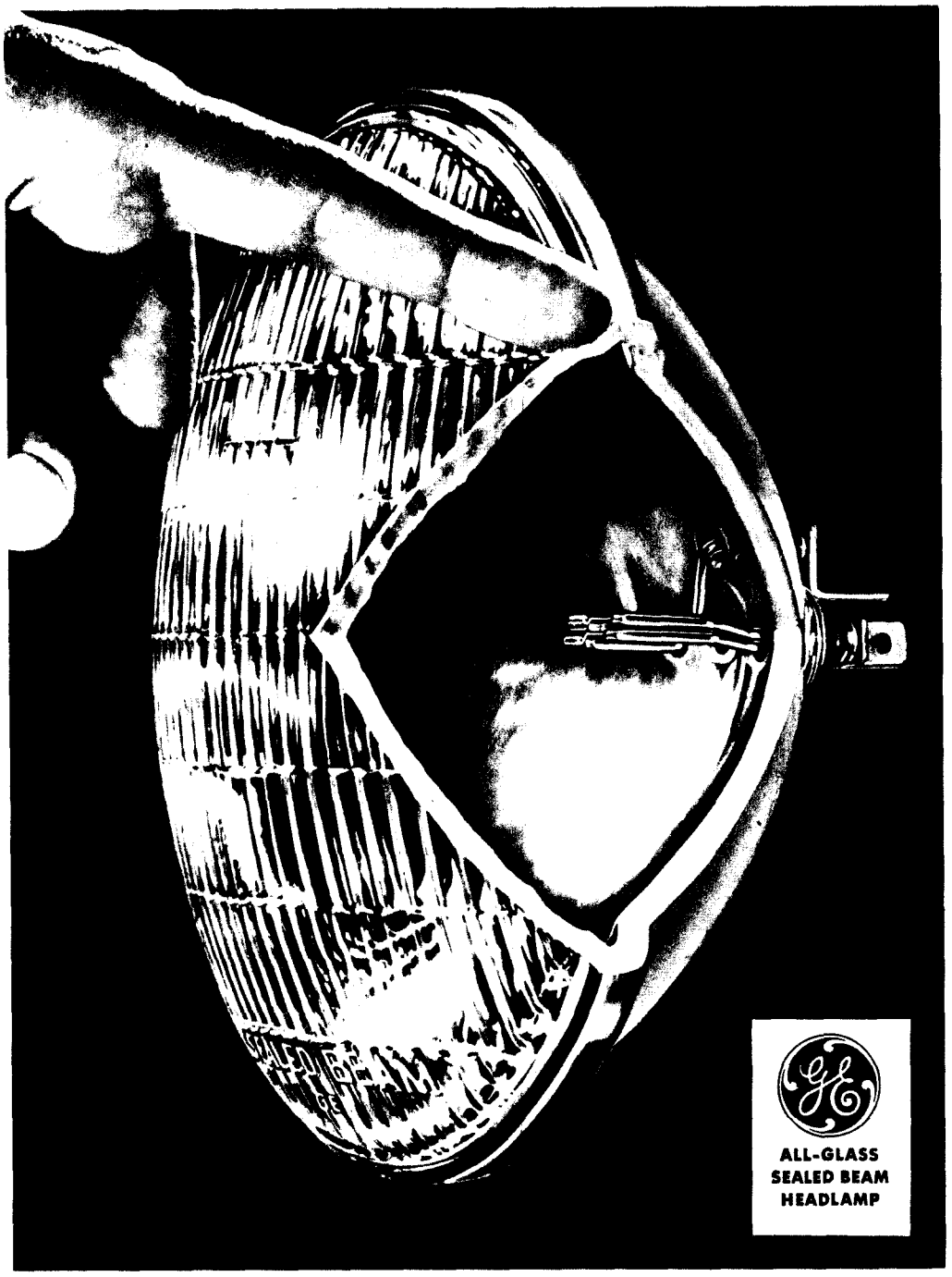

...dirt and moisture can't get in to reduce light output

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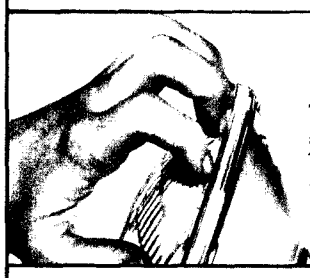
"All-Glass" headlamps give more light, right from the start. And they continue to give more. Proof? Tests show they average 99% as much light at end of lamp life as when new. New or old, G-E "All-Glass" headlamps help make your night driving safer, easier and more comfortable.

Have your lights checked next time you leave your car for service. And be sure to ask for General Electric headlamps by name if you need a replacement.

Here's how to play safe when you buy sealed beams



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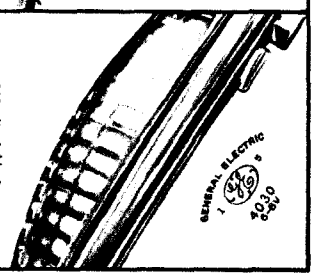
There is no seam where glass reflector and glass lens are fused into one piece. Dirt and moisture can't get in.



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An article in Reader's Digest reports an amazing "green medicine" that can safely stop bad breath and body odor, *both at same time!* It's chlorophyll, Nature's own deodorant. Chlorophyll is available now at drug counters, in tiny tablets, called **"ENNDS".** One or two tablets every morning can end your worry about offensive odors, *for a full day!*

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"ENNDS" do far more than just cover up odors temporarily. They actually *eliminate* most unpleasant odors at source, inside your body! Quickly, safely stop mouth odors and halitosis. (For extra breath protection, dissolve another tablet on tongue after eating, smoking or drinking.)

IMPORTANT! Research proving the safety and effectiveness of chlorophyll, in eliminating body and breath odors, was done with **"ENNDS"** tablets—each tablet containing a full dosage of 100 mgms. of "Darotol" (Pearson's brand of chlorophyllins). Other tablets, which contain smaller amounts of chlorophyll, are now being sold but any inference that they will produce the same results as **"ENNDS"** is false and misleading.

In about an hour, body odors are gone, too—deodorized—even odors caused by perspiration and "difficult days"!

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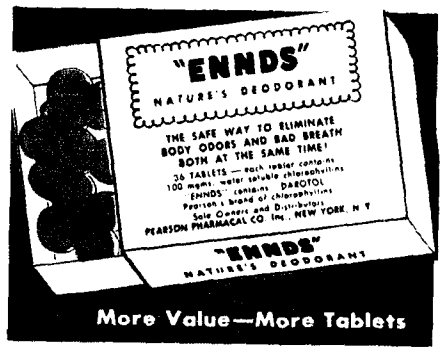
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tend to agree. "Perhaps it was, at that. She didn't want you to go."

"She *knows things*," Winifred said.

Monica decided to change the subject. "What would you like for breakfast?"

"I want a waffle with bacon and eggs. And sirup. When I was *home*—" Winifred cut the speech off short. Her solemn face was full of concentration. "At home we had waffles—lots."

"Did Biddy make them?" Monica asked.

"Who's Biddy?"

"I forgot you wouldn't know. I always called your mother Biddy, even though her name was really Barbara. When we were small together, I used to think that her hair felt like little hen's feathers."

"Oh," Winifred said blankly. Obviously the idea that Monica and her mother had been children together was new and needed considering. She sat bent over, her arms hugging her knees, the patched pajamas straining across the narrow back, showing the ridge of her spine. Then she said, "Mama didn't make the waffles. She was always too sleepy. Daddy made them." She dropped her head lower; in a whisper that Monica could barely catch, she said, "He didn't do it."

Something prickled up the back of Monica's scalp. A whole new meaning for the scene last night—the hysterics, the helpless fury—opened for her. Winifred had not been weeping because the cat wouldn't eat. She had been weeping for Jerry Huffman. She knew what had happened to her father. Mrs. Lannon had lied.

She went to the bed and sat down on the edge of it and touched Winifred's shoulder gently. "Tell me. Tell Monica."

"Is it till Christmas?"

Rage shook Monica to the bones. "Who told you?"

"I just know. I just heard—things. Will he—will he—?"

MONICA sensed the straining control, the effort that cost so much, the sobs repressed. The room grew very still. She thought: I don't even know what to say, or how to comfort her. Shall I try to explain? Haltingly, she began, "Winifred, when someone does something very wicked—"

"He didn't do it!"

They looked at each other, enmity growing between them. Monica was remembering the sunny day in New York, the brilliant morning when she had been working at the drawing board, and the Western Union boy had rung the bell. She remembered the self-accusing anger, the shame, for having let Biddy marry the man about whom she had known nothing, for having let Biddy go away West to live in fear, to be murdered. "He *did* do it!"

The child's attack was too sudden for Monica to think of defending herself. When the flailing fists hit her, she put up an arm and scrambled backward off the bed and leaned against the dresser, incredulous.

Beezer had gone under the chair. That's where we both belong, Monica thought. We can't endure her. She's not soft and sweet like Biddy. She's—savage.

Winifred crouched at the edge of the bed. Her face was distorted, a mask of hatred; her breath was a hiss.

"I—I'll have to take you back to Mrs. Lannon," Monica said stumblingly.

The change was instant. "No!" Winifred sank back, huddling among the piled bedclothes. "I'll be good, Aunt Monica!"

Monica went to the chair and sat down in it and held her head, and Winifred crept toward her. There was a whipped look about the child that Monica suddenly could not endure. She got up and began to pack the suitcases, not carefully but swiftly, her eyes stinging with unshed tears. "Wash yourself and dress," she snapped. "We won't mention your father again."

"I'll be very good," Winifred repeated, standing a slight distance away. "I won't get mad—ever. Please don't send me back!"

"I'm not going to," Monica promised; "but if you ever hit me again, I'm going to whale the daylights out of you."

Winifred, for no reason at all, seemed to cheer up all at once. "Shall I wash with soap, or just with water?"

"I don't give a damn," said Monica—and this, too, ridiculously, seemed to reassure the little girl. Winifred went skipping off into the bathroom. There were prolonged splashings, the thump of the soap, the gurgle when the plug was pulled. Beezer came cautiously out from under the chair, and Monica thrust him into his carrier. He let out a brokenhearted yowl.

Winifred came out of the bathroom, still half wet, and knelt on the floor to peer in at Beezer through the wire netting. "I'll buy you some milk, darling," she promised, in an oddly adult way. "Don't cry!"

When they went out into the hall, Monica found herself examining the carpet before the door as if there might be a trace there of the person who had passed in the middle of the night. She didn't know quite what she had expected—a collection of cigarette butts, a dropped handkerchief, some kind of clue. It was all too silly, and of course there was nothing. She noticed then that Winifred was doing just as she was, staring at the rug with wary interest.

"I'm getting as nutty as she is," Monica said to herself.

THE mountain air smelled clean and piny. They came through a windy pass to the small valley that contained the lake, and Monica swung into the graveled parking space under the trees. There were two other cars there—a blue sedan and a pickup truck. The lake had a single boat on it, and a solitary fisherman, humped and patient.

When she had stopped the car, the door of the nearest cabin opened and a man came out and came down the steps and began to walk toward them. Under the dappled light she saw that he was tall, lean and tanned, with a closemouthed look about him as though he didn't talk much. A little over thirty. The outdoor type. Not bad-looking. His eyes came up, and his glance was steely and measuring. I don't think I'm going to like him, Monica decided.

He leaned on the car door. "You're Miss Marshall?"

"Mrs. Marshall," she said, glancing at Winifred. The little girl had accepted the idea of changing her name, as she did everything that didn't concern her private belief about her father, with calm indifference. "This is my daughter, Biddy, Mr. Raboldi."

He glanced curiously at the child. "Hiya, kid."

"Hello," Winifred said politely.

He continued: "But I'm not Raboldi. He was taken sick suddenly last night and had to go to the hospital at Bishop. I'm Stevens. I'll be in charge until Raboldi gets back."

"I see," said Monica. She thought: It's not important; I wonder why he made such a point of telling me who he is.

His voice had a lazy reserve. "Would you like to have a cabin close to the lake? The two at the end are empty."

She counted the cabins. There were seven in all; two were vacant and one was the manager's. That left four to be occupied, to have people in them who might recognize Winifred and stare at her.

Perhaps Stevens had seen her gaze, the glance she flicked toward the solitary man on the lake. "Most of the gang right now are deer hunters. They're off in the mountains, running down bucks."

"The end cabin will be fine," Monica said. She got out from behind the wheel, opened a rear door, and took Beezer's carrier from off the floor.

"You brought a cat up here?" Stevens said disapprovingly. "He'll kill birds."

"He doesn't care for birds," Monica replied.

"He likes milk—lots of milk," Winifred said.

Stevens loaded himself up with suitcases and walked off, leading the way to the end cabin. The sunlight turned his light hair to a deep gold—in a kind of annoying way, Monica thought. Winifred skipped and hopped along the path, staring at the trees and the water. She looked quite different in the red gingham pinafore with the white

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puffed sleeves, her hair cut to shoulder length and curled.

The cabin was small, but clean and well aired, the inner door standing open and the screen door closed to keep out insects. In the front room were two beds, a table, and two wicker chairs. There was a cubicle with a shower basin and toilet in it, and next to this cubicle was a closet. A shelf in the big room held a cooking plate; and there was a small row of pots above it.

"If you go swimming, watch for holes in the bottom of the lake," Stevens told Monica. "And don't try it much before noon. The water's pretty cold."

"We'll be careful," Monica said stiffly. She wondered if he expected a tip.

"I'm hungry," said Winifred.

"About meals . . ." Stevens stopped at the door, hitched up his faded jeans, and leaned against the doorjamb. "We keep a small stock of groceries if you want to do any cooking here. Just canned stuff. It somebody gets a deer, you'll probably have plenty of venison. Don't depend on the fish; they aren't biting good right now. If you want to eat a meal out, you can drive on over the ridge. There's a big lodge there and they bring their stuff in from the other side and the food's pretty good."

"I brought a few groceries with me. Thanks, anyway," Monica said.

He tossed a key into the air, caught it, and laid it on the table. "That's yours. Use it. We get drunks coming through here sometimes on their way from the lodge."

"Thanks." She picked up her purse. He must be waiting for something.

His eyes studied the movements of her hands and something flickered in his face—amusement, she thought, and she felt herself flushing. She put the purse on the table and just stood waiting for him to leave.

"Let me know if there's anything you don't understand," he said enigmatically.

"Thank you, I will."

MONICA watched him walk away from the cabin. She hadn't spoken more than a few words to him, and he hadn't spoken more than a few words to her, and yet she felt uneasy about him. What was it about him that was disturbing? A little too sure of himself? "This is the kind of guy I don't like," she said to herself. "They expect you to take one look at them and—" She turned away from the door. The kind of guy that wants to pick a fight with you, she thought. Okay, okay—fair enough.

She untied the small box of groceries, opened a can of soup, some crackers and a tin of sardines, and she and Winifred had a small meal. Then, while Winifred fed Beezer, Monica unpacked the clothes. She tried to remember how long after eating you were supposed to wait before you went in swimming. Finally she decided it didn't matter; it hadn't been a big meal. She got out the bathing suits.

Winifred surveyed herself in the mirror that hung over the table. "I like mine. Yours is cute, too. You look nice."

Perhaps it was the influence of the obnoxious Stevens; at any rate, Monica took a longer look than usual. She tied her black hair up in a scarf, took Winifred's hand, and went out to walk down to the beach. The cat followed, yowling now and then because the place was strange to him.

The water was cold, as Stevens had said it would be. The sun made a flat, metallic glare on the water. The fisherman was in closer than he had been; Monica swam out until she was almost under the stern of the rowboat. Then she found the man looking down at her. She couldn't make out much about his appearance; he wore a hat with a brim turned down, and dark glasses.

"It's too cold!" she cried, turning in the water.

He nodded in agreement, then took a pipe from his pocket and stuck it into his mouth.

Monica swam away. An hour later she had all but forgotten him. She and Winifred were lying near the water, half covered with towels, and she was almost asleep, lulled by the sunny silence. Then Winifred spoke. "I know him," she whispered.

Monica opened her eyes. The man who had been fishing had tied his boat to the little pier and was standing, his hat pushed back and the glasses off, silhouetted against the bright water. He was arranging his fishing gear. "He came to Mrs. Lannon's," Winifred went on. Her voice was so compelling that Monica raised herself on an elbow to have a better look. "Only," Winifred said, "he was taller then."

Monica shook her head to clear it. They were off again. "You mean he's shrunk?"

"Yes," Winifred said, "he's littler and he isn't as old. I don't like him. He has wolf's eyes."

Humor her . . . Monica felt lazy, too lazy to pay any real attention. The altitude, perhaps. "Does he growl like a wolf, too?"

"Oh, no. He talks nice. He gave me a dollar, a real dollar, only I lost it under the hollyhocks. Mrs. Lannon found it, I bet."

Monica sighed. It was a story she'd made up, then, to give herself a new grudge against the woman she disliked so. "Let's forget Mrs. Lannon for a while, Biddy."

"You don't have to call me Biddy when no one's listening."

"I like to call you Biddy." Monica reached out to ruffle the yellow hair. "Like little hen's feathers. Just like feathers." She rolled over, cradling her face on her arms, wanting to hide the sudden tears. Oh, Biddy, if I hadn't been so wrapped up in the work, if I'd studied your letters, read between the lines, sensed your fear . . .

"I know *her*, too," said Winifred.

Monica lifted her head and looked up. A woman had come out on the little porch of the middle cabin. She was a big plump woman, a cherry blonde. She wore a sun

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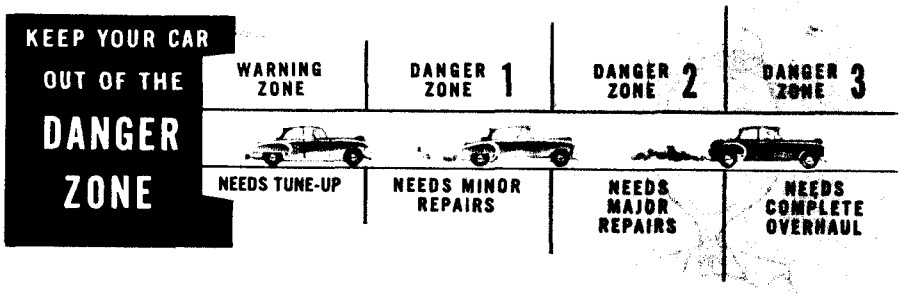

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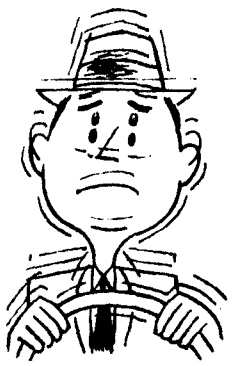

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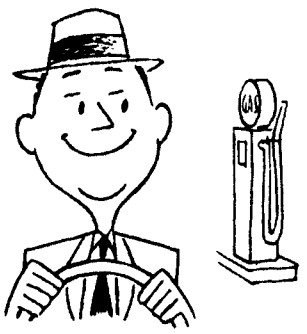

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suit of purple-and-white striped cotton and white sandals; a short purple jacket was dangling from one hand. She looked out at the water and stretched, a lazy rippling motion that reminded Monica of Beezer.

"Oh, for the love of Pete!" Monica said, taking out on Winifred the impatience she felt for herself. "You can't know *everybody*."

"I know her."

"From Mrs. Lannon's place?"

"No. From on the street. We were waiting for a bus."

The blond woman began to put on the purple jacket.

"A lot of times," Winifred went on.

"Oh, be still," Monica commanded.

The woman on the porch finished putting on the jacket. Then she stretched again, and opened her mouth to yawn.

"She's going to click her teeth," Winifred said. "She always does."

The blond woman shut her mouth with a snap, and the loud click her teeth made when they came together floated down the still air and into Monica's unbelieving ears.

"See? I told you, I told you."

Monica sat up. There was the sudden feeling of having wakened from a nightmare to find the nightmare real.

THE illusion lasted for an instant longer. Then things swung into focus and the tenseness flowed out of Monica; she sank back, relaxing. She was, after all, simply lying on a beach beside a lake; a very ordinary little man stood folding his equipment at the end of the pier, and an ordinary fat woman had just shut her mouth after a yawn. How insensitive, how uncomprehending I am, she thought, not to realize that to Winifred the world in which she has lost her mother, the world that means to take away her father, must seem filled with enemies.

It all went back to Mrs. Lannon—the woman had been a bad choice for Winifred. Or perhaps anyone who had kept the child during that difficult time would have come in for an unearned share of blame.

Monica sat up and pulled Winifred against her and hugged her. Winifred's response was not the usual indifference she had expected, but an answering hug that all but shut off Monica's breath.

"Don't be afraid," Monica said.

Winifred's clutch grew tighter.

"I'll tell you what—we'll plan something nice." Monica remembered Stevens' words, the remarks about the lodge. "We'll drive over the ridge to a big place and have dinner. Chicken, if you want it."

"Something will get us," Winifred whispered.

"Nothing will get us," Monica laughed. "Look, we've lain in the sun until we're almost roasted. Let's go back, have a shower, and oil ourselves so we won't burn."

"She'll see us!"

"The woman in the sun suit? What if she does?" Monica glanced up at the cabins. The woman had an easy rolling gait, much like a man's, and she was crossing the space between the next cabin and her own. At the steps she paused, looking about idly; then she walked on toward the end of the path, where the sign that said *Manager* hung above the door. "She's going to flirt with Mr. Stevens," Monica said. "She's the coy type. I'll bet he likes her."

"What's coy?"

"Bashful and tittery."

"You mean laughing? No, she isn't."

"What is she, then?"

"When Mrs. Lannon wasn't looking, she *pinched me once*."

"Oh, Biddy!" Monica stroked the fair hair, looking into the blue eyes that seemed frank and guileless. Then she realized that a shadow lay across Winifred's face, a shadow that had come up from nowhere to stand between them and the sun. Monica raised her glance. Stevens stood there, very brown and lean in a pair of swimming trunks, a towel thrown over his shoulder.

He didn't smile, but his voice had a friendly sound. "How's the water?"

"Cold," said Monica.

Winifred added, "My teeth jittered."

Stevens appeared to study the lake, the pier, the figure of the small man just bending down to pick up the last of his gear. "Did Veach speak to you?"

"Veach? Oh. I can't remember whether he did or not."

"He didn't get any fish," Stevens said, "but then, he could hardly have expected to. He didn't bring the right kind of equipment for these waters. I wonder why he stayed with it." Stevens' eyes seemed speculative between narrowed lids, studying the small man as though he were puzzled.

"Has he been here long?" Monica asked.

"He came last night, late." Stevens' glance slid around to settle on her. There was something in his expression she didn't like, couldn't grasp.

"After Mr. Raboldi was taken sick?"

"No, a little before."

"What happened to Mr. Raboldi so suddenly?"

"Just an old stomach disorder that keeps repeating on him. Nothing serious." Stevens squatted on his heels, picked up a twig and doodled in the sand with it. Winifred had crawled off to investigate what Beezer had found among the pine needles. It was a cricket; when the bug jumped, the cat fell over himself getting away, then looked embarrassed and offended. "I didn't mind taking over. I like it here."

"Are you here the year around?"

"We aren't open all year. This is deep-snow country in the winter. Nothing up here but bears, and they're hibernating." He looked her over in the suit, starting with her shoulders.

"I believe you have someone waiting for you in your cabin," she said hastily. "A blond woman."

He looked up quickly. "When did she go in?"

"Just before you stopped here."

"Thanks." He rose and started away with long springy steps, then slowed down and turned and came back. "You going anywhere tonight?"

AFTER the appraisal of her figure, Monica was not quite sure how to take the question. She raised her eyebrows a little to let him know she thought he was being impudent. "I thought I might take Biddy and go to the lodge for dinner."

He chewed his lip for a moment. His eyes were on the water in a thoughtful stare. "Okay. Check your gas first. It's not a very good road. How are your brakes?"

"They're fine. The car was guaranteed when I bought it in Los Angeles yesterday."

"You didn't make it from Los Angeles in one day," he said, as if he were thinking aloud. "Where did you spend last night?"

"In a motel. I don't drive fast." She looked at him levelly, thinking: It's none of his business. I don't like him. If anyone's acting suspicious, it's not the people Winifred has her eye on. It's this character.

"I'll see you later," he said to her, walking away.

Winifred came back from examining the cricket. "If she pinches me again, I'm going to holler."

Monica turned to look—the woman was back on the path again, swinging along, her beefy thighs shaking inside the wide legs of the sun suit. No, she wasn't the coy type, Monica decided, though most fat blondes tended to be—coy and babyish. This woman wore her fat like armor, and she'd probably acquired as much of it from drink as from food. She stopped when she saw Stevens coming, and then she went with him back to the cabin.

Monica and Winifred gathered up the towels and called the cat.

"I'm not interested in that man, not a bit," Monica told herself under the shower.

IT WAS beginning to be twilight by the time they were ready to start for the lodge. The rim of the valley rose high, blue and distant against a pale lemon-glow sky; the trees loomed taller, darker; the air smelled of mountain sage. There was a light in the middle cabin as they walked past, and in Stevens' place a radio was playing. The rest of the place appeared empty; outside of Stevens' radio there was only the queer ringing emptiness of mountain air. The lake shimmered in a blue dusk.

Monica started the car, switched on the lights, swerved out of the graveled space into the road that led past the lake and into the upper valley and the pass. The car was a 1942 model and seemed to have had good care. They began to rise and the road turned, so that they overlooked the lake. The cabins seemed far away and very small. It was a lonely feeling, Monica thought, being high and looking down on the little places where people lived.

Winifred was looking too. The pale light shone in her hair. She said softly, "How long will it be?"

Monica was absent-minded or she would have caught herself before she asked, "How long will what be?"

"How long has my daddy got?"

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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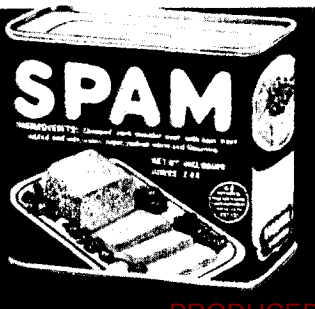

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"Oh." Monica gripped the wheel tightly. But it was a time for honesty, for truth. "Not very long," she said.

"Is it till Christmas?"

Monica knew suddenly what this question meant: the being-together, the shared joys, the fun that Christmas brought—that Christmas wouldn't bring again. "No. It's a week or so. I don't know just what day." This was true. She'd lost count in the city. Or rather, she'd wanted to lose count; now she didn't want to start counting again.

Winifred leaned toward her. "He didn't do it!"

"Biddy, I can't argue with you! I have to keep my mind on my driving."

"The room was empty," Winifred insisted. "Daddy wasn't in it. They said he was, but he wasn't."

"Be still!"

"He didn't do it!"

Monica jerked the gearshift into second; she'd lost her momentum in the middle of the grade. "Winifred, if you start any excitement here, I'm going to stop the car and give you a good paddling!"

THE lodge was what Monica had expected—a big place, sprawling, full of lights, set so as to get the benefit of the view. Far away, in the black valley that led downward, lights pricked the dark. She could make out that the exterior of the place was finished roughly. She took Winifred's hand and walked toward the porch. The parking lot was dark and the ground was rough. Once Monica turned her ankle and almost fell, and the hurt brought back the helpless anger Winifred had aroused. Why couldn't the kid keep still about her father? He was going to die, he deserved to, and there was nothing she could or would do to save him.

But just for a moment another thought floated to the surface of her consciousness: Suppose he *hadn't* murdered Biddy; suppose he *weren't* guilty. I won't start thinking about that, she told herself.

They went into the lobby. There were fans going, a few people standing around, a pleasant air of leisure and ease. Through the open door of the cocktail lounge, Monica could see the bar, and the people sitting at it, unhurried, placid. Well, this is what comes of taking up with a kid, she thought—I can't even have a drink before dinner.

Winifred touched her hand, "I can wait out here. I'll be quiet."

"What do you mean?" said Monica.

"I used to. For Mama."

Monica's face grew stiff. "Biddy never drank."

They went into the dining room, and Monica only half saw the place. Her mind was boiling with a new confusion. Was Winifred simply a congenital liar? Had the dread, and the aloneness, so upset her that she was compelled to lie about everything, no matter how trivial? Biddy had never drunk anything. Even at the end, in the last few letters, there had been no sign of a change in that attitude.

She looked at Winifred above the menu. The child's face seemed solemn and searching, a little lonely, a little wistful. If there was anything wrong here, it was deep—it was, Monica thought in terror, permanent.

"Chicken for the little girl," she said mechanically to the waiter.

"She's watching us," said Winifred.

Her eyes were fixed on one of the big windows that faced the dark. Both Monica and the waiter glanced immediately at the spot; Winifred's tone had been urgent, convincing. And there was nothing, of course. Monica felt herself flushing. "Chicken, as I said. For myself, trout."

"Would madam care for a cocktail?"

Monica sighed, and decided she would. "Yes," she said. "A Martini, please."

The waiter went away. Monica turned to Winifred. "Why did you say that?"

The obvious, open disapproval had its effect. Winifred lowered her eyes and made doodling motions on the tablecloth with her fingernail. "It was her," the child said, but softly and without emphasis.

"Mrs. Lannon? Up here?"

Winifred shook her head. For a moment Monica thought she would cry, and the helpless anger returned. It had been like this almost from the first, she realized: the child inventing scarecrows, ghosts, spies. Have I got the will, the intelligence, the understanding to go on? Or should Winifred be with people who could really help her?

The cocktail arrived. It was very cold, very dry; Monica sipped it gratefully. The dinner that followed took away some of her frustration and confusion.

After the meal was over, they went out into the lobby and lingered there, looking at the magazines in the racks, the souvenirs and post cards. Later, Monica was to remember this time, to wonder what would have happened if she had gone directly to the car. A half hour must have gone by. A group of people gathered by the main entrance, preparing to leave, and, for no reason, this made up Monica's mind for her. "Come on, Biddy. We'd better start back."

The car started smoothly, in low gear, inching forward on the slight rise that led out to the road, to the gradual, uninterrupted climb to the summit. There was no need to bring the car to a stop, or even to slow down. The headlights picked out trees, fence posts, boulders, the eyes of a roosting owl; the motor purred evenly; they were safe. The only odd note was Winifred's behavior. She sat close to Monica, very still.

At the summit the wind hit them, blowing against the car as they rose above the shelter of the trees. Here they were on top of the ridge; behind lay the lights of the lodge, and ahead was the swift slope down into Raboldi's valley. Monica thought: It's going to be steeper than I remembered. It was then that she touched the brake pedal.

The car ground forward with a curious lurch. She let the pedal out and pushed it again. There was no response, but there was a strange loss of control. She jammed the pedal to the floor. Behind her she sensed the inert weight of the car, gathering momentum, pushing them into the beginning of the downward plunge. With frantic swiftness, she shifted back into second. Still the car gathered speed.

"Is something the matter?" Winifred asked in a small voice.

"Very much so. Damn all car salesmen!" Monica said. Ahead, she suddenly made out a low embankment over which heavy brush hung. "Get down on the floor. Quick." Winifred didn't respond; Monica pushed her roughly. The car plowed into the brush with a tearing of branches. The frame of the car took the shock of the solid earth and Monica was flung against the wheel. Pinwheels went off inside her head; all her breath was gone; she felt the caving of ribs, the tearing of ligaments, the bursting pain that filled her brain.

The smashing of glass all but covered Winifred's whisper: "She did it, I bet."

IT WAS almost a relief, after that, to drift into sleep. She was aware, at intervals, of the things that went on: of Winifred's hopeful *ministrations, head-strokings, huggings*; of the grinding approach of another car, coming from the direction of Raboldi's; of a light playing on her face.

The voice of Stevens, the obnoxious man, said, "Here. Easy, now. I'm trying not to hurt you."

Then he was carrying her through the dark; she made out the shape of the truck. Then she was lying on the platform on what felt like a spread-out overcoat.

"Where's Winifred?"

"She's right here," he said.

"I mean Biddy," she corrected.

He didn't say anything; he began to feel of her here and there.

"Quit that."

"I guess you're all right. I don't feel any bones sticking through your skin, and you can breathe. What happened to the car?"

"The brakes quit, right at the top of the grade." Then she stopped, and in the middle of the pain, and the tiredness the pain seemed to have brought, she considered. She didn't really know when the brakes had

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failed. "I don't know what happened. The damned thing just wouldn't stop, so I rammed the bank, and I hit the wheel, and something broke—the windshield, I think. Just so—just so Winifred's okay." She closed her eyes. She thought: I'm not going to call her Biddy any more. I don't like that name as well as I used to.

THE doctor went over her with dry, antiseptic-smelling hands, and then bound her with tape to the stiffness of a mummy. "Just keep quiet for a few days. I don't think you're damaged seriously anywhere. You took the steering wheel in the ribs; you'll be sore there for a while."

She tried to express her gratitude to him—stumblingly, because of the hypo he'd given her to ease the pain. At the same time, in the back of her mind a kind of numb indignation raged. How could she lie quietly with a kid and a cat to look after?

"Lucky for you that I was already up this way," the doctor said, from the door. "There's a baby due up at Sampson's Flat—one of the camp caretakers. I'll stop here on my way back—sometime tomorrow if things go the way they should."

Well, the wrenched ribs weren't as bad as having a baby, Monica thought ruefully. She raised her head; the room revolved. "Good-by," she said from the pillow.

The doctor, who had on hunting clothes as though he might bag a deer if the baby took too long, answered her cheerfully. "Just keep yourself in bed and relax."

"Oh, I will, I will," she said, wanting to gnash her teeth at him.

When the doctor went out into the dark, Winifred and Stevens peeped in at her as though she were a freak, or dead. "The wake is over," she announced, "and I'm going to live. He says."

Stevens pushed Winifred in ahead of him. "That's good." He looked around the room, then said to the child, "Time for you to hop into bed. You got a nightgown?"

Winifred nodded. She was still staring at Monica.

Stevens asked, "Think you can make it alone?"

"Sure." Winifred's chin went up. "You think I'm a baby or something?"

"Don't sass me." He gave her a sharp look that shut her up. "Mrs. Marshall, I'll go up the grade tomorrow with the truck and see what I can do about bringing your car down." He nodded in a way that included them both. "See you at breakfast." He shut the door behind him, then rapped and said through the panel to Winifred, "Lock up, now."

Monica drifted into sleep, to rouse again when dawn was gray. Something was making a noise, a soft noise—Winifred, weeping into her pillow. No need to ask why, no use starting the argument all over. Monica willed herself to sleep again, and when she woke up at last it was broad daylight. Winifred was up and dressed, and Stevens was working at the little electric stove, getting breakfast.

She was surprised and not very well pleased. It seemed as if he were taking advantage of the situation to become much too friendly much too soon. She recalled with sudden suspicion that Stevens had inquired about the condition of the car long before she had started for the lodge.

She crawled to a sitting position and straightened her gown. The tape pulled and itched. Winifred, under Stevens' instructions, brought her a clean, cool washcloth. After using that, she felt better.

The food he brought when he finished was surprisingly good. The coffee was hot and fragrant, the bacon crisp, the eggs done without being leathery. "You're a pretty good cook," she said.

"I'm good at a lot of things," he said.

Probably she was supposed to read something into that, she thought with irritation. I'm a good man—you'd like me. She turned her attention to Winifred, who sat at the table in a patch of early sunlight, munching steadily. There was no sign of the nighttime tears, but through Monica's mind flashed a sudden insight into the long hours Winifred must spend in thinking about her father, the grief put down and hidden, the tears never shed by day. Now that I'm flat on my back, Monica thought with a touch of panic, she'll be alone to mope.

"What are you trying to do?" Stevens demanded crossly. "If you want anything, speak up."

MONICA lay back, but a stubborn determination had been born in her. When Stevens and Winifred had cleared away the dishes, and Stevens had gone, Monica dragged herself out of the bed by sheer will and put on a robe over her gown. "Get into your suit," she told Winifred, who watched bug-eyed. "We'll go down to the lake. You can swim, even if I can't."

"Mr. Stevens won't like it."

"Mr. Stevens doesn't have to like it," Monica said. Her ribs hurt frightfully when

"Their relief is so poignant when I start pulling out sample neckties that my sales are terrific!" — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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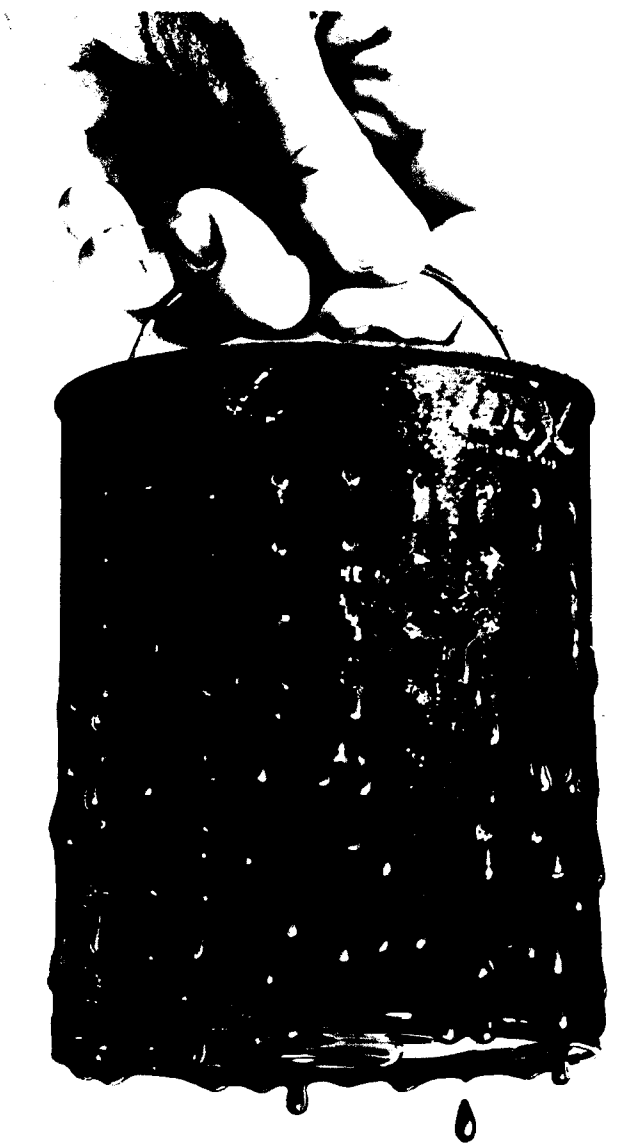

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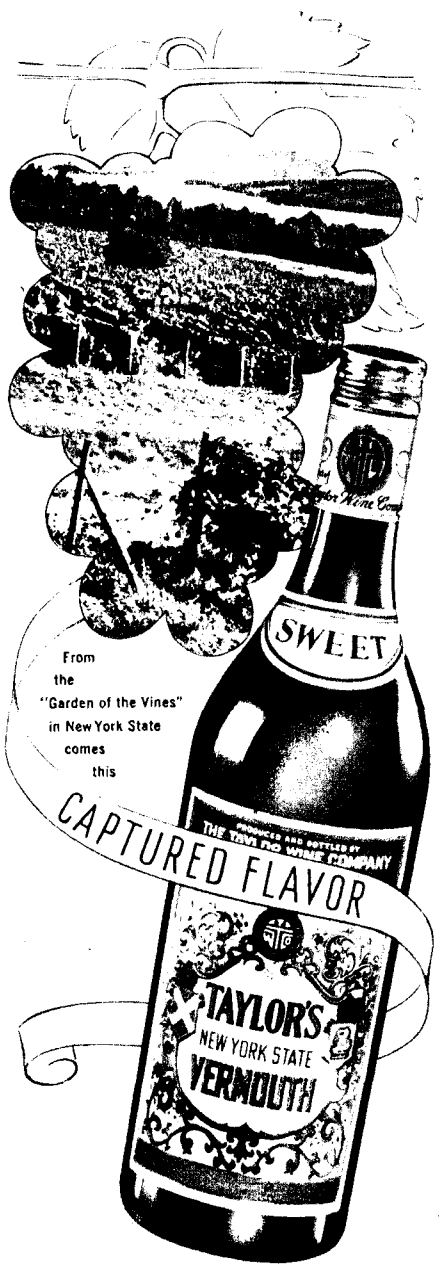


From the FAMOUS CELLARS at Hammondsport, New York

she tried to walk, and her head swam. She made it to the little porch and the steps, where she had to rest.

Out on the lake, the man named Veach sat in his little rowboat, dark glasses covering his eyes, his hatbrim down. "Smaller and younger," Monica found herself saying aloud; she had a hysterical desire to giggle. She sat down on the top step, jarring her ribs, bent her head, and shook with a mingling of laughter and crying.

"He used to be all gray and bald," Winifred said seriously, looking at the lake.

"He couldn't be both," Monica said, between spasms. "And how about the shrinking business? How did he do that?"

"Mrs. Lannon helped him, I bet."

Oh, no. Suddenly Monica looked up; there had been footsteps. Stevens was looking at her from a short distance, his expression distinctly disapproving. Well, she had to show him. Monica stood up, walked down the other two steps, then stumbled and started to fall flat on her face.

Stevens caught her—the final indignity. He carried her in and deposited her with an air of authority on the bed. "Now," he said, "what is it?"

How awful to cry—and she was, and Stevens looking!

He must have some sort of understanding, some intelligence. After a few moments he said slowly, "You want the little girl to have a good time, and you think she won't. Is that it?"

Beezer walked up to the bed and looked into Monica's face anxiously.

"And you think your cat might not get his quota of milk," Stevens added. He paused, as if to think. "Would you mind if the kid and I did some fishing?"

"Mind? No, of course I wouldn't." Then she caught her breath; she had remembered Winifred's inclination to tell yarns. "If she—she makes some sort of funny remarks, you'll overlook them, won't you?"

He didn't ask any questions. He was, Monica decided, too self-centered to be curious about other people—even too self-centered, she suspected, to be curious about a man who'd grown smaller and younger.

MONICA rested until lunch, while Stevens took Winifred out in a boat. The fish were good, after Stevens cooked them. He *could* cook, even though he did it with an air of not caring whether the food pleased anyone or not. While the lunch dishes were being washed, Monica asked from the bed, "Who is Mr. Veach?"

She thought that Stevens hesitated over his answer. "I don't know who he is," he said finally, "except that he isn't much of a fisherman."

Stevens was working at the table with his back to her, his hands in the pan of soapy water. Winifred, drying with the dish towel, almost visibly popped with something she wanted to say about Veach; behind Stevens' back Monica shook her head at her. She asked Stevens, "Is the fat blonde his wife?"

"So he says." Very cryptic; it wasn't any of Monica's business, his tone implied.

"You *think* I'm nosy," Monica said.

Stevens shot her a look over his shoulder, the same unreadable, masked look he'd given her down by the lake. It made her uncomfortable; it made her feel stupid. "You just lie still for a few days, the way the doc told you, and get well so that you can take care of the kid. I can't say I'm crazy about being a nursemaid."

Stevens dried his hands on a towel. "I'm going up the grade now. See you later." He made a fist and tapped Winifred on the jaw, and she feinted back at him, grinning.

The truck pulled away with a roar of its heavy-duty motor. The camp grew very quiet. Winifred played with Beezer for a while, then took a nap. There were shadows on the floor by the time the truck returned. Stevens didn't come directly to the cabin. When he did, he had news.

"I talked to the doctor on the telephone. He won't be back this way unless you especially need him. A hunter shot himself in the leg up by Clover Lake, and he's going there, and from there home. He wanted to know if you were getting along all right, and I said I thought you were."

Monica brushed it aside. "What about my car?"

"I'm getting the mechanic at the lodge to look it over before I try to drive it down."

"What do you think went wrong?"

Stevens lighted a cigarette carefully. "I would say you drove it into a bank, miss." Infuriatingly, he looked the match over before tossing it out the door. "What would you and the kid like for dinner? Some venison?"

"Has a hunter come in? I haven't heard anyone."

"I met them at the lodge, having a drink to celebrate their luck. The two in the second cabin from this. If they keep you awake tonight, send the kid to tell me."

Beezer went to stand in front of Stevens and yowl, his begging yowl that began low and supplicating and ended in a question.

Stevens looked at Monica. "You want him to have some milk?"

"I don't care." Monica's mind was somewhere else. She had suddenly been struck, a sort of mental double-take, by something Stevens had said. He had called her "miss." Of course, he'd been inside her car; he'd seen the papers transferring the ownership of the car, which she had left there instead of sensibly putting them in her purse.

Stevens, with Beezer and Winifred following like two willing lackeys, paused in the open doorway. Stevens said, "About your car—do you carry insurance on it?"

"I have to pay the first fifty," she said bitterly. It was cheaper. I mean, I thought it was going to be cheaper."

"I'll try to get the guy from the lodge to be reasonable."

They all went out, and Monica thought: He knew what kind of insurance I have, if he read those papers. He knows a lot of things. He knows I'm not married, so he probably thinks I bore Winifred out of wedlock. He knows what I do for a living, where I was born, how old I am, what I weigh, what color eyes I have— She squirmed angrily inside the tape binding. The only thing Stevens doesn't know, she told herself, is what political party I belong to. When he comes back, I'll clear that up. I'll confess to being a Democrat.

But Stevens didn't return soon. Winifred came in eating an apple, and Beezer jumped up on the bed and yowled.

"Go away!" Monica said to the cat; and to Winifred: "Did you see anyone about outside?"

"Nuh-uh." Winifred shook her head.

"Not Mr. Veach?" This was madness, but she had had a long day, lying in bed almost without moving; sheer boredom was guiding her tongue.

"He's inside with his wig off, I bet," said Winifred, munching.

"And his wife?"

"That fat lady? No, she isn't. Her name is Wanda. Wanda, like I wanda ice-cream cone," Winifred explained gravely. "She smells like violets sometimes, only too much, so you can't hardly breathe."

Monica lifted her head off the pillow. For a moment that seemed an eternity she looked into Winifred's eyes—wide, guileless, and blue under the thatch of yellow hair which was wind-blown and uncurled from the ride on the lake with Stevens.

Monica found her throat dry, her voice husky. "Who did you think looked in the window of the lodge at us last night?"

Winifred inspected the unbitten part of the apple. "Wanda."

"Wanda Veach," said Monica mechanically.

"No. Just Wanda."

"She must have another name, a last name." How crazy can you get? Here I am even arguing a point in this fantastic mummery. Monica laughed at herself—or tried to. "Where did you get the apple?"

Winifred stopped chewing to say, "I found it."

IN ANOTHER second Monica was out of the bed, snatching the apple from Winifred's hand, digging the unchewed portion from the stubborn mouth. The child gagged on her fingers and tried to back away. Monica pried the last bits from between Winifred's teeth. "Where'd you find it? *Where?*"

Winifred retched and whimpered.

"Oh, God," Monica groaned, and started running around the cabin, looking for the box of groceries. There was mustard in it, and mustard and water would bring up the apple Winifred had eaten.

"I found it in Mr. Stevens' house, and he said I could have it," Winifred got out.

Monica stood still for a moment. She was near the shelf that held the little electric cooking plate, and she put a hand on the shelf to steady herself. Winifred had picked up the apple core and was looking it over hopefully.

"Drop it!" Monica said hoarsely.

"Why?" asked Winifred.

"Because—because I said to." Monica sat down on the edge of the bed. There was a hot thudding pain under her ribs; she'd wrenched them in jumping out of bed to get that apple.

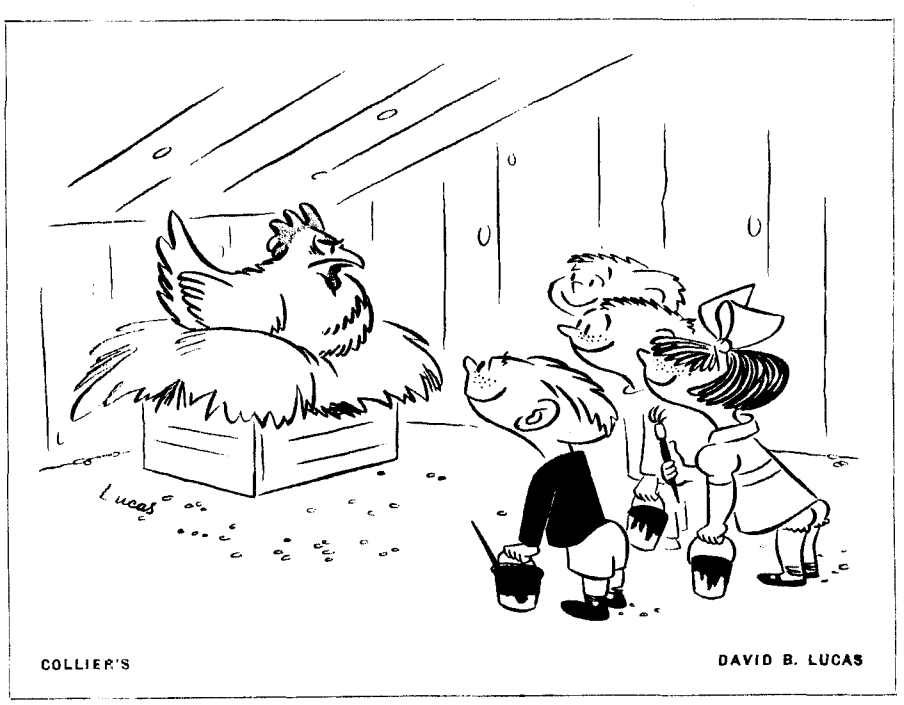
Winifred went to the door, opened the screen, and dropped the apple out on the dirt. Then she came back. She looked perplexed and uneasy for several minutes; suddenly her face cleared. "I know. I bet."

"You know what?" Monica said.

"Remember, in Snow White, the poisoned apple?" Winifred sat beside her on the bed. "You thought I'd go to sleep and you'd have to put me in a glass coffin."

Monica nodded dumbly. She shivered; her whole body shuddered, as though a cold wind blew through her flesh to touch her bones.

(To be continued next week)



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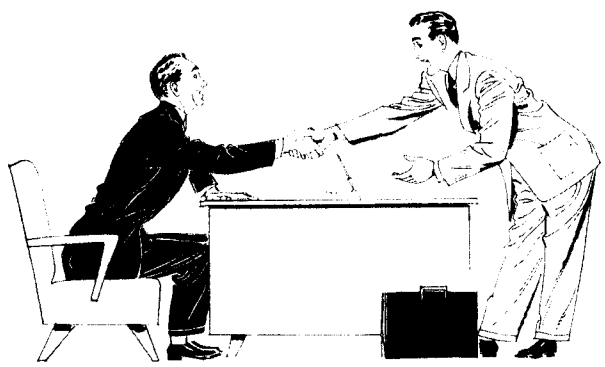

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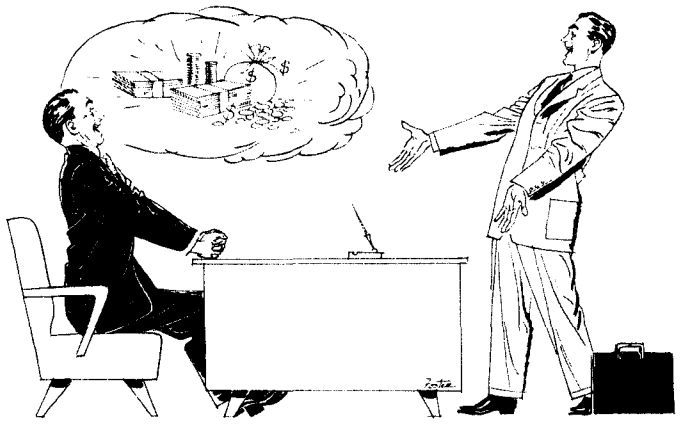

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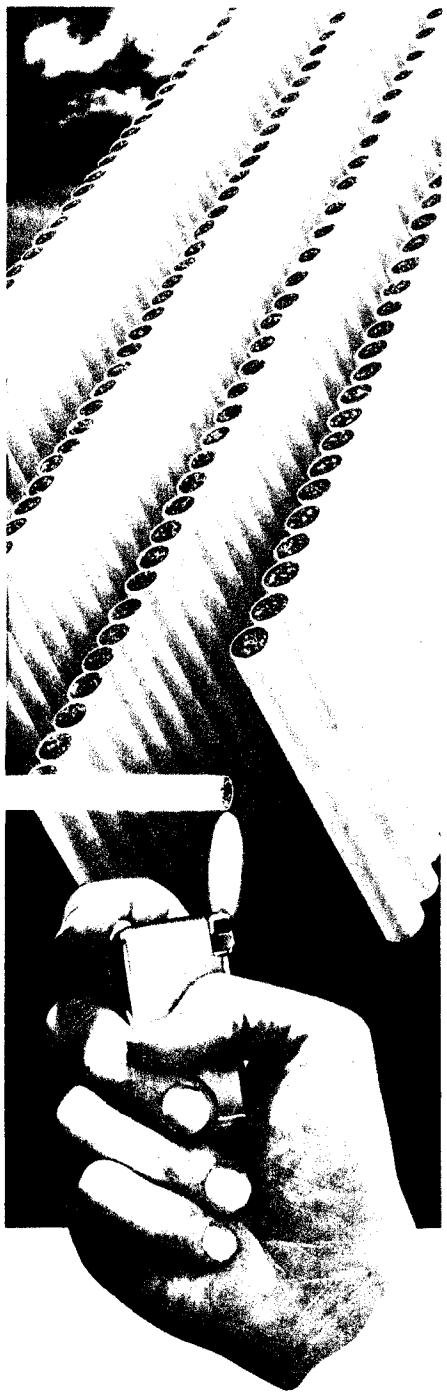

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The Secret of Gandergoose Park

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

the lady whose name nobody could remember to Flat D.

For forty-eight hours it was like a mass honeymoon. Everyone was ready to help everyone else. They had only to ask and it was given unto them, whether it was a pint of milk or aid in removing a wardrobe which had stuck in a passage. The second evening, when the worst of the moving in was over, the colonel produced a bottle of sweet sherry and asked everyone down to the salon for a housewarming. He didn't disclose the reason for this unexpected generosity until the glasses were being filled for the second time. Then he let it out very gently.

"You know, I've been thinking," he began, "this gardener chap here seems quite a decent fellow, but there's no doubt that he will need some supervision."

MURMURS of assent came from all except Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Cranwell, who had designs on the garden themselves. The season was early May and it was already possible to see how the garden was going to turn out. It was, in fact, quite obviously going to be a Gardener's Glory with bordering of lobelia and alyssum and straight rows of uninteresting plants behind, each clinging to a massive stake.

The murmurs of assent were dying down when Mrs. Crewe spoke up.

"My friend, Mrs. Cranwell, is an expert on color-massing. She has written articles on the subject."

"Quite, quite," the colonel agreed tactfully. "But if I may say so, it is not a matter of color-massing just at this moment, but simply of getting the gardener to do as he's told."

"There's something in that," Mr. Baldock announced.

"And George has a very great experience in handling men." It was Mrs. Rumboldt who added this quickly.

"Oh, I don't know about that," the colonel said modestly. "But I think it would be easier if we appointed one person from whom the gardener was to take his orders."

"Here, here," said Mr. Baldock. "The only thing I'm interested in is tomatoes. Fresh, ripe, juicy tomatoes."

"We could form a committee," Mrs. Crewe suggested.

"Of those who know something about the subject," Mrs. Cranwell added a little acidly. "It is after all solely a matter of color-massing. What you want is an arrangement of mauves and blues and purples. But particularly mauves, of course."

The colonel now snorted. He was not only allergic to mauve, but he intensely disliked the pastelly type of woman who was addicted to mauve.

"Certainly we can have a committee," he said rather sharply, "but we haven't got to the point of deciding what we do want. We are merely trying to decide what we don't want, and I suggest that what we don't want is something that looks like a recreation ground for the proletariat run by the Socialist government."

"Mrs. Cranwell and I," Mrs. Crewe informed him frigidly, "are supporters of the Socialist government."

"Then I beg your pardon. But I dare say that even you would object to having the gardener as our dictator, and that appears to be the situation at the present."

In the awkward silence that followed, the colonel turned to the lady whose name he couldn't remember.

"Now, Miss Starling (her real name was Spurwing), you haven't said anything yet. What do you think we ought to do?"

"I think we ought to do as Colonel Rumboldt suggests," Miss Spurwing answered quietly. "It's very kind of him to take so much trouble."

That settled the matter, but not quite in the way that most of them had intended. The next morning the colonel interviewed the gardener. The gardener immediately gave notice to the mortgagees. The mortgagees wrote to the colonel requesting that any suggestions for the improvement of the garden should be made to them. The colonel fumed. The gardener planted out more lobelia and alyssum and stayed on.

In spite of this discouraging start, the tenants gallantly went on with the attempt to show the communal spirit. Bridge was arranged in the salon two nights later. Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Cranwell played the Vienna system, while Colonel and Mrs. Rumboldt played the Two Club with variations of their own, and Mr. Baldock watched and made unnecessary comments. Two nights of this were enough to persuade everyone that the easiest way to go on loving one's neighbor was not to see too much of him, and certainly not to play bridge.

A warm spell provided a convenient excuse for abandoning the club life of the salon, and the tenants now dragged deck chairs about the garden trying to find seclusion without being too ostentatious about it. At first they were so unostentatious that if one couple was already ensconced and another couple passed dragging deck chairs, the ensconced couple would invite the unensconced couple to join them. But then the unensconced couple *would* join them and the ensconced couple would feel compelled to talk to them. This was most unsatisfactory and it soon became the habit for everyone to be deeply immersed in a book when anyone else passed.

Fortunately the garden was full of secluded corners. It was laid out as a kind of grid with carefully clipped yew hedges crisscrossing at right angles. These hedges were three feet thick and nearly six feet high so that no one could see either through them or over them. On the other hand, it was soon discovered that one could hear what was being said behind them. Or, at least, one could nearly hear. That was really the trouble.

The colonel, for instance, would have just put his chair in the lowest rung, squeezed himself into it and closed his eyes, when there would be the soft sound of female voices behind the yew hedge. It was a maddening sound like a tap dripping, and the colonel did his best not to listen. But then he would hear, or imagine he heard, his own name mentioned, or perhaps his wife's; and then of course he would strain every nerve to make out what was being said.

And the same thing would be happening elsewhere in a different part of the garden. Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Cranwell would have just sat down with their embroidery when Mrs. Baldock would start a running commentary on the other side of the yew hedge with atmospherics provided by her husband. And though Mrs. Baldock did her best to be discreet, her comments were always of a highly apt and personal nature.

The only person who never offended in this way was the single lady who was known as Miss Starling, Sterling, Sturgeon, as well as Spurwing. But that was simply because she had no one to talk to. The other tenants had pitied her for that reason, but she seemed quite happy by herself, and besides they all felt she had let them down. The cold war with the gardener had continued. To everyone else he was a sulky figure walking slowly away when they came near. But this didn't happen with Miss Spurwing. He touched his cap when she came up to him. And when she gave him some zinnias to sow, he not only sowed them, but put them where she wanted them to be.

THIS was the situation six weeks later when the workmen moved out of the east wing and the tenants moved in. These were a Major and Mrs. Ward, a Mr. and Mrs. Bollinger, Mr. and Mrs. Potter and a Mrs. Bramshott and a Miss Raven. They, too, went through the short period of the mass honeymoon—the sherries in the salon, the bridge and the attempts to gain control of the garden. The disillusioned inhabitants of the west wing held out an occasional helping hand, but, on the whole, they just watched sardonically. They had been through it; and the things that had been said, or almost said, behind the yew hedges had already destroyed their belief in the better side of human nature.

The problem of the yew hedges had been partially solved for a time by the use of the discreet cough. When any conversation started up behind a hedge, the unwilling eavesdropper would clear the throat gently, but firmly, as a warning. This generally had the desired effect, but sometimes the talkers

KENNESAW

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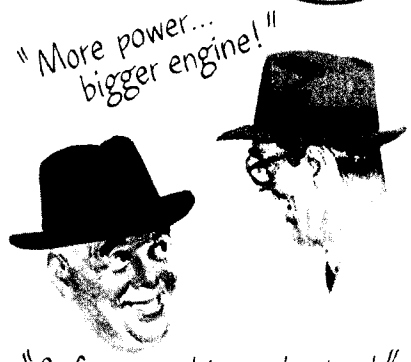

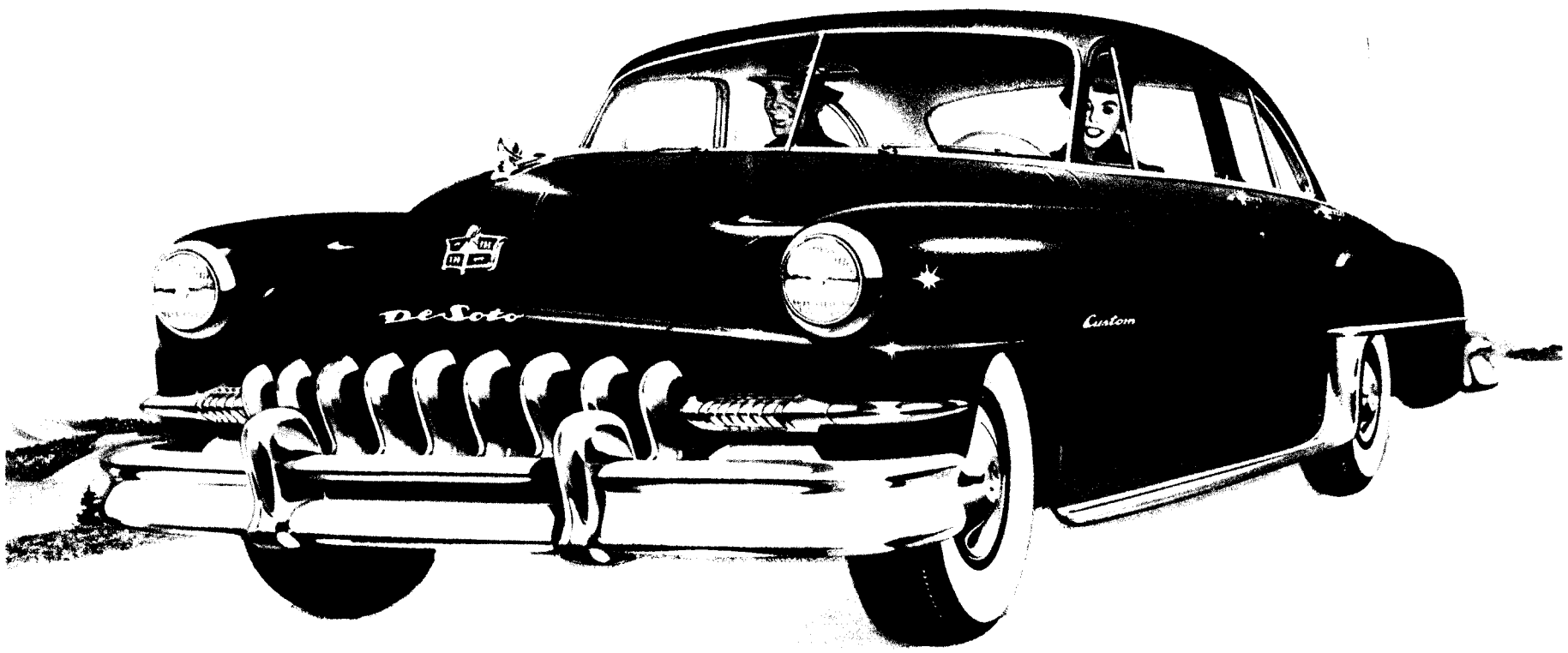

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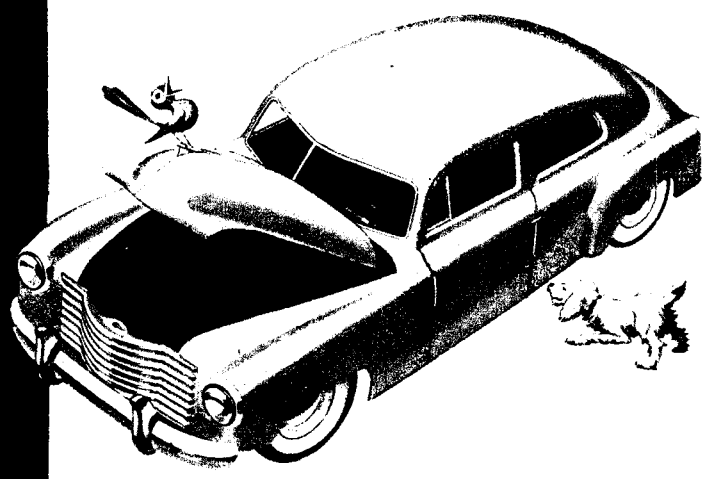

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just moved farther away and the eavesdropper was obliged to move too, if he wanted to hear what was being said or, what was more important, who was saying it.

At first the colonel had been pretty sure that it was Mrs. Baldock who dropped the scandalous remarks. For a time his suspicions were diverted to Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Cranwell, but then again they returned to Mrs. Baldock and he was quite sure it was Mrs. Baldock the afternoon he heard the voice say: "But, my dear, don't you know? He had to leave the army. Embezzled the regimental funds."

The colonel was ripe for an explosion. He hurtled out of his chair, hurried round the yew hedge, and found nothing there but an empty deck chair. The deck chair was warm as though it had recently been sat in. On the other hand it was by itself. Surely nobody, not even Mrs. Baldock, would make slanderous statements aloud to herself in a communal garden.

The colonel no doubt would have calmed down, but just at that moment Mr. Baldock came round the corner dragging a deck chair.

"Hullo," Mr. Baldock said cheerfully. "Seen my wife anywhere?"

This was sufficient proof to the colonel that it was Mrs. Baldock who had occupied the warm chair.

"No," he answered furiously. "I have not. But I have heard her. And I am warning you, Mr. Baldock, that unless you can control your wife's tongue, you'll have a suit for slander on your hands."

Mr. Baldock threw his deck chair down on the grass.

"Well, of all the damned nonsense!" he said loudly. "I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about, but I suggest that it is you who should take steps to control your own wife's tongue. Mrs. Cranwell was complaining about what she said only the other day. It was I who dissuaded her from taking immediate action."

"How dare you, sir! My wife—"

AT THIS point the new tenant of the east wing, Major Ward, came hurrying round the yew hedge.

"Gentlemen, please, gentlemen! I couldn't help hearing what was being said."

"Then perhaps," the colonel fumed, "you also heard what was said a moment before. That somebody had to leave the army because he embezzled the regimental funds."

The major now became very hot under the collar.

"Really, sir, if you're suggesting—"

"I am suggesting," the colonel said, "that you mind your own business. As for you, sir," he said to Mr. Baldock, "I am ready to accept a written apology. Otherwise I shall consult my solicitors."

This incident did nothing to localize the conflict. The cold war became a warm war and had spread to the new tenants in the east wing. They referred to the earlier inhabitants as "those dreadful people in the west wing"; and the major, who had reason to be touchy about his army career, was already consulting his solicitors. All that was needed to blow the whole thing up was something to set the husbands against the wives and the wives against the husbands.

This was provided four days later when Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Cranwell were doing their embroidery behind a yew hedge and refraining from talking about anybody or anything. Suddenly there was a scuffle on the other side of the hedge and Miss Spurwing was heard saying, "No, no! How dare you! You must go right away at once!"

Mrs. Crewe and Mrs. Cranwell hurried round to give any aid that might be required. But none was required. Miss Spurwing just walked straight past them looking very pink in the face, and all their subsequent efforts to get her to say what had happened and who it was were unavailing. That left all five male tenants under suspicion, and their wives seemed unsatisfied with the various alibis they produced. Both the colonel and Mr. Baldock argued that it must have been Major Ward or one of the other two men in the east wing, for if they had been going to do any such thing themselves they would have done it much earlier. But that argument did little either to please their wives or to improve relations with the east wing.

The tension was now so great that no one dragged deck chairs into the garden. The gardener had it all to himself. That is, he did until one hot morning in August when two bowler-hatted gentlemen appeared amongst the yew hedges. One had a writ to serve on the colonel's behalf against Mr. Baldock and the other had a writ to serve on Major Ward's behalf against the colonel. It was that morning that most of the tenants decided to take advantage of the right to break their leases.

BY THE beginning of November the mortgagees had seven empty flats on their hands, and there wasn't a nibble for a single one of them from the house agent. They would indeed have been much happier if they had had eight empty flats on their hands instead of seven, but Miss Spurwing showed every intention of remaining for the full period of her seven-year lease. She said she was very happy and comfortable there.

Miss Spurwing had never paused to wonder how much the gardener knew; but one crisp autumnal day, when the blue smoke of burning leaves was rising behind the yew hedges, she took a walk round the border where the zinnias had been and found him busy digging.

He straightened up and touched his cap as she came near.

"Morning, Todd," she said. "It's a lovely day again."

"It is a fine day," he agreed. "Kind of peaceful now, too, with the place to ourselves."

"You'll be staying on, I hope, Todd."

"Oh, I'll be staying, miss—just as long as you are."

Miss Spurwing gave him a quick look but she said nothing. There was a slight pause. Then the gardener leaned against his spade and gazed at her.

"If you don't mind me asking," he went on, "how did you learn to do it, miss?"

"Do what?" She stared at him.

"Why, speak with other people's voices from behind the hedges."

Miss Spurwing decided that it was no good lying.

"Oh, I was always a very good mimic," she answered. "I could do all the teachers when I was at school."

"It was wonderful well done, miss, if I may say so. I'd never have believed it unless I'd seen you at it."

"Did you tell anyone about this, Todd?"

"No, I wouldn't tell on you, miss. I wanted them all out just as much as you did. Townspeople like that! They weren't the kind for Gandergoose Park."

Miss Spurwing looked at him more closely.

"Do you think that I'm the kind for it, Todd?"

"Yes, you're the kind all right, miss. Why, you might have been a Gander yourself. You've got the eyes and the manner of speaking."

"How on earth do you know that?"

"Because there was a Todd here in the garden as long as there was a Gander in the house. The Todds have been clipping these yew hedges for two or three hundred years."

"Ever since the time of Sir Miles?"

"That's right, miss. It was a bad day for the Todds when the Ganders left."

Miss Spurwing smiled and watched the blue smoke curling into the sky for a moment.

"Well, I *am* a Gander, Todd," she told him finally. "The very last of them, I believe. I had always promised myself that someday, somehow, I was going to come back. I'd have bought the place if I'd had the money, but as I didn't have the money I had to find another way. And here I am!"

The gardener dug three spadefuls of rich black earth. "Yes, here we are," he said. "And here some way or another, we're going to stay!" THE END

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"I Never Missed One in My Heart"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

became one of my card-playing cronies. Tom managed the Springfield club in the International League, and in the spring of '97, I had saved enough money to allow me to accept Tom's invitation to try out for his club. But I couldn't make the grade and he sent me down to Augusta, in the Maine State League, managed by Billy Long.

At Augusta my arm was frightful. I was out of baseball and I knew it. I still had a little money so I decided to take a look at the fabulous East before returning to bridgebuilding. I took a boat to Boston whence I wrote Burns, who was by that time managing the Chicago Cubs, to tell him I was through trying to be a ballplayer. He wrote back urging me to try umpiring. Only my great fondness for Burns kept my reply polite. But I spurned his suggestion. In those days the general feeling was that umpiring was only for broken-down ballplayers and rowdies who had no other way of earning a living.

Two of my brothers were sailing to Germany on a bridgebuilding job so I quit the job I had taken behind the bar at the Castle Square, Boston's famed old hotel, to go to New York to see them off. I stayed on, working in the general area only when I felt like it, and I felt like it only when I was short of money.

Decides Umpiring Is a Business

One day in Berwick, Pennsylvania, where I was working as a foreman on a construction job and playing first base for the Berwick team on Saturdays (for five dollars a game), I saw an eight-column newspaper headline: "The Great Silk O'Loughlin Umpired in Cleveland Yesterday." I looked at the huge print and thought: Umpiring is now a business. The umpire is getting some recognition. Perhaps . . .

The next day I spoke to the manager of the Berwick team. "I don't care to play any more—but I'll umpire for a five-dollar note." I didn't tell him that I had never umpired an inning in my life. He hired me.

So I was never an amateur umpire. The next Saturday I got $5 for umpiring a game between Berwick and that magnificent Negro team, the Cuban Giants. And the week after that I quit my construction job, umpired a game for Berwick on Saturday and left immediately for Philadelphia. I met O'Loughlin that night at my hotel and told him, "Silk, they say I'm an umpire and I'm on my way."

"Klemmy, don't," Silk begged. "This is a rotten business."

I was adamant and O'Loughlin asked me where I was going to umpire.

"I don't know, Silk. But the same fellow who started you—Dan Shannon—can start me."

Shannon was a baseball man and an old friend. He had managed the Rochester team when I was a handy boy around the park and I had come to know him. He was one of the great men of my life.

In 1902 the American and National Leagues were at war, so the two Philadelphia teams played in town simultaneously. O'Loughlin was there as an American League arbiter and Hank O'Day was on hand for the National League. Silk introduced me to O'Day and I got along as well as it was possible for anybody to get along with the misanthropic Irishman.

When we left O'Day, Silk used him as a perfect illustration of why I should not become an umpire. "Look at O'Day. One of the best umpires. Maybe the best today. But he's sour. Umpiring does something to you. The abuse you get from the players; the insults from the crowds, and the awful things they write about you in newspapers."

"Why are you in it, Silk?"

"Klemmy, I wouldn't be an umpire if I knew anything else. And half the umpires today don't even know how to umpire."

Wednesday morning I stood outside Shannon's Log Cabin saloon in Bridgeport, Connecticut. I was a picture of 1902 sartorial perfection—big shiny bulldog shoes, pegged pants, a box coat, a high stiff collar and an immense square derby. I set my derby at a rakish angle, shot my cuffs and marched in to beard Shannon, whom I had not seen for six years.

I was relieved when he remembered me and asked what brought me to Bridgeport. "They tell me I'm an umpire, Dan," I said. "I came down here to find out."

"You came to the right place, Bill. You can find out here very quickly. They never argue with the umpire in this league. They just hit him."

Shannon sent me to see Sydney Challenger, a Bridgeport sports writer and boss of umpires in the Connecticut League. Shannon's recommendation was good enough for Challenger and that very night I registered at a hotel in Waterbury, Connecticut. I was to umpire Thursday's game between Waterbury and Norwich.

Everybody despised umpires in those

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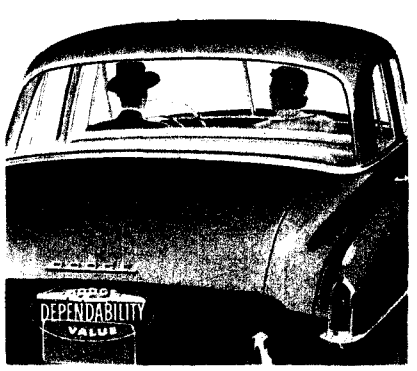

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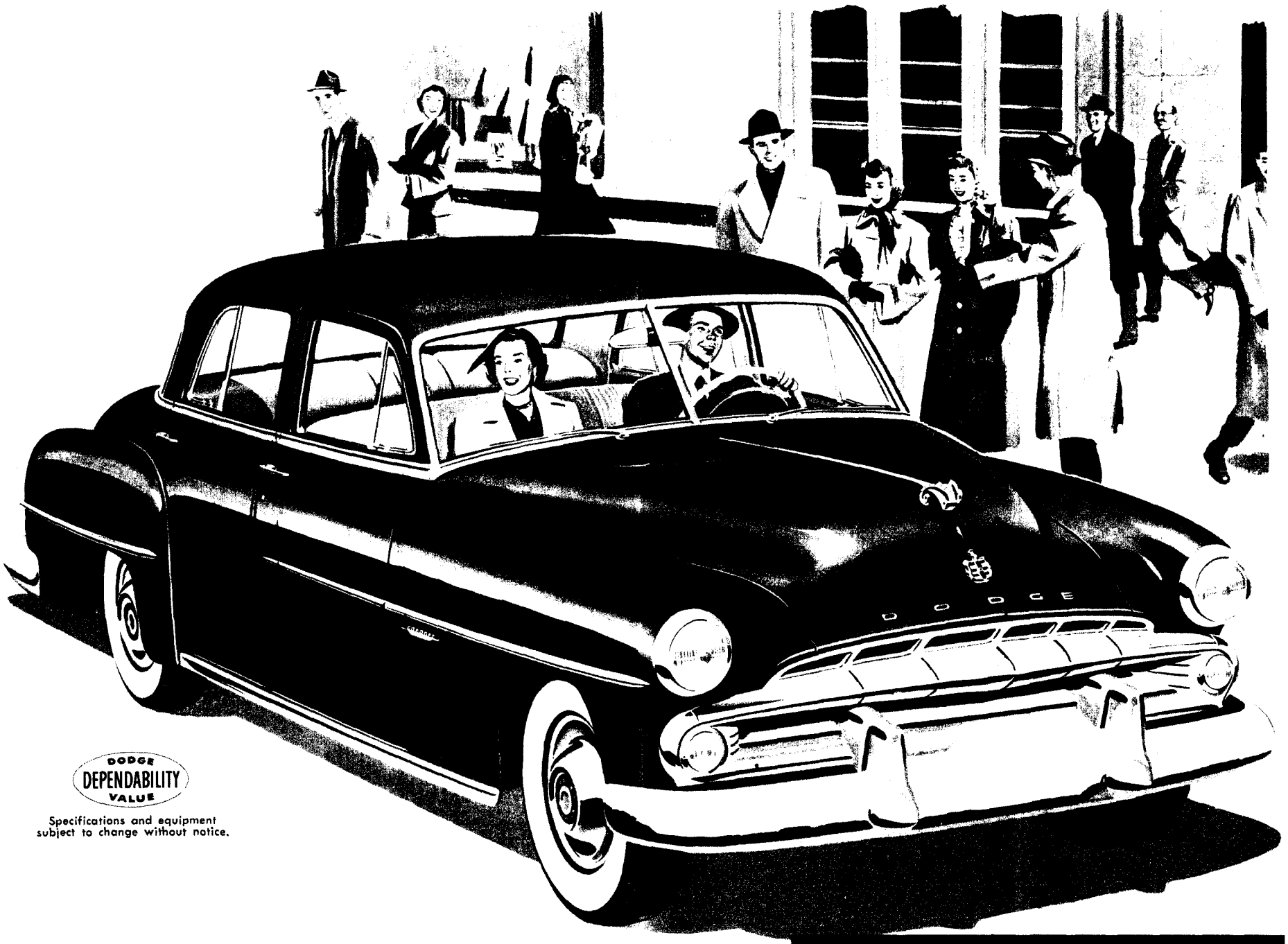

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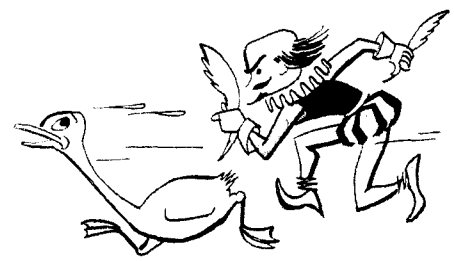

When William Shakespeare
wrote his plays
The old goose quill
was all the craze,

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in accents low,
"This foul quill
is much too slow!"

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much speedier ways.
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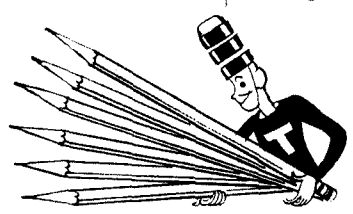

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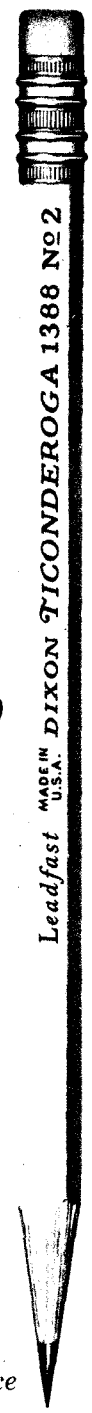


days. They were insulted as freely on the streets as in the ball parks. A serious newspaper of the day wrote, "There is no such thing as a good umpire." Nobody loves an umpire today, but only old gaffers like me remember the deep contempt in which they were once held.

Jack Tighe, whom I had known in Rochester when he played for Dan Shannon, managed the Norwich team. Tighe was the toughest fighting man that ever walked on a baseball field, but for all of that a fine fellow. He merely followed the custom of his day and used his fists to settle arguments. Halfway through my first game I called Tighe out on strikes.

"That ball was inside!" he howled.

I thought Tighe remembered me from Rochester so I ventured a little placating humor. Archly I said, "What did the arbitrator say?"

Tighe glowered, then said ominously, "Don't get fresh with me, kid, or I'll knock your block off."

I knew I had made a serious mistake. Never again did I get flip with a ballplayer.

Two weeks later Tighe came to me and said, "Why didn't you tell me who you were, kid?"

I answered by putting into words for the first time my baseball credo: "I thought you knew me, Mr. Manager," I said, "but I'm not looking for any favors and I have none to give."

About this time, incidentally, I was getting $7.50 per game and no expenses. The fee for double-headers was $10.50; you collected after each game, and you umpired alone. And if the home team lost you got an awful lot of abuse with your money.

In Bridgeport, I got in a row with Jim O'Rourke, "the Orator of Baseball." Jim, an ex-Giant and a lawyer, owned the club, was his own groundskeeper, and at the age of fifty-four caught more than 100 games. He was also the secretary of the Connecticut League and, therefore, my boss. I tossed Jim's shortstop out of a game; the substitute, a pitcher, booted two and Bridgeport's cause was lost.

O'Rourke turned loose his booming voice on me. "You're not a gentleman. You're a loafer. You robbed us of this ball game."

League Official Is Fined

I wanted no trouble with O'Rourke, but I knew this called for action. "Mr. Manager," I told him, "that will cost you five dollars."

O'Rourke was speechless. Then he said, "You'll never umpire another game in the Connecticut League."

"All right, Mr. Manager," I said. "But I'll umpire this one."

When the game was finished I hotfooted it for the Log Cabin and Shannon's advice.

When I told him I had fined the secretary of the league, he gave me a what-have-you-been-using-for-a-brain look and said, "This'll be tough. But go to Challenger's office first thing tomorrow morning. Tell your side of the story before O'Rourke does."

The pickle I was in deserves some discussion here because it was, and is, a common predicament. The umpire can lose his job for performing his job so well that he incurs the wrath of one or more of his bosses. The umpire works for the league president, and the president is hired and fired by the club owners of the league. Let an umpire get a couple of magnates sore at him because of a decision or two with which they don't agree and the umpire is out of work.

This situation is better today for the umpire. The owners are generally better sportsmen and most of the league presidents are stronger personalities. But the problem is still there.

When I got to league headquarters early next morning O'Rourke was already there.

Challenger waited until the Orator had finished and stamped out of the office, then he changed my assignments to get me out of O'Rourke's ken for a while.

I didn't have much trouble the rest of the season and, in 1903, I made the New York State League my base of operation. It was a tough league even for those days when ballplayers vied with fans and sports writers in abusing umpires. There were never more than four umpires on the New York State payroll at any time, but to complete the 1903 season 35 had to be hired. I was the only arbiter to start and finish the season.

Tom Connolly, who went on to be a great American League umpire and hold the same top job with that circuit that I hold with the National League, can testify to the umpire-eating propensities of the State League fans. Tom called one against the Albany club one afternoon and had to be evacuated from the park by rowboat under cover of darkness. The police didn't dare permit him to leave the clubhouse until night had fallen and they could crawl to the nearby banks of the Hudson.

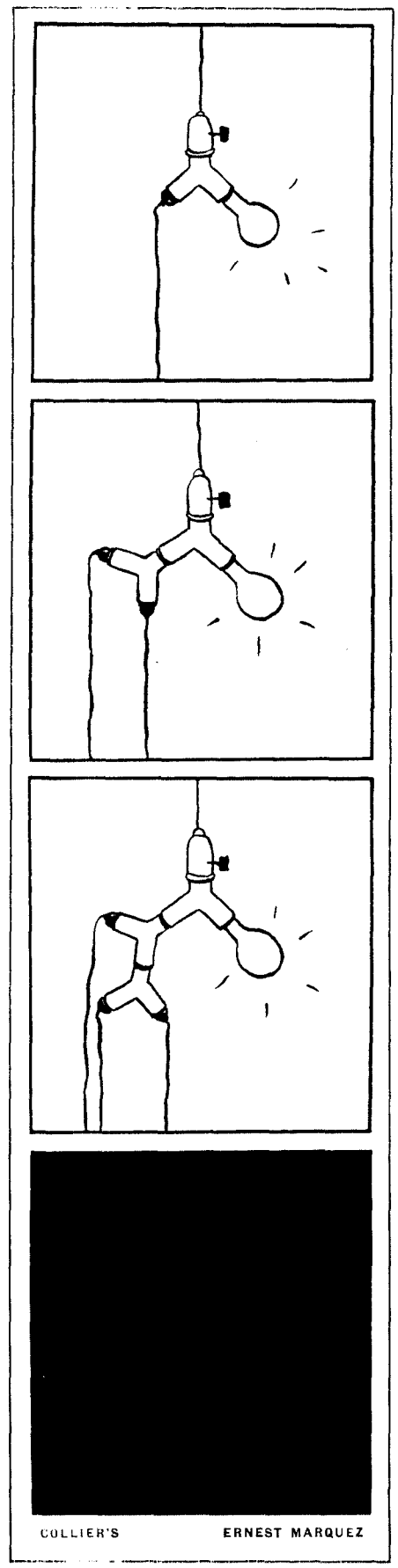
My relations with the police in that league were only fair. They were never on hand when their presence could be comforting, and when they were around they were worse than the ballplayers. In the Binghamton, New York, club's park, I called a Utica player safe at first. But Binghamton's catcher-manager claimed the runner should have been out for leaving the base path. The catcher kicked so violently I had to order him out of the game. He refused to leave and I spoke to the one and only policeman in the park. "Remove this man from the grounds, Officer," I ordered.

"I will in a pig's eye!" he bellowed. "I saw the play as well as you, you blind thief!"

I pulled my watch and a minute later forfeited the game.

That night a newspaperman told me at my hotel that I was to be barred from the park the next day. That's what the club owner had said.

"I'll be there," I told him. "If they don't let me in the gate, I'll jump the fence."



COLLIER'S ERNEST MARQUEZ

Returns to Park

I was there, all right. Bright and early. And my friend the cop met me at the gate. "You can't come in here. And I'll throw you out if you climb the fence."

I turned and started to walk away. The officer relaxed and I whirled around, dashed by him and bellowed to the Troy captain and manager waiting at the plate by prearrangement, "Game forfeited! Troy wins 9-0." By then the policeman had me and escorted me out.

Many a good man refused to keep a job that entailed so much humiliation each day. Most of the umpires were thick-skinned incompetents content to get through a day's work with as little trouble as possible. The best way to avoid trouble was to favor the home team. To this day baseball managers and players wishing to compliment an umpire say, "We always like to see you on the road." I heard that many a time and it always infuriated me because it was a blanket insult to my profession. The implication was that some of my fellow umpires were "homers." Unfortunately, many of them were "homers" in the old days—and too many are today.

The theory of umpire baiting is simple. Get a man mad enough and he loses his judgment. Or he gets frightened and consciously—or unconsciously—he seeks to avoid further scenes and insults by favoring the more skilled of the baiters. Another reason why a player fights with umpires is to build up an alibi for having made a mental lapse or let a third strike go by. To take the heat off himself he flies at the arbiter. I realized very early in my career that umpire baiting destroyed some of my efficiency, and I was not having my efficiency curtailed one iota by any ballplayer.

Most baseball fans are aware that umpires are frequent targets for ballplayers' obscenities and exhibitionism. But they feel that these verbal and physical public humiliations go in one ear and out the other. Well, they don't. They go in one ear and go straight to the nervous system, eating away co-ordination, self-confidence and self-respect. Umpires unaffected by abuse have to be pretty insensitive, which is a polite word for stupid. And stupid umpires are bad umpires.

John Gaffney was the first man to be called King of the Umpires. And what a deserved tribute it was! But the rowdies got him and after a tough game he would hide away in a cheap hotel room for a week with a supply of drink. John wound up his life chopping tickets at a Brooklyn el station. Jack Sheridan, one of the great umpires, tried to soothe his battered nerves the same way and failed pathetically.

Bob Emslie lost every hair on his body. Hank O'Day wouldn't speak a civil word to anybody he had not known 20 years. Tom Lynch, the second man to be called King of the Umpires, quit in disgust. Twelve years later he was brought back as National League president. Dolly Stark, one of the best of modern umpires, quit, too. He couldn't stand the sleepless nights.

Tim Hurst, the wittiest of all umpires and one of the toughest and gamest ever to step on a ball field, did our profession a great

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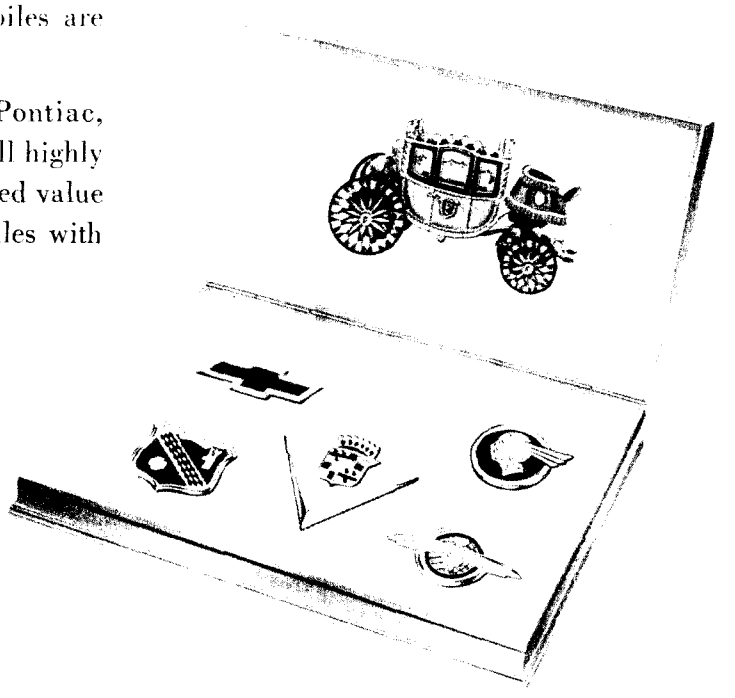

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disservice with his immortal description of the job. "The pay is good," said Tim, "and you can't beat the hours." Tim knew the pay was only fair and he also knew that even so tranquil a disposition as his revolted against the abuse. Poor Tim proved himself wrong one day when his celebrated *sang-froid* disappeared and he spat in the eye of a protesting player who just would not stop beefing. It cost Tim his job. And the player, incidentally, was no newly shod hillbilly. He was the great Eddie Collins, Columbia University, '07.

I recognized rowdyism early and I battled it all my life. I fought it successfully by taking nothing from any ballplayer who did not have a legitimate complaint. (And I confess I thought few of them ever had one.) Rowdyism was licked in time, and I helped. In my last six years as an umpire I banished two players. In my first six weeks in the National League I chased at least 30.

I beat the lonely hotel rooms by refusing to take my problems with me when I left the park. Sometimes I was disgusted and heartsick, but after Marie Kranz accepted my challenge and married me in 1910, she traveled with me wherever I went. My lovely lady helped me lick an umpire's greatest enemy—his nerves. Yet, for a quarter century, doctors tried unsuccessfully to heal a skin condition on my hands which is nothing but a nervous reaction.

When I had achieved the distinction of being the only New York State League arbiter to finish out the season, I was called to umpire the play-offs and was then offered a contract for 1904. I repaired at once to Bridgeport for the counsel of Dan Shannon.

Dan sent a wire and I was hired by the American Association for the 1904 season. The American Association shared the top of the minor-league heap with the International, so I was delighted and went home to Lakewood, New Jersey, for the winter.

When spring arrived, I went over to New York City for a few days. I was in the Ashland House on Twenty-third Street one day when I saw Hank O'Day. As I have said, O'Day was a hard man to say hello to, but I took my courage in hand and greeted him. He was cordial, for O'Day, and said, "Where you been, kid?"

"Why, I'm an umpire, Mr. O'Day. Connecticut League, New York State League and now I'm waiting for my assignment with the American Association."

"I'm going over to the National League office, kid. Like to come along?"

Like to visit the National League headquarters? Would a ten-year-old like to meet Stan Musial and Ted Williams?

At the league office, O'Day introduced me to the president, Harry Pulliam. We talked briefly and he said, "I'm going to keep my eye on you, Klem. And I want you to communicate with me."

"I'll send you all the good newspaper clippings I can find," I told him.

It was light talk, signifying nothing, but I had decided I liked Mr. Pulliam. He liked me. He sent me to umpire a couple of college games at Princeton and Holy Cross. The Princeton coach wrote him a glowing letter about my work, even though the Tigers lost the game.

My first game in the American Association turned out to be a 12-inning affair. In the twelfth, Tom McCreery of Indianapolis hit a ball deep into right center, past the Columbus manager, Bill (Darby Day) Clymer. Here was a typical example of why the old one-man umpire system was ridiculous. McCreery was careening around the bases carrying the winning run and every Columbus infielder knew it. Clymer was chasing the ball out in the tall grass. I had to watch Clymer deep in the outfield to be certain he hadn't a ball conveniently stashed in his back pocket to be substituted in just such emergency; I had to watch the flying McCreery lest he be tripped, punched or given the elbow—as indeed he was—at third base by Billy Friel. McCreery went tumbling head over heels and I motioned him on home, roaring as I waved, "Interference! The run scores."

McCreery was not interested. He jumped up and in a moment he and Friel were trading punches. Then the players from both teams piled into one another. I watched the melee calmly a while, then sauntered from the field. As I passed third base, Friel emerged from the fighting long enough to grab me and yell, "What is it? What is it?"

"What do you suppose it is? The run scores!"

The Columbus third baseman screamed, then called me the traditional four-word description.

"That will cost you money, Mr. Friel," I said, walking away.

I had got off to a nice start. A riot and a fine for a ballplayer. But I learned I had done more. I had earned the distaste of

"Mmm—$7.50! That sounds good!"
COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

Clymer, a fire-eater beyond compare and an awfully nice guy out of a baseball suit.

The incident was reported in lurid and biased detail in the Columbus newspapers and 10 days later when I walked on the field in Columbus I got the razzberry of my life. It increased as the afternoon wore on because I had the unpleasant task of tossing the Columbus manager and hero Clymer out of the ball game for charging me. I fined him $10, too. And I again threw out Mr. Clymer the very next day. I made it three in a row the following afternoon. The Columbus papers were thirsting for my blood and the fans were ready to shed it. I was avoiding all strangers and dark alleys.

The Columbus players asked me, "What are you on Clymer for?"

"I'm 'on' nobody, but I'll put him out every time he charges me. It makes the umpire look bad. And I will not be made to look bad."

"Wait'll you get to Milwaukee," they said in chorus. And then they named an outfielder whose name was Hemphill, a brother of the old Yankee, Charley Hemphill. "He charges you on every decision," they warned me.

Life was merry indeed in Milwaukee. The first game I worked came down to the ninth inning with the home team behind by one run. With two out, Milwaukee got a man on first and I went behind the pitcher to umpire. The next batter hit a long drive to right field. I called it foul and, as he steamed into first, I yelled, "Foul!" in his ear. He kept right on to second, with me at his side screaming, "Foul!" He heard me, but he was trying to make himself look good and the umpire look bad. The man on first scored and the Milwaukee fans were jubilant, until I made the tying run go back to first base and the batter resume his place at the plate. He hit a pop fly, the game was over, and the Milwaukee fans came out of the stands screaming for my neck.

Joe Cantillon, who was the Milwaukee manager at the time, and the great Germany Schaefer grabbed bats and, swinging them lustily, kept the bloodthirsty mob at bay as they evacuated me to a place of safety under the stands. Only one person ignored my escort and made a pass at me, a fine old gent of at least eighty-five with white whiskers to his belt. He came out of the crowd with a merry twinkle in his bright old eyes and cut loose a belt at my chin.

I got a letter from a Milwaukee attorney who said, "The riot was your own fault. You should have indicated to the fans that the ball was foul." I was irritated at his "stupidity" until I suddenly realized he was absolutely right. Thus I made the first of many innovations in umpiring technique: I introduced the custom of straddling the foul line and pumping one arm or the other to indicate to all whether the ball was fair or foul.

And before that assignment in Milwaukee ended I also introduced "drawing the line" which, with "I never missed one," was to become my baseball trade-mark.

There was a visiting team man on first so I was working from behind the pitcher. The visitor stole second and, as I arose after calling him safe, I could see a Milwaukee player roaring in from the outfield. He was Hemphill, the "charger" I had been warned about. I trotted to the plate and on my way I stopped at the pitcher's box to draw a line in the dirt with my spikes. I continued on to home plate and turned, expecting to see the raging Milwaukeean three feet away. But he wasn't. Instead he was standing behind the line I had drawn in the dirt. He was pawing away like a stallion and roaring like an elephant, but he had not crossed the line. Thus was born "drawing the line." In later years I would draw it in front of a charging player and roar, "Don't cross the Rio Grande!"

Frankie Frisch, who will be a great manager the day he forgets what he thinks McGraw taught him, was always particularly outraged by my line-drawing trick. He would carefully wipe away the line I had scratched. Once he stepped across it; and he was out of the game.

Frank, incidentally, was always hard to handle at the Polo Grounds when he was with St. Louis and Pittsburgh. He had a beautiful home in suburban New York and, if his team was going no place in the pennant race, he would frequently provoke umpires to throw him out so he could spend a few hours with his beloved flowers. Most of my colleagues would refuse the bait. Not me. Any ballplayer who wanted to be tossed out of a game came to the right man when he humiliated the Old Arbitrator.

If I stumbled across the trick of "drawing the line" in the American Association and forevermore reaped benefits therefrom, I also picked up in the same league a nickname that was an albatross around my neck for the rest of my career. My old friend Bill Clymer pinned it on me. Bill and I were having one of our perpetual disagreements when he turned from me in disgust and started back to the bench. He twirled around and spat, "You blind old catfish."

Catfish! How I hated that word! The ballplayers who wound up with an early shower for calling me that are legion. I have a full lower lip, to be sure. And I claim only a basic resemblance to Gregory Peck, but under no circumstances do I feel that I look like a catfish.

In my early National League days, "Catfish" got quite a play among the athletes before I could convince them it was an error. I can still see the immortal Christy Mathewson leading his mates in a wild snake dance when I cleared the Giant bench

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for rather loud and unnecessary use of my hated nickname. I could never banish the word from my ken, but I made it a risky addition to any ballplayer's vocabulary.

What with "drawing the line" and bouncing the boys for indecent language, I was getting quite a reputation as a fire-eating umpire. And I gloried in it, because by now I had discovered that umpiring must be my lifework; that, for me, baseball was more than just a game—it was a religion. I knew, even in 1904, that I was a great umpire and I knew baseball was a great profession. I liked the people who played it, and those who wrote about it—when they were doing that and not umpiring my ball games for me. I knew that baseball had something to give me and I felt I could give something in return by ridding the game of rowdyism. And the place to do that was right on top—in the National League. Because then, as now, the bush-leaguers imitated the major-leaguers in all ways.

Major-League Chance Comes Soon

And the chance to go to the big leagues was not long coming. I felt I had given Mr. Pulliam a promise and I waited to hear from him. Meanwhile, the American League, as always aggressive, started applying pressure.

First it was my boyhood chum, Silk O'Loughlin. Silk, with the air of one bestowing a Congressional Medal of Honor, said one day, "Klemmie, I think I can get you $1,500 and expenses from the American League."

"Silk, if I sign with your league I'll ask for $2,100," I told him.

"You can't get it the first year, Klemmie."

Four days later I got a wire from O'Loughlin. "Can get you $2,100. Don't fail to accept." But I wanted to hear from Pulliam. Nothing happened.

Another telegram came. This from the great Ban Johnson, president of the American League. It offered me a job and asked terms. But I was afraid to answer. I did not want to offend Johnson, but I hoped to hear from Pulliam.

A few days later, Bob Quinn, official of the Columbus team, said, "Didn't you get a wire from Ban Johnson?" When I told him I had, he said, "Johnson wants to know why you didn't answer it." I explained I felt I had a sort of bargain with Pulliam and would do nothing until I had seen or heard from him.

Tom Connolly, on the American League umpiring staff, wrote me an eight-page letter telling me why I should come to his league. His argument was that Ban Johnson, being an iron-fisted autocrat, took no "suggestions" from his club owners. Connolly was merely 100 per cent right, and I knew it.

Finally, the American League put on the crusher. It sent my idol, Jack Sheridan, to see me. Sheridan told me, "Don't sign with the National League, Bill. You'll only last a year. Nobody can satisfy those club owners, and they run Pulliam. We've all been in the National League and couldn't stand it." And I knew Sheridan was right. Because four of the American League umpiring staff of five men had been in the National League.

But still I wanted to hear from my friend Pulliam. Nothing. I umpired in the Little World Series between St. Paul and Buffalo of the International League. This was tacit proof I was the best umpire in the American Association. No word from Pulliam. Then a wire came and I tore it open. The signature caught my eye first. It was Pulliam's. But the wire read: "They have selected you to umpire postseason series between Cleveland-Pittsburgh. Good thing for you. Don't fail accept. Open Cleveland Monday."

I umpired that plum without incident or further word from Pulliam and went home to Lakewood. A few days later I paid a social visit to Pulliam to thank him for the Pittsburgh-Cleveland assignment. He greeted me with some formality and said, "Mr. Klem, I have a contract all ready for you to sign for next season. What figure shall I put on it?"

That happened in 1904 and it was as typical of the National League then as in 1950. And it is why the National League loses All-Star games and World Series. Because it goes about its business like an English aristocrat, secure in its dignity and self-adulation. But not so the American League. They are the hucksters of the big leagues and they come up with the product even if their methods do sometimes suggest tradesmen rather than lords to the manner born. Therefore, the National League has the class and the American League the ball clubs. But I have been happy to see some new blood coming into our league at the top levels and I think we'll start combining our historic aristocratic attitude with a few good .387 hitters who can also throw.

But to get back to the Pulliam-Klem negotiations and to carry my theory about the National League another step: After Pulliam offered me a contract I said, "I did not come here for that, Mr. Pulliam. But it's a crying shame what they pay big-league umpires."

Mr. Pulliam smiled. "I'm going to give you $2,100."

Sweet coincidence, nothing. The National League obviously wanted me as much as did the American and it went to the trouble to find out what I wanted. But lower itself to send a wire offering a job? Not the great National League.

I signed.

I spent the winter talking to my baseball friends. The National League was a three-club league, they said. Chicago, New York and Pittsburgh. The remaining five clubs didn't count, I was told. The theory was that the league needed successful teams in the two big cities, Chicago and New York, and that Barney Dreyfuss, the owner of the Pittsburgh team, got the best of it because he had league headquarters afraid to cross him. John McGraw, the Old Oriole, was getting umpires fired right and left. Frank Chance, the Peerless Leader of the Cubs, was trying to copy McGraw as an umpire baiter. Chance, McGraw and Dreyfuss' manager, Fred Clarke, had every umpire in the league afraid of them.

What did the remaining five clubs think of this? They were pretty much resigned.

Three Clubs Monopolize Pennants

It was a fantastic story and I was to learn it was not 100 per cent true. Only about 90 per cent. The records bear out this strange tale: from 1901 to 1913, inclusive, New York won five pennants, and Pittsburgh and Chicago won four each. None of the remaining five clubs won even one. I was to stay in the National League enough years to see every club win a pennant and to umpire in every city in a World Series.

In 1905, I umpired my first big-league game between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh. Before the series was over I tossed Fred Clarke out of a game for charging me.

As always, Fred forgot yesterday's troubles quickly and the next day he said to me, "Bill, you sure got me out of there quick yesterday."

"Mr. Manager, no ballplayer or manager is going to charge me and get away with it."

Clarke laughed. "Yeah? Well, wait until you hit the New York club and John McGraw decides to give you the works."

"John J. McGraw left behind him millions of admirers. He left none who fought him as often as I did and he left none who had as many pleasant hours with him as I did." So writes Bill Klem in the second installment of his life story. For a new slant on the revered Giants' manager, read Collier's next week. Order it now

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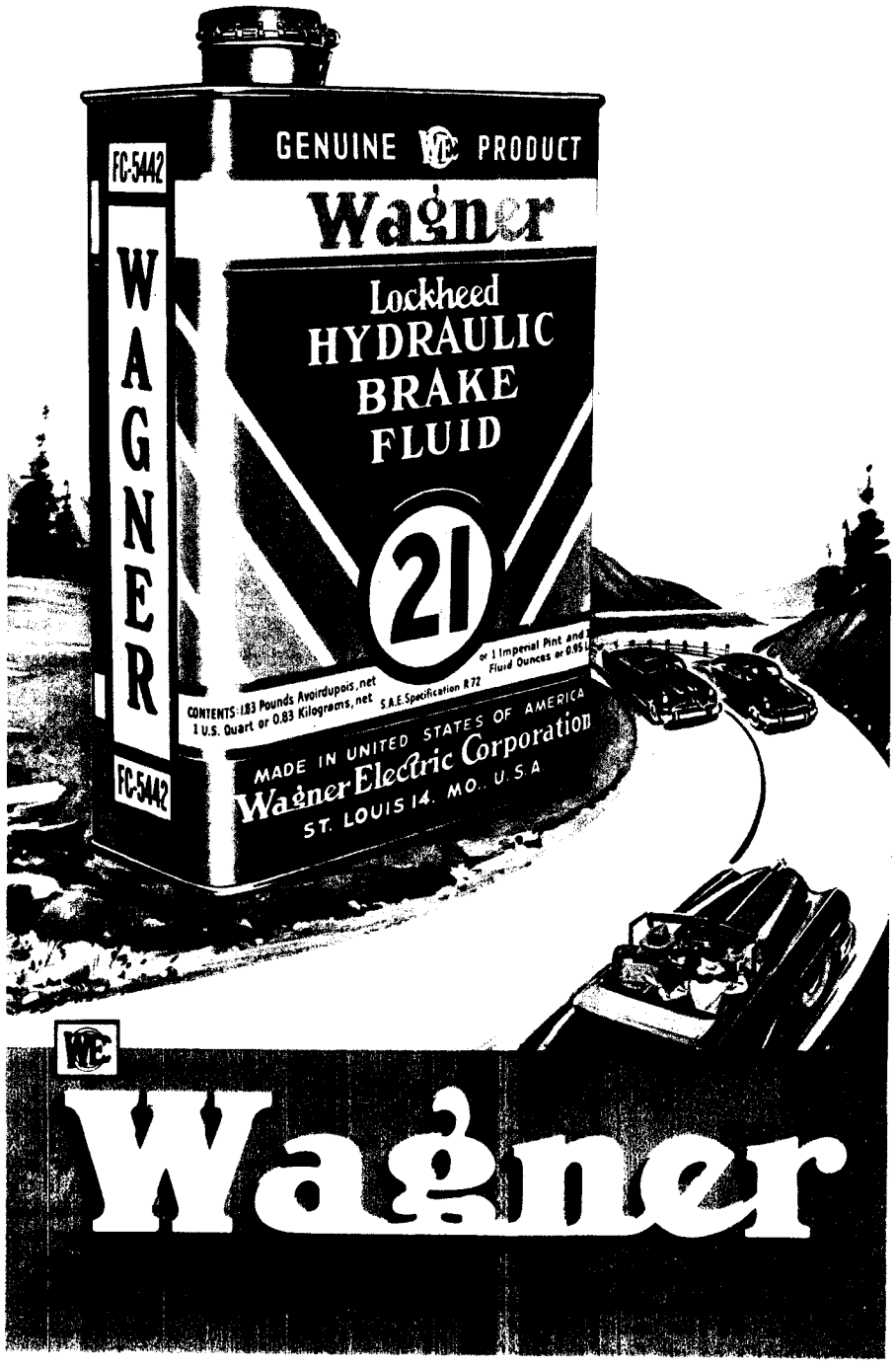

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Grandma's Sayings

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The Corpse Was in the Countinghouse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

drawing absent-mindedly. The silence grew awkward.

"Now then," Neil went on, "if my theory is right, and I think it has to be right, George Durant had two accomplices. One of them was the bank guard who so conveniently said he had left the keys in the side door, and actually did for a few minutes, but later on transferred them to the door of the counting room."

"And the other accomplice?"

"The man who murdered Frank Crenshaw."

"Could both accomplices have been one man?"

"I don't think so," Neil said. "When the bank opened, the murderer must have already been in Frank Crenshaw's office. He must have been hiding in the coat closet, waiting for Crenshaw to come in. Then, when the burglar alarm sounded and the shooting started, he could walk out while everyone was down on the floor. Don't you see? It *had* to be an inside job all the way through."

"I guess you're right," she admitted.

"Now then, you add my brief case to the picture. It was found in the railroad station—one place where it would be certain to be found. If I'd tried to get rid of it, that's the last place I'd have left it."

She nodded in agreement.

"All right," Neil said, "what do we do?"

She put down the pencil. "Will you trust me?"

"Why should I?"

"What have you to lose?" she asked.

"Everything, if I'm arrested before I can prove my theory."

SHE shook her head. "You've signed that confession. You've got to get some facts to support all this theory and you're going to have to get them now. There's one thing I don't understand."

"What?"

"Once Dr. Lancaster had you hypnotized, he could have told you to forget everything that happened while—"

"I know," Neil said. "The point is, he didn't want to."

"Why not?"

"I had left a trail to his place. Sooner or later the taxi driver would see my picture, and remember having taken me to Lancaster's place."

"And so?"

Neil took out the thousand dollars and put it on the table.

"So," he said, "he is going to claim that I went out there to rob him. He's probably already reported to the police that someone has stolen a thousand dollars, and has given them the serial numbers of the bills."

She said quietly, "You're going to have to trust me."

She walked over to the telephone, gave a number, and then said, "Hello, Mr. Kenton? This is Miss Gloster. I have news for you."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, "I think I know what happened. I think I know how—"

She was interrupted by the voice on the other end of the telephone.

After almost a minute she said, "Tell me all the details."

She listened for nearly another minute; then she said, "Hold on, will you?"

She put her hand over the receiver and turned to Neil. "Lancaster reported to the police that he'd been held up by a man and a woman. They robbed him, and the man said he needed getaway money."

"Go ahead," Neil said.

"The police went out there as soon as the alarm was turned in. They found evidence to support Lancaster's story. They started searching the neighborhood and picked up Ellen Jasper a few blocks from the place. Lancaster identified her as the woman in the holdup. Then he identified you from police photographs."

Neil said quickly, "Where is Ellen now?"

"At police headquarters."

"That makes a great deal of difference," he said. "We're going to police headquarters."

"I thought you'd see it that way," she said. She turned back to the telephone. "I'll be at police headquarters in a few minutes. Neil Anson will be with me."

THE big room at headquarters was well filled. Dr. Lancaster was there, looking smug, with the nurse, Janet Balden.

Ellen Jasper, her eyes wide with apprehension, sat silent. She watched Neil's face anxiously.

Police Captain Harry Macon, a quiet, patient man, said, "All right, Lieutenant Sheridan, we've heard Lancaster's and the nurse's story. Let them keep quiet for a while. Now, Anson, what do you have to say for yourself? Remember, if you want to say anything it's a voluntary statement and it can be used against you. We aren't making any promises, and we aren't making any threats. You understand all that?"

"Yes."

"All right, go ahead."

Neil said, "I didn't kill Frank Crenshaw. He was alive when I left the bank."

"Then why did you run away?"

"Because if I'd surrendered, the police would have started working up a case against me. I wanted to try and find out who murdered Frank Crenshaw."

"Did you?"

"I found some clues."

"What are they?"

"When I left the bank," Neil said, "I left my brief case in Crenshaw's office. When the police got there, it was gone. To my mind that's proof that someone was in the room and left, taking my brief case."

"To your mind," Captain Macon said.

Dr. Lancaster smiled. "Of course," he said, "as I understand the case, the brief case was used to transport the murder gun and some two hundred thousand dollars in currency. He'd naturally—"

"I'm sorry, Doctor," Captain Macon interrupted. "You've told your story. I'm giving Anson a chance to tell his."

His glance at Dr. Lancaster implied he was just giving Neil rope to hang himself.

"I'm sorry," Dr. Lancaster said.

"Go on, Anson," Captain Macon said.

"He's got a lot of will power, but I managed to persuade him to make it in my favor"

COLLIER'S — LOWELL HOPPES

"You were talking about your brief case."

"I had that brief case with me when I went into Crenshaw's office," Anson said. "It was full of papers. I didn't have it with me when I left."

"How did you happen to leave the brief case?" Captain Macon asked.

"I forgot it. The point I'm making," Neil said desperately, "is that I can prove I didn't have the brief case when I left the bank."

"You have a witness who will testify to that?" Macon asked.

"Carl Harman, the bank's lawyer," Sheridan said. "I've asked him to be here."

"All right," Captain Macon said. "Suppose Harman's testimony does bear you out, Anson? What does it prove?"

"It shows that someone was in the room with Crenshaw after I left."

"Not necessarily."

There was a knock on the door. Lieutenant Sheridan opened it to admit Carl Harman.

"Come right in, Mr. Harman. We've been expecting you."

Harman said, "I understood you were going to have—well, well, I see you have. Good evening, Anson."

"Come in and sit down," Lieutenant Sheridan said. "Anson mentioned that you could substantiate his claim that he left the bank without his brief case."

"Absolutely," Harman said. "I've told you that several times. I'll go a step further. I had thought that since he didn't have the brief case with him, Ellen Jasper might either have committed the murder or been an accomplice. I am glad to say that while her record on the polygraph is not entirely satisfactory, and she eventually became too upset emotionally to continue with the test, I am now satisfied that she is innocent."

Captain Macon shook his head. "This lie-detector business doesn't go with me."

Lieutenant Sheridan turned to Neil. "Have you got a cigarette, Anson?"

Neil handed his cigarette case to him. The lieutenant opened it. There were three cigarettes in it.

"This your brand, Anson?"

"Yes, I always smoke them."

"How long since you filled this case?"

"It must have been—gosh, two days, I guess."

"Then you aren't a heavy smoker?"

"No, three or four a day."

Lieutenant Sheridan looked at the cigarette case thoughtfully.

"When your brief case was found," he said after a moment, "there were grains of cigarette tobacco in the bottom, some of them charred, and bits of charred paper." He handed the cigarette case back to Neil.

"He's lying about his smoking," Dr. Lancaster volunteered.

LIEUTENANT SHERIDAN looked at him, nodded, and said, "Thank you for the helpful suggestion, Doctor." His tone wiped the smirk from Dr. Lancaster's face

"I think we know pretty much what happened, Captain Macon," Lieutenant Sheridan said. "But Ellen Jasper couldn't be called an impartial witness any more. It seems she was engaged to Neil Anson's brother. That engagement was broken off because she—"

Ellen interrupted: "Because of personal reasons. Please leave me out of it."

"*You've* put yourself in it," Captain Macon said. "Go ahead, Lieutenant."

"So," Lieutenant Sheridan went on, "though she isn't an impartial witness, if you analyze her statement, it's the strong-

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what are you going to tell her?

She speaks for 5,000 other homeless Jews who will sleep tonight in a cemetery. It is a Jewish cemetery, thousands of years old, in a land that was once part of the Babylonian Empire. Here living men, women and children have found a temporary haven—a makeshift resting place as they wait.

She asks: "How many more nights will we sleep here on the tombstones of our fathers?"

She asks: "Will we be rescued and taken to Israel while there is still time—before exit doors shut?"

She asks *you* these questions, for the help she and the others need must come through you, through the 1951 UNITED JEWISH APPEAL.

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Resettle in this country and in other western democracies a total of 25,000 displaced Jews from Europe.

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Miracle Power won't change your oil—it's not a chemical, detergent, or solvent . . . contains only colloidal synthetic graphite suspended in oil . . . helps engine oil do a better job. Here's how—it clings to metal . . . lubricates before oil reaches vital parts. Thus it stops DRY STARTING—cause of most engine wear. And friction-free movement of parts means *more power with less gas.* Next time you get gas, get Miracle Power.

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est evidence there is against Neil Anson. She didn't see anyone go into the room and she didn't see anyone except Anson go out of the room. But there are other things that make it look as though he didn't do it."

"What are they?"

"In Crenshaw's wastebasket we found a couple of dozen burnt matches. Crenshaw smoked cigars, but there were no cigar butts in the ash tray. The cleaning women said that the ash trays had all been cleaned up the evening before."

"That's right," Harman said. "I came in and put some papers on Mr. Crenshaw's desk. The cleaning women were just leaving. I spoke to them and then spread the papers out so that Mr. Crenshaw would have them first thing in the morning."

"Where were those papers?" Captain Macon asked.

"Right there on his desk. They were lying there, spattered with blood, when Mr. Crenshaw's body was found."

Captain Macon looked at Lieutenant Sheridan, who nodded slightly.

"Can't you understand?" Neil said. "It wouldn't have been impossible for someone who had been hiding in Crenshaw's office to escape while the bank employees were lying flat on the floor."

"And then what happened to him?" Captain Macon asked sarcastically. "He evaporated into thin air?"

"We've thought about that," Lieutenant Sheridan said, catching Captain Macon's eye. "We're interested in that theory because of the evidence of the tobacco."

"Go on," Captain Macon said.

"In the wastebasket we also found a whole lot of papers concerned with the Anson Brothers' Manufacturing Company—papers that Anson might have been planning to show to Crenshaw. How did those papers get into Crenshaw's office?"

Harman said, "I think perhaps I can help you there, Lieutenant."

"Go right ahead, Mr. Harman."

"Of course," Harman said, "I'll tell you frankly that I'm rather on the side of the defense here. I think Anson and Miss Jasper are both innocent, but that's as far as I can go. I can't help you any after that."

DR. LANCASTER stirred uneasily and started to say something, but Captain Macon motioned him to be silent.

"Go ahead, Mr. Harman," Lieutenant Sheridan said.

"So far as the papers are concerned," Harman said, "I know something about that. Anson had been borrowing money from Mr. Crenshaw. Mr. Crenshaw decided to call his loans. There was a clause in the contract that permitted it."

"And Neil Anson brought the papers to his office to try to get Crenshaw to change his mind?"

Captain Macon said, "Maybe that gives us another motive for the murder. Maybe Anson handed the papers to Crenshaw. Instead of looking at them, Crenshaw simply threw them in the wastebasket. Anson got worked up and a fight started. Personally I think Anson killed him. I think he may have killed him in self-defense. I think he probably hit Crenshaw and Crenshaw pulled a gun out of his drawer. How about it, Anson?"

Neil Anson said, "I didn't kill Crenshaw."

"If it was self-defense," Captain Macon said, "now's the time to say so. We'll help you establish the facts, but you have to tell us the truth. You can't hold out now and then come back later and ask for help."

Lieutenant Sheridan said, "Captain, we took those crumpled papers out of the wastebasket, and after we had got Anson's brief case, we put the papers back in. They filled it tight."

Dr. Lancaster could contain himself no longer. He said, "That's why Anson threw the papers into the wastebasket—so he'd have room for the gun in the brief case."

Lieutenant Sheridan turned to him and asked, "Then how did Neil Anson carry the gun into the bank?"

"In his hip pocket, probably."

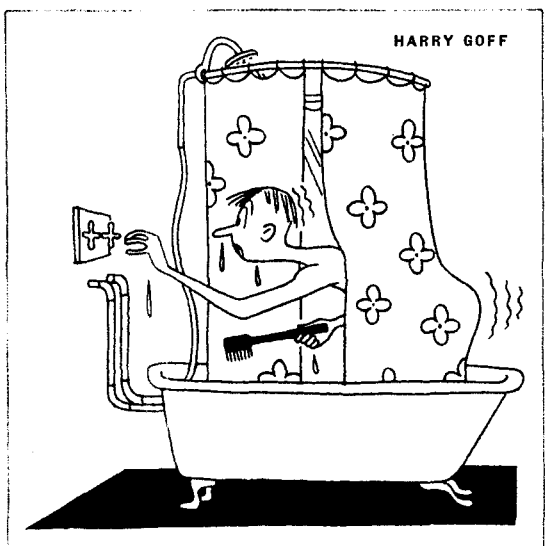
"Yes, we thought of that," Lieutenant Sheridan said. "We examined the gun microscopically. There were bits of red-leather fibers sticking to the sharp surfaces. They'd evidently been scraped off the inside of the brief case while the gun was in it. You had to look with a microscope to find them. But they were red. The inside of Anson's brief case is brown."

"But you found the gun in the brief case, didn't you?" Dr. Lancaster said. "That certainly is proof enough—"

Lieutenant Sheridan said, "It's too much proof. The charred tobacco and paper in the brief case makes it look as though someone had been chain-smoking, and had dumped an ash tray in the brief case to carry the mess out of the bank. He'd emptied the stubs out later, but those scraps were left. Those bits of charred paper and the tobacco weren't from the brand of cigarettes Anson says he smokes."

Neil Anson said, "I insist that someone must have been in that office. The reason I'm so positive is that I understand Crenshaw's hat was on the shelf, and his overcoat was hanging in the coat closet."

"Quite obviously," Harman said, "that contradicts your own theory, Anson. If the murderer had been waiting in the closet, Crenshaw would have seen him as soon as he opened the closet door and would have dropped the things on the floor, and—"



NOW HEAR THIS!

VIII

SHOWER: HAAAAaaaassshhhh. (Ouch, too hot!) HOOOOsssshhhh. (Brr! Too Cold) HUUUUUUUUsssssshhhhhhh. (aaah!)

PING-PONG: THOK—POK. THOK—POK. THOK—POK. THOK—POK. THOK—POK. THOK-------(missed).

WINDSHIELD WIPER: Salak—slik. Salak—slik. Salak—slik. (accelerator depressed) Saaaaaaalaaaaaaak—slik.

TRIMMING HEDGE: Snup-a-snup! Snak-snak! Snop! Snop! Snup!

STIRRING CAKE BATTER: Klop-klop-klop-klop-klopple-de-klop—klopple-de-klop-klop-ka-lop—klop—ka—lop———klop (whew!)

BRUSHING TEETH: shish-shish-shish-shishishishishish. Pfuie!

—PAULINE GALE

Anson said, "That's what the murderer was counting on. After he killed Crenshaw, he hung up his coat and put his hat on the shelf. If the police had found the coat and hat lying on the floor, they'd have realized that someone had startled Crenshaw into dropping them."

"Well," Harman said, "you were there when he came in. You ought to know what he did with his coat and hat."

"He dropped them on a chair."

"And didn't go to the closet?"

"No."

"In that case," Harman said, "you've defeated your own argument. The murderer would have had no reason to hang up the coat and hat. He'd simply have left them there on the chair."

CAPTAIN MACON nodded. "I want to ask you one question, Anson. Did you have trouble with Crenshaw that morning?"

"All right," Neil said. "I'll tell you. He shoved me and I hit him. We swapped a couple of punches. He jerked open the drawer of his desk to reach for a gun. I stepped out into the other room and pulled the door shut. I thought he was going to follow me. But he didn't. The murderer must have stepped out of the closet just then and shot him, then hung up the coat and waited—"

"Just a moment," Captain Macon interrupted. "You admit that you had trouble, that you hit Crenshaw?"

"Yes."

"And Crenshaw opened the drawer of the desk to get a gun?"

"Yes."

Dr. Lancaster smiled triumphantly.

Anson sighed. "All right, go ahead. Charge me with murder."

"Just a minute," Lieutenant Sheridan said. "I want to ask Mr. Harman a couple of questions. I believe you said you were coming down Fifth Street just as the burglar alarm started to sound."

"That's right," Harman said.

"And you ran to the side door and tried to get in?"

"That's right."

"Why didn't you try the knob? The door was unlocked."

"It never occurred to me. I thought of course the door would be locked."

"Well," Lieutenant Sheridan said, "it's a very interesting case. The way I see it, it has to be one person or the other."

"What do you mean?" Harman asked.

"Either Mr. Neil Anson or you," Lieutenant Sheridan said.

"Has to be what?" Harman asked.

"The murderer of Frank Crenshaw."

"Me!" Harman exclaimed. "Are you crazy?"

"I never heard such idiotic drivel in my life!" Dr. Lancaster said. "I tell you Neil Anson is a dangerous criminal. He and that girl held me up and robbed me of a thousand dollars. You have the numbers—"

"That's another matter," Lieutenant Sheridan said. "We're talking about the murder now."

Lieutenant Sheridan turned his back on Dr. Lancaster and said to Captain Macon, "You see, sir, Harman is a chain-smoker. The gun was found in Neil Anson's brief case, but we see no reason why he should have dumped the papers out of his brief case to carry the gun out after having carried it in in some other way. And that pile of matches in the wastebasket makes it look as though someone might have spent the night in Crenshaw's private office, waiting for him to come in in the morning. The coat closet isn't much of a hiding place but a man could crouch there for a few minutes.

"There's no question but what Harman was in the room the night before. The cleaning women went

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A Sermon in Junk

If this old graveyard could talk
Guess it would preach a regular sermon—
Call it "Man's inhumanity to cars," maybe
Look at that fine, big car,
Bright and shining as Sunday morning.
But one day maybe the brakes fail—or a tire blow
Or the steering mechanism snaps—
And cr-r-rash!
Another poor old beat-up wreck for the graveyard!
Or maybe she'll die a slow death.
Get no care, month after month,
So finally she just lays down and dies.
Doesn't make much difference.
Fast or slow—the end's the same.
Another poor old beat-up wreck for the graveya
Cause is the same, too.
Just nobody cared enough to take care of her.
Funny how some folks are.

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CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

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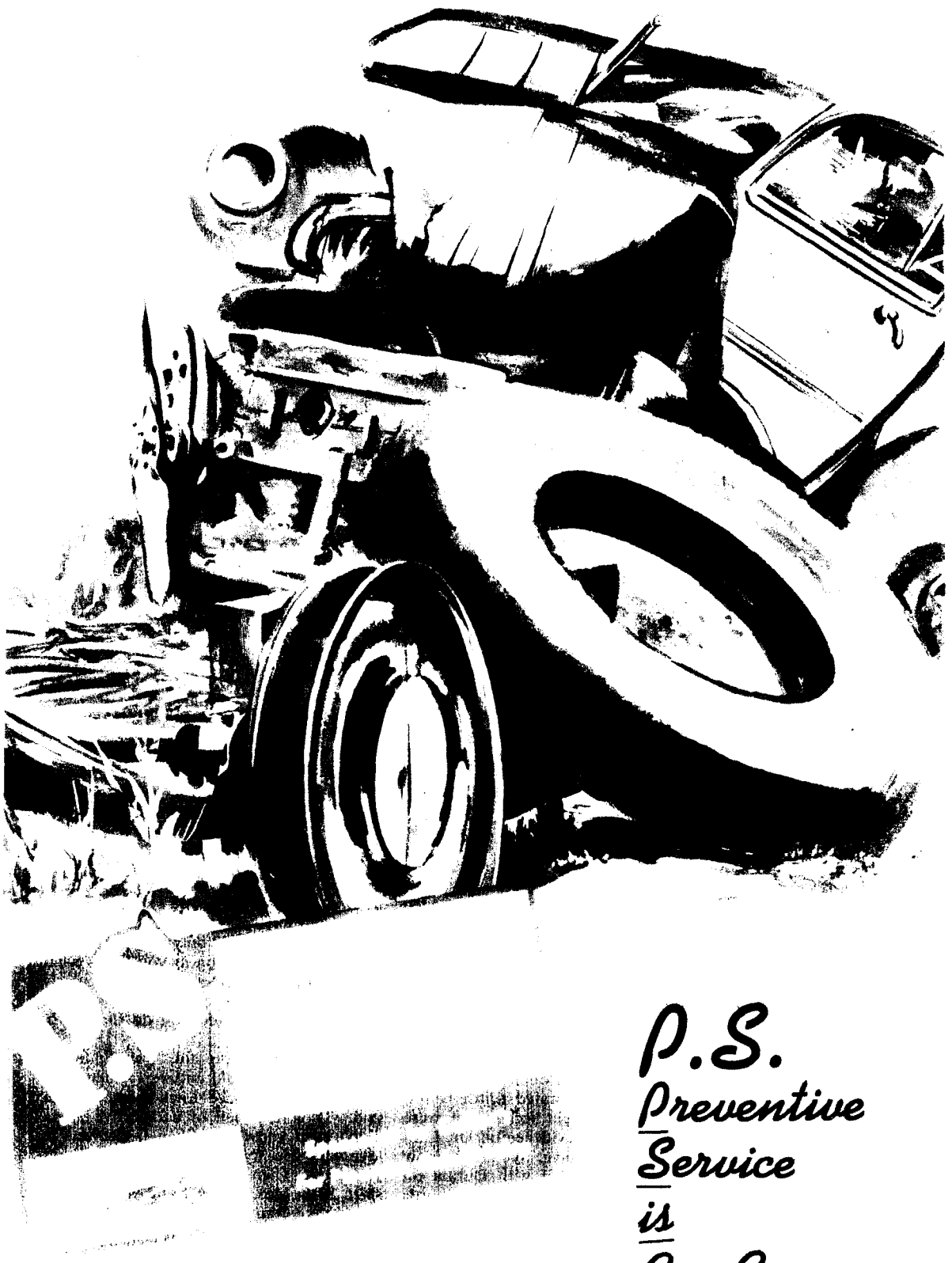

The Little Things you do this Spring will pay dividends ...this Spring

Have your car thoroughly inspected *now*. It will pay you big dividends in easier, more enjoyable motoring this spring. It will pay *in the future* by greatly prolonging the life of your car and saving expensive repair bills.

Your serviceman can quickly check, detect and correct minor troubles that could grow into *major* troubles. Periodic, thorough inspection keeps maintenance and operating costs low—and saves you the inconvenience and expense of roadside breakdowns.

Regular inspection is the proverbial stitch in time. Remember, care will save your car.

Have a Spring check-up now and avoid...

Overheating. Drain anti-freeze. Clean radiator and add rust-inhibitor. Check thermostat. Replace worn hose and fan belt, if necessary.

Excessive Wear. Change to summer-grade motor oil. Replace oil filter element, if dirty. Lubricate chassis, springs, steering mechanism, universal, differential, wheels, transmission.

Sluggish Engine. Check ignition system thoroughly. Clean and adjust spark plugs, or replace, if necessary. Be sure your carburetor is clean and free from gums. Check distributor points, ignition and battery cables. A spring engine tune-up will give new life and go to your car.

Bad Brakes. Check brake lining by removing a wheel. Check hydraulic system. Replace worn parts and add fluid, if necessary. Check spring leaves and shock absorbers. Check steering.

Worn Tires. Replace them. They are a menace to you, yours and your fellowmen. Have alignment and wheel balance checked to save destructive wear on tires. Watch your tire pressure.

Poor Vision. Be sure all lights are working. Adjust aim of headlights. Check windshield wiper. Replace cracked or clouded glass.

Sloppy Appearance. Get rid of unsightly dents and blemishes. Adjust doors for safety and silence. Top off with a good wax or polish job to preserve appearance.

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out and left him there putting papers on Crenshaw's desk. It would have been easy for him to have closed the door and stayed there all night. Harman says that he came down the street, ran to the side door of the bank, and tried to get in. We have a witness who saw him slip *out* of the side door of the bank, then turn and start pounding on the door. So I thought perhaps we'd get him up here with his brief case and take a look at the inside of it. If it's lined with red leather and if a microscopic examination of the fibers shows it's the same kind of leather we found on the murder gun, and if we could find scratches on the inside of the brief case, we'd have a good deal of circumstantial evidence."

And before anyone had taken in what Lieutenant Sheridan had said, he reached out for Harman's brief case.

For a moment Harman lost his head. He jerked the brief case away, turned and took a quick step toward the door. Then he caught himself, smiled, and said, "Certainly, Lieutenant, I would be only too glad to let you look at my brief case later on. But I have some very important papers in here at the moment."

"You can take them out and put them on the captain's desk," Lieutenant Sheridan said.

"I don't choose to. They're private."

"I tell you Anson has confessed!" Dr. Lancaster shouted.

"How do *you* know he confessed?" Lieutenant Sheridan asked.

"He did, didn't he? Haven't you a written confession that—?"

"I asked you how *you* knew that?"

"I—someone told me."

"Who?"

"I can't remember."

"You'd better try," Lieutenant Sheridan said. "The police have told no one about that confession."

Dr. Lancaster and Harman exchanged glances.

Lieutenant Sheridan turned to Harman. "And have you decided whether you're going to let us look at the inside of your brief case?"

Harman wet his lips. "I'd rather not."

"I know," Lieutenant Sheridan said. "However, we've found out a little something about it. It was given to you as a Christmas present by Crenshaw. He gave the chief of police one that was just like it. It's lined with red leather."

"Why pick on me?" Harman asked. "There are probably a thousand of those brief cases in the city. You say yourself that the chief of police has one."

"I know," Lieutenant Sheridan said soothingly, "but his doesn't have scratches on the inside."

"Well, you're not going to look in my brief case," Harman said. He seemed to be on the verge of panic.

"After all," Dr. Lancaster said to Harman, "even if there are scratches they can't prove how they were made."

Captain Macon picked up a telephone and said, "Send in our laboratory technician. We want him to look at a brief case."

Lieutenant Sheridan caught Neil Anson's eye. "I'm going to ask you to step into this other room for a moment, if you will, please, Anson."

IN THE private office, Neil watched in surprise as Lieutenant Sheridan opened the door of a closet which contained a basin with a little medicine cabinet over it. The officer took out a razor and handed it to Neil.

"Well, I'll be damned," Anson said. "And I thought the police were dumb! You've—"

"Cleaned up a couple of very interesting cases," Lieutenant Sheridan said. "We'd have saved you a lot of trouble on that murder case if you'd co-operated a little better. But it turned out all right because you were able to give us some evidence on Dr. Lancaster that we didn't have. We didn't know just what was happening with Durant on that lie detector. He made perfect records every time Alva Kenton tested him. We had a pretty good idea of how the crime must have been committed but we didn't know how Durant was beating the lie detector and that bothered us."

Neil looked at him in surprise. "And did you really have a witness who saw Harman come out of the bank?"

THE officer grinned. "Of course not. If we'd had such a witness we'd have arrested Harman a couple of days ago."

"And the holdup?"

"The holdup was a phony. The man in the plastic mask was Durant himself. The money had actually gone out of the bank long before," Lieutenant Sheridan said. "Edwards and Durant worked out a nice scheme, and Harman, who was the brains of the outfit, decided to get rid of Crenshaw, who had found out that Durant's accounts were short.

"Durant and Harman planned the details. Dr. Lancaster gave Durant a glass test tube of human blood so it would look as though the robber had been wounded.

"It all started when Durant went to see his friend Dr. Lancaster, to see if hypnotism would help him beat the lie detector. They found out it would."

"How do you know all this?" Neil asked.

"Ellen Jasper told us what she saw," Lieutenant Sheridan said. "We're not exactly fools, you know, Mr. Anson."

"I'll say you're not!" Neil said.

"The holdup was intended to be very, very simple. It had all been carefully rehearsed. Durant knew that he would be alone in the counting room. He wired his ankles together, lay on the floor, tied a gag around his mouth and then kicked the burglar alarm, and held a gun ready. Nathan Edwards rushed to the door of the counting room, opened it, and George Durant, lying there on the floor, fired three shots over Edwards' head. Edwards fired too, being careful to fire through the open door into the alley. Then he grabbed the gun Durant had been using and bound some wire around Durant's wrists. He ran across the alley with the test tube of blood and dropped the gun in the ash can. Then he came back and freed Durant.

"In the meantime, Harman killed Crenshaw, according to schedule. The only thing was that your appearance gave Harman the idea of framing the murder on you.

"Our first big clue came from our laboratory technician," Lieutenant Sheridan went on. "When he examined the blood drops, our technical expert noticed that they didn't dry in the normal manner. He tested them and found that the blood had been treated so that it wouldn't readily coagulate. So then we began looking for other evidence, and we finally found an empty test tube which had contained blood, hidden in a small space back of a filing cabinet in the bank. As soon as we found it, we knew that it was an inside job and that we'd probably find a doctor mixed up in it."

Standing over the basin, with the razor in his hand, Neil Anson watched Lieutenant Sheridan with a certain amount of awe.

"It's just a matter of interpreting circumstantial evidence," the lieutenant said, and then added with weary resignation, "I *would* like to point out that if guys like you would quit thinking you're gifted amateurs who can step in without any previous experience whatever and show professional detectives up, it would simplify things for us a hell of a lot.

"I could have saved you a lot of annoyance and risk if you'd only dropped around at headquarters as soon as you heard what had happened at the bank, particularly if you'd told us that you'd left your brief case there. But would you do that? Oh, no!"

"Well," Neil Anson said, "I was innocent and I thought I could uncover evidence—"

"Uncover evidence!" Lieutenant Sheridan said. "You're a hell of a detective. You didn't even know that Ellen Jasper was in love with you. Now get those whiskers off your face. Then I'll try to find you a clean shirt. You look like hell and you've got a girl to take home." THE END

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Civilized People

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

promise, the court will have something to say about that."

Suddenly Eunice broke down. She dropped her head in her hands and sobbed.

"Oh, Laurel. It's awful. Awful. I didn't know it was going to be so rough."

Laurel sat down beside Eunice and put her arm around the shaking shoulders.

"You don't have to go through with it, you know."

"I guess preparing for an amputation must be something like this."

"Did you hear me? You don't have to—"

"Sure, I do. I've been a failure, or this wouldn't have happened. Only it doesn't seem fair. Two people don't get married unless they both want to; divorce ought to be the same way."

"Listen, Eunice! It's not the first time Matt fancied himself in love with another woman. Why should you suddenly take him seriously?"

"It's the first time he's wanted a divorce. This time he's 'deeply, completely, maturely in love for the first time.' " She was in command of herself again.

"You mean," replied Laurel bitterly, "this time he picked on a really smart, predatory female who will settle for nothing less than everything."

EUNICE zipped up her skirt and sat down at the dressing table to make up her face. "She came to see me, you know, and she couldn't have picked a better time. I was sick in bed. I had a hot-water bottle at my feet and a piece of old flannel round my throat and I smelled of camphor. Oh, I was a toothsome dish for any rival in love to drool over, let me tell you. *She* wore her second-best mink and white violets. She came, she said, to add her humble plea to Matt's—"

"I know the rest of it. 'We're three civilized people, aren't we? And isn't it better that one of us should be unhappy for a little while than that three lives should be wrecked forever?' Unquote."

"So I was elected!" Eunice said. "I agreed that the civilized thing was for me to be unhappy for a little while. They tell me you get used to an amputation in time." She sat before the mirror, holding her lipstick, and stared for a long moment at her pale reflection as though to impress indelibly upon her memory the way she looked at this particular instant—the lackluster brown of her hair, the tiredness of her gray eyes, the deep shadows beneath them, the sharp lines around her mouth, etched in by sleepless nights of indecision.

"The first thing I'm going to do in Reno," she said, with an attempt at lightness, "is get a facial and have my hair touched up. Before I even so much as phone my lawyer. As Judith said, we're civilized people, so I must be gallant about the whole thing." She picked up a red-feathered cloche and twirled it on her finger. "Do you think this is gallant enough?"

"The word went out with Iris March," Laurel said sitting heavily on a suitcase to close it.

"I shall revive it." She sat before the mirror again to adjust the hat. *"Mrs. Matthew Piper arrived in Reno for the usual reason in a gallant red hat!"*

"Where are the kids? We've got to get started."

"I'm here, Auntie Laurel." Tod, the amenable, the placid, appeared, walking very carefully on his fat legs, his attention fixed on something sheltered in his cupped hands. "I got a present for you, Auntie Laurel. Shut your eyes!"

Laurel obeyed, but she was familiar with Tod's taste in gifts so she peeked warily through her fingers. Thus prepared, she was able to suppress a scream when Tod deposited a large iridescent beetle in her lap.

"Name's Mr. Swiggleheimer," he announced.

"You've brought him to the right place," remarked Laurel grimly. "I'm in just the frame of mind for beetles."

"Better take him outside, darling," Eunice said. "Beetles aren't happy indoors. Then go wash your face and hands."

"Okay," said Tod, ever agreeable. He picked Mr. Swiggleheimer up carefully and carried him outside.

"Where's Sara?" asked Laurel. She had collected all the luggage into one group and now she lighted a cigarette for Eunice and another for herself and sat down to relax for a moment. Eunice, completely dressed at last, collapsed with a sigh into the slipper chair.

"She spent the night with Peggy Preen, her current best friend. I told her we'd pick her up and have lunch at the Sky Room."

"How did she take it when you told her?"

"I haven't told her; I want you to, after I'm gone."

"Well, thank *you*, Mrs. Piper."

"I just couldn't, Laurel. You're better than anyone with Sara, next to Matt. Everyone's better with Sara than I am."

"That's ridiculous, Eunice. Why you've developed this inferiority complex about Sara I'll never know."

"I've failed with her, that's why." Her eyes filled once more, and her voice trem-

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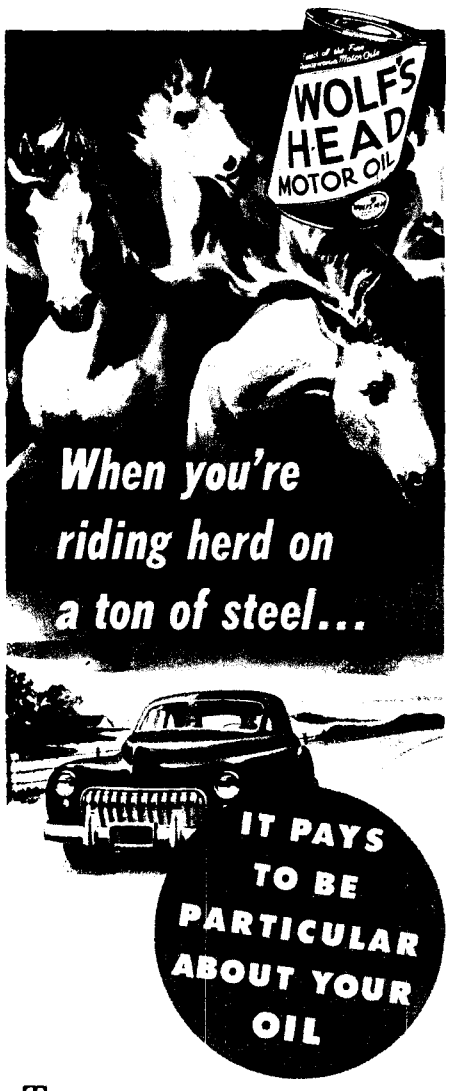

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bled. "She's never needed anything from me, Laurel—not anything that only I could give her. Not anything at all."

"Eunice—" Laurel began haltingly. She stood up and put out her cigarette. She wanted to say something comforting, something wise, but the words would not come. "It's getting late," she finished lamely, and started for the living room.

"I know," Eunice said. She stood up, too. "I'll get Tod."

The front door banged.

Eunice, gathering up her gloves and bag, called, "Get your sweater, Tod darling. We're going to pick up Sister."

Instead of Tod's voice, she heard Laurel exclaim, "Well, hi, there!"

Then her daughter's voice, small and thick with emotion, answered, "Hi."

Eunice thought: Something's wrong; and stood, helplessly waiting for a new blow to fall. Whatever it might be, she knew it was the last, that very ultimate straw beneath which her back must certainly break. Especially since it concerned Sara. She had always been a little afraid of her daughter, afraid of her swiftly changing moods, afraid of the questioning, great dark eyes wide-set in the heart-shaped face.

She felt shy before the child's loveliness as though she had no right to claim—and even less right to presume upon—such close relationship to it as was hers. And she was completely overawed by her daughter's flashes of perceptiveness or intuitiveness. She loved her in a way different from the way she loved Tod: not easily, comfortably, unabashedly, but in a way that wrung her heart and brought tears to her eyes each time she came upon her in some new and unexpected moment of beauty and grace. Not so with Matt. He was a match for all this, reached out for it easily, and Sara responded eagerly, worshipfully.

Eunice thought sometimes, seeing the child's mobile face brighten or darken, as she answered Matt's mood, that Sara loved her father in the same way that she, Eunice, loved the child. She had wanted to explain this to Matt when he asked for the divorce, but she could find no way to say it that would not have put her in a false light.

Matt would have accused her of using Sara as a weapon over him. And, she told herself, perhaps he would be right. For the truth of the matter was that she could not keep Sara from Matt, no matter what the court might decide. For if Sara herself wanted to spend most of her time, or even all of it, with Matt, she would have to agree, Either agree or destroy her child. So she had to face it: the threat was to her not to Matt; in losing Matt she might lose Sara, but Matt would never lose her.

"It's Sara, Eunice!" Laurel's voice roused her.

"Yes, I know," she answered weakly. Still she could not move, but remained standing in the center of the room, clutching her gloves and bag.

THE next moment Sara was in the doorway, her eyes smoldering, her small face chalk-white.

"Hello, darling." Eunice made an effort to speak naturally. "We were going to pick you up at Peggy's."

"I didn't wait," answered Sara, in that same small voice.

"Did you have a good time?"

"No."

"Is something wrong, darling?"

"Why didn't you tell me you're going away to get a divorce?"

Eunice reached for something to lean against. There was nothing near enough and she made a helpless gesture and let her hands fall to her sides.

"How did you find out?"

"Peggy heard her mother say so."

"I—I should have told you, darling. I don't know why I didn't. Laurel was going to, after I left. I—" She held out her hand again, to Sara this time, in appeal. Stop being frightened, she told herself. She's your child. She's a little girl. She's only ten years old. Go up to her. Touch her. Take her in your arms. She took a step forward but Sara's next words stopped her.

"You lied to me, too. About my father."

"About Daddy?"

"You said he was away on business. That was a lie."

"Yes—yes. But I didn't want— You see, he couldn't very well stay at home. It seemed better— When two people— He'll come to Laurel's to see you as soon as I leave. He'll make everything clear to you. He always does, doesn't he? Things that are hard to understand?"

"I don't want to see him, ever again."

"Sara!"

"I hate him!"

For a moment they stared at each other, Eunice shocked, incredulous, Sara defiant.

"Darling," Eunice whispered, and took a step toward her child at last. Suddenly the small, white face unfroze and Sara began to sob in loud, hysterical gasps. Eunice dropped her gloves and bag. She sat down on the floor and drew Sara down to her lap, holding her in a hungry, tight embrace.

"Poor baby," she crooned. "I should have prepared you. I've made such a mess of it. But you mustn't blame Daddy. He wanted to tell you right off."

"I want to go with you," Sara cried in a strangled voice.

ABOVE the child's head Eunice saw Laurel appear in the doorway, smiling faintly. I know what you're trying to tell me, Eunice thought. That I'm having my revenge now. Matt is losing Sara and I can make it permanent. I can really send his red wagon over the cliff. Well, why not? I ought to get *something* out of this deal. Aloud she said, "Not to Reno, darling. After I come back we'll go somewhere together."

"I don't want him to come to see me. I'll hide if he comes. Or I'll run away. Laurel can't make me see him."

"Nobody's going to make you see him. Only you mustn't think Daddy's to blame for the divorce all by himself. It's never just one person. I've made mistakes, too. And if he's not happy—"

"Now that's a noble sentiment if I ever heard one," Laurel said. She squatted on the floor in the doorway and lighted a cigarette. The other two paid no attention to her.

"But it's not because of anything!" Sara's sobs grew more violent. "Mistakes or anything. It's because of her. And I hate them both!"

"Because of *her?* What are you talking about, Sara? Because of who?"

"*Her!*" sobbed Sara. "He was kissing her good night. It was just awful. Just awful."

Eunice gripped Sara's shoulders and straightened her up roughly so that she could look at her.

"When did you see them? Where?"

"Take it easy," murmured Laurel.

"Where was it, Sara?"

"This—this place—this apartment hotel where Peggy's mother's friend lives. Her name is Mrs. Swansea and she knows you. And she saw him coming there and she told Mrs. Preen and Peggy heard them."

"That horrible child!"

"It's not her fault. I wanted to go."

"To this hotel?"

"We went to the library last night on our bicycles and Peggy said, 'Let's go that way.' So we did only I didn't know why because it's lots farther and when we got to this place she told me, and I said, 'It's a lie. My father's out of town,' and she said, 'If you don't believe me, let's go find out.' So we went up to this apartment and we knocked. And there wasn't anybody home. So I said, 'See, it's a lie.' Then she wanted me to hide by the steps and wait and she would prove it wasn't a lie. And suddenly I knew it wasn't and I was afraid I was going to be sick and I made her come away."

"You're never to see that dreadful girl again, Sara."

"She couldn't help it if my father—"

"But, darling, you're all worked up over nothing. After all, you didn't see anything except a building where Daddy was supposed to have come with someone."

"Mrs. Swansea *saw* them! He brought her home and he kissed her and kissed her in the hall and then she went in and he wanted to go in, too, only she said, 'No, tomorrow,' and so he kissed her again and then he went away. It was just awful."

"But all this is what Mrs. Swansea said she saw, and she's a nasty old gossip. I know her. *You* didn't see *anything*."

"I did! I did! I did! You don't have to always really look to see things. Sometimes you see them best of all if you just shut your eyes tight. When Peggy told me and she showed me the place I could see it plainer than Mrs. Swansea, even. Oh, Mother, I wish I could die."

Eunice drew her close again and stared helplessly over her head at Laurel. Laurel, white-faced, was lighting another cigarette.

"It's up to you, Eunice," she said, quietly.

They heard Tod slam the kitchen door.

"I'm hungry," he yelled.

"Find something for him," Eunice said. Laurel got up and went to the kitchen and Eunice sat for a long moment, caressing Sara's hair, bending now and then to kiss the top of her head. There was something she had to do for her child and she didn't know how to do it. She had to give her back her father and restore to her the unique place she had always held in his life, restore her belief that the place *was* unique. She saw that clearly now. For there would be no joy in sending Matt's red wagon over the cliff if her daughter's heart went with it.

"Sara, darling," she said at last, "I want you to listen very carefully to me. Try to stop crying, for when you understand what I tell you, you'll see there's nothing for you to cry about. Will you try, dear?"

"Yes."

"That's my big girl. All right. So now

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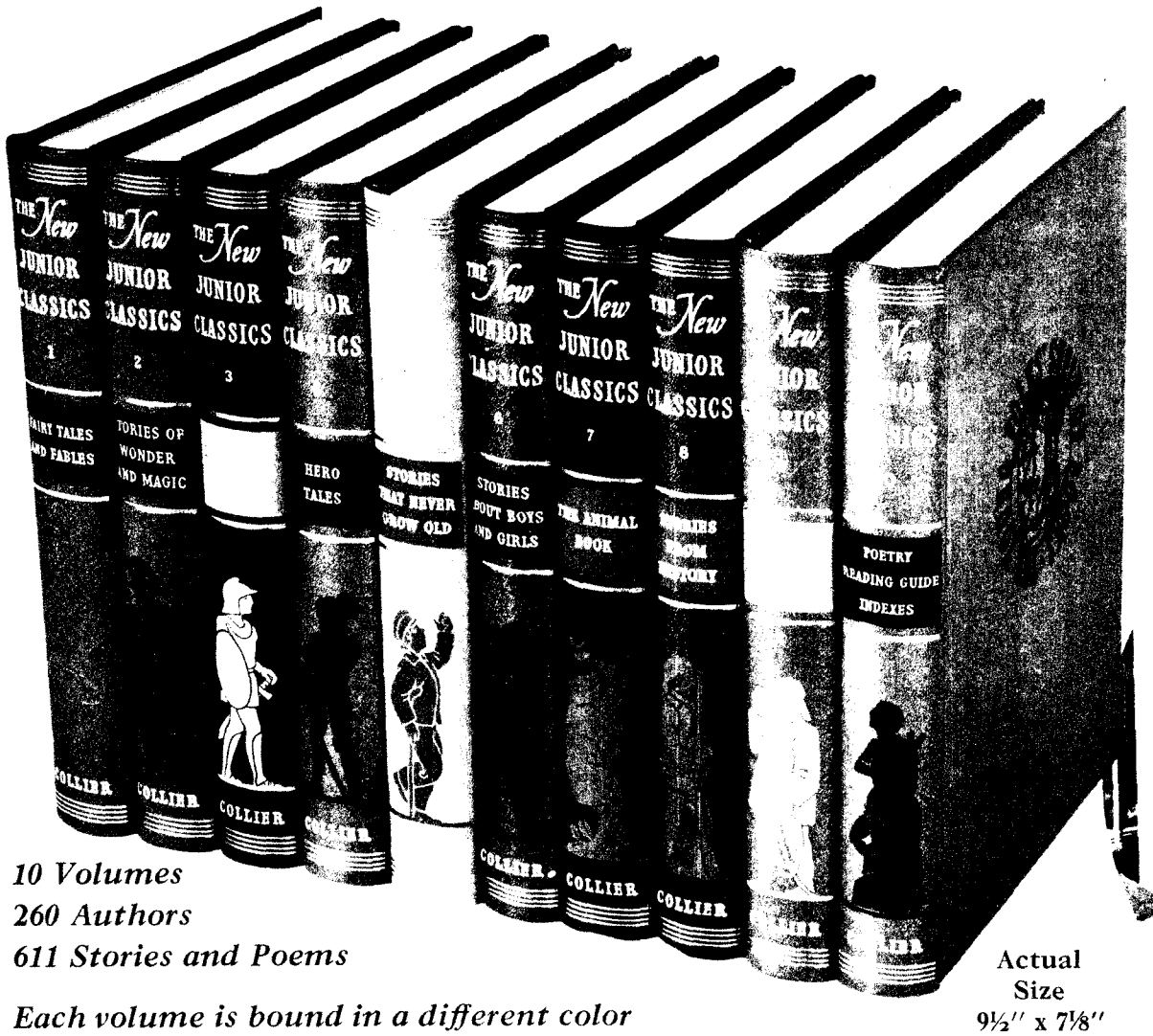

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you know that Daddy and I are going to be divorced. You see, darling, people grow up and fall in love and get married without knowing everything about each other, without knowing very much at all sometimes. So after a while they find out there are things about each other that make them unhappy, and then they don't love each other anymore. Especially if one of them happens to meet someone else." Eunice had to stop for a moment to steady her voice.

Then she went on. "But that has nothing to do with the children. What I mean is, the way a man feels about his wife is nothing at all like the way he feels about his daughter." She felt Sara stiffen. "It's the truth, darling. I shall never, never tell you anything but the truth again, so far as I know the truth. Will you try to believe me?"

"Yes," whispered Sara, after a moment.

"What I am trying to tell you is that even if Mrs. Swansea was telling the truth, even if she did see Daddy kiss this—this new friend, he was kissing her instead of me, but not instead of you. For she hasn't taken away one little bit of his love for you."

"How do you know?"

"Because it's so very different, darling, just as I told you. The way he loved me and the way he loves you, I mean."

"Couldn't he get over loving me the way he got over loving you?"

"Oh, no, never. Did you ever hear of a father and his daughter getting a divorce?"

"No."

"A father and his daughter are part of each other. You're not like someone he happened to meet somewhere and happened to fall in love with. You're someone he's loved from the second you were born. Even longer—waiting for you to be born. And do you know something? Daddy wanted you to be a girl. Why, he could no more stop loving you and live than he could stop breathing and live."

THERE was silence again. Then Sara freed herself and got up. She was not crying now, but her eyes were brooding and withdrawn.

"Don't you believe me, Sara?"

"I think you don't know."

"Oh, darling."

"Because all this time he could have called me up and he didn't even call me up or anything."

"But it was my fault," Eunice said desperately. "Because I was the one who said he should pretend to go out of town. He's probably sitting in his office right now looking at his watch, counting the minutes until my plane leaves so he can go tearing over to Laurel's to see you."

For an instant Sara looked as though she yearned to believe this. Then she shook her head. "I guess he isn't looking at his watch on my account. I guess if he's looking at his watch it's to find out if it's time to see *her* again. Please let me go with you."

She's afraid to risk it, Eunice thought. She's afraid he *won't* come tearing over. So she wants to run away from the risk. She sighed and got to her feet.

"All right, darling, if that's what you really want." But all the while her mind was searching for one more idea, for one last, desperate plan. "Will you hop on your bike and run down to the drugstore for me while I pack some things for you?"

"All right."

"Hand lotion, darling. I forgot to get some. You know the kind. Here." She put a dollar in the child's hand and gave her a gentle shove toward the living room. She waited for the front door to close; then she ran to the phone. She was dialing when Laurel came into the room.

"What now?" Laurel asked.

Into the phone Eunice said, "Let me talk to Mr. Piper, Miss Dahl."

There was a faint gasp at the other end, then, "Ah—who—ah—is calling, please?"

"*Mrs.* Piper is calling *Mr.* Piper."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Piper. I—ah— Just a minute, please."

Laurel stood with folded arms, looking grimly at her friend.

"I don't know what you're up to, Mrs. Piper," she remarked, "but I have a feeling it isn't smart!"

"It's as smart as I know how to be!"

"Meaning no offense, but that still leaves a considerable margin of acumen to be desired. Sara and Matt have been emotional Siamese twins too long. Chance cut them apart, and a damn' good thing, too. I say: Leave it alone."

"Leave *me* alone, Laurel! I know what I'm doing!"

"I hope so!"

"You may be right about the Siamese twins angle, but did you ever hear of those surgical adventures in which the operation was successful but the patient died?" Matt's voice over the phone made her jerk her head around.

"Eunice, what's wrong?" he asked with more annoyance than anxiety.

"Nothing's wrong. Everything's fine and dandy. I just have one last request—"

"Do you need some money?"

"No. Just be quiet and listen to me. I've sent Sara on an errand. In about ten minutes I want you to call back here and ask for her. Tell her you're taking the afternoon off. Invite her to lunch. Then after lunch—"

"Wait a minute, Eunice!"

"You wait a minute. After lunch take her to the zoo or a museum or driving—anything. But spend the afternoon with her. Then bring her home to get dressed up and take her out to dinner."

"Now, look here—"

"After dinner take her to Laurel's and stay with her until she's asleep. Better still, spend the night with Laurel and Tom yourself. They can put you up somewhere."

"Eunice, you don't have to give me lessons in how to make Sara happy. I'll do all you suggest and more, tomorrow. I can't do it today, especially not tonight."

"And why can't you?"

"Because it's Jude's last night in town and I—"

"I don't care if it's her last night on earth. I just want to impress upon you that I'll be waiting for that call. If you delay too long I could miss my plane. I could even miss the next one. And by that time I might decide not to go at all."

"So you've decided to give me a bad time, after all."

"Listen, Matt, Sara knows about you and Judith. Our friend Mrs. Swansea saw you kissing her and told Mrs. Preen, and Peggy Preen, who lives in keyholes, told Sara."

THERE was a moment of silence. Then Matt exploded. "What have you been doing with Sara, letting her near that kind of scum. That Swansea witch! What kind of—?"

"Stop shouting. It won't do any good. The thing's happened. Now it's up to you. Good-by." She slammed the receiver down and pressed her shaking hands to her face.

"I hear Sara coming," warned Laurel.

Eunice sprang up and ran to Sara's room.

"I promised to pack a bag for her," she said. "I have to go through the motions." She was throwing underwear on the bed when Sara came in on dragging feet.

"I got your lotion, Mother," she said dully.

"Thank you, darling. Bring me that little cowhide case, will you, please?"

"Yes, Mother."

When she brought the case, Eunice suggested that Sara change into her bolero suit.

"Mother, I want to tell you something," said Sara, as she dressed.

"Yes, dear?"

"I don't hate Daddy any more."

"Of course you don't, baby. You never did."

"Yes, I did. But not any more. I just don't feel anything about him any more."

"That will pass, darling. I'd feel very worried if I weren't certain it would."

Sara finished dressing and there was almost nothing left to delay their departure. Still the telephone did not ring, and Eunice grew more and more anxious. She heard Laurel and Tod in the kitchen and went back to see if Tod had eaten his lunch. She made a great fuss about washing his face. And then, at last, the telephone rang.

"Will you get it, Laurel?" she asked. Her voice sounded faint and thin. Her heart was pounding as she went back to Sara's room.

"Hold on," Laurel was saying into the phone. Then she called, "It's for you, angel puss!" Sara looked questioningly at her mother, and Eunice said, "That's what she calls you, dear, not me!"

THEN, as she watched Sara go out, her knees suddenly gave way and she sank to the bed. She fumbled for a cigarette and Laurel came in and sat down beside her and lighted one for her. They heard Sara's listless voice say, "Hello," then a sharp, painful, "Oh!" Then the voice became breathless with agony and love.

"Yes, Daddy . . . Yes, I hear you, Daddy . . . Yes, Daddy . . . All right, Daddy . . . Of course I do, Daddy . . . I missed you, too, Daddy . . . All right, Daddy . . . Good-by, Daddy."

She came back to them like a sleepwalker, love and pain and rapture washing her face with a radiance too heartbreaking for a ten-year-old.

"It was Daddy," she whispered.

"Was it, darling?" Eunice got very busy brushing ashes from her skirt.

"He wants me to have lunch with him. And drive to the zoo. And dinner."

"That sounds lovely, darling."

"He said he missed me."

"Of course he did, darling. Have you got a clean handkerchief? And take your red coat. You'll need it in the car." She was brushing lint from her coat sleeve now. "This gabardine picks up everything," she said. Then she managed to look up. "We'll drop you off at Daddy's office, then go straight to the airport. I won't have time for lunch now, anyway."

"Yes, Mother."

Laurel got up and tossed her own handkerchief into Eunice's lap. "Blow hard, Stella Dallas," she said, in a low voice. "And let's get going if we're going."

In the car Sara sat tensely on the edge of the seat beside Tod, staring straight ahead, her hands tightly clasped. She had the door half open before the car had stopped to let her out.

"Have a good time, darling," whispered Eunice, and Sara cried, "Oh, Mother," contritely, as though she were just remembering her existence. She flung her arms about Eunice and kissed her hard on the cheek. Then she was out, and running toward Matt's office without a backward glance.

They were almost at the airport when Tod climbed over to the front seat. He discovered then that his mother's cheeks were wet with tears and that sobs were escaping from behind the handkerchief which she held pressed against her mouth.

"Mommy's crying. Look, Auntie Laurel, Mommy's crying," he exclaimed in alarm. He began to pat her cheek and tried to turn her face to his. "Do you hurt, Mommy?" he asked. She shook her head and brushed his small hand with her lips.

"Are you hungry, Mommy. Don't cry, Mommy. You can have Mr. Swiggleheimer!" He produced a matchbox from his coat pocket and pressed the gift on her. "You can have him for keeps, Mommy, and you can have all the apples off of all the apple trees I planted, and—and—"

Eunice took Tod in her arms and laid her wet cheek against his head. They drove in silence for a few minutes.

After a while, Laurel said quietly, "You won't be able to say again that Sara never needed anything that only you could give her."

"That's something, isn't it?"

"That's something."

"Thank you, Laurel."

"Don't mention it."

"It'll be something to think about the day the amputation is complete."

They turned into the gateway of the airport and Eunice took out her compact and wiped away her tears. THE END

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Toscanini

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Toscanini broke in, "Never mind the critics. Read Beethoven."

A leader of some eminence met an acquaintance of Toscanini's one day and confided that he was hurt by something Toscanini had said about him. "I thought we were friends," the bitter conductor observed, "and he said I conducted like an idiot." The acquaintance later asked Toscanini about it. "I did say it," the maestro admitted. "Tell him sometimes I conduct like an idiot, too."

Occasionally he listens to the recordings conducted by some of his contemporaries and, score in hand, heaps invective on their absent heads. Or he tunes them in on the radio and shouts to the empty room, "*Asino, pagliacci, stupido,* why do you ignore the composer's tempo markings?"

Guest Conductor Overruled

Guest conductors of the NBC Symphony have come in for special attention. There was the time when an eminent conductor prepared a Mozart symphony in the style he thought was right. His approach was light and graceful, whereas Toscanini had demanded more bite, weight, and drive in this work. At concert time the men in the orchestra caught sight of Toscanini taking a seat in the studio; when the symphony started, the men played it not as the bewildered guest leader had trained them but exactly as Toscanini always did it.

In the light of this, it is not surprising that Toscanini considers the NBC Symphony *his* orchestra. It was established in 1937 expressly for him; he has lived and worked with it for many years now and has traveled over half the world with it.

In 1950, when he was eighty-three, he set out on a tour of America that took him and the orchestra from coast to coast. He was assigned a private car, and every thought was given to his comfort. An avid sightseer, he relaxed and had fun. In Sun Valley the maestro went up in a ski tow with his boys and conducted as they made merry with pots and pans and other singular musical instruments.

There were long, uncomfortable hauls, restless nights and unfamiliar concert auditoriums, but Toscanini has always loved trouping, and he bore up under all hazards with fortitude and remarkably good cheer.

However, there were some bad moments. At Pasadena, California, he encountered faulty acoustics, and this upset him. He refused to eat after the brief rehearsal and would not order any food for his usual light bite before the concert. A few minutes before 8:00 P.M., he said he was hungry, but it was too late to get food for him. He was in a dark mood throughout the concert, and at the very end he missed a cue. The men finished correctly, but Toscanini stumbled off the stage, muttering, "*Sousa.*"

When he was changing his clothes in his dressing room, he had trouble fastening his collar. This precipitated an explosion. He pulled the shirt off and ripped it to shreds. He swore at himself and then bit deeply into his wrist.

The next day, sitting at lunch, he seemed subdued. He showed the gash on his wrist to a friend and said contritely, "I was bad last night."

The friend replied with a smile, "You are a savage."

Toscanini nodded his head. "Yes," he said sadly, "I am."

Toscanini is the first to concede when something has gone wrong. Once he remarked that he had played a certain composition badly, like a pig. His friends replied immediately that it wasn't so. "So you think I don't know music?" he shouted. "The trouble with all of you is you have been poisoned by me."

Toscanini may lash out at the musicians who work with him, but he is most demanding of himself. "Look at me," he shouts in rehearsal, "look at the old man." And he punches himself on the chest. "I give everything—all of myself."

Music does indeed absorb all of him, and he cannot abide associates who do not give the same way. For those who do he has unlimited affection. He pointed one day to a man in his orchestra and said proudly, "Look at him. He sweats more than me."

He can put his players at ease in emergencies. On the South American tour in 1940, some of the trunks did not arrive at the hall in time for the first concert in Rio de Janeiro, and tympanist Karl Glassman found with dismay that he would have to wear a green suit. He went to Toscanini. "Don't worry," the maestro said, "it isn't the suit that plays. It's Glassman."

He also shares their sorrows. Just before the return from South America, one of the viola players was killed in an automobile accident. When Toscanini heard about it, he burst into tears and would not come out of his suite. He heard later that the men had contributed $20 each to raise a purse for the musician's widow, since they knew the insurance would have to go for payment of a recently purchased home. Toscanini contributed $1,000 to the fund.

The maestro can show his friendship in delicate ways. The NBC Symphony was in Montevideo on July 4th, and he called a rehearsal for eleven o'clock in the morning. The men, expecting a holiday, arrived at the hall grumbling. Toscanini marched out to the podium and led the orchestra through a performance of The Star-Spangled Banner. "It is your national holiday," he said, dismissing them, "and furthermore, it is the birthday of two of us." And he pointed to Samuel Chotzinoff and John F. Royal of the National Broadcasting Company.

When he was in New Orleans on a recent tour, the two Negro girls who took care of his hotel rooms told him that they would like to go to his concert but could not afford any of the available tickets. He arranged for them to be his guests backstage.

Toscanini's capacity to study and learn an intricate score by heart in a few days has been hailed as an extraordinary feat of memory, and it is. Yet he does not attach any great importance to it. The memorizing is not something he does for its own sake. It is his road to mastering a score.

His memory is keen for nonmusical things, too. He remembers faces in the audience, a child, a handsome woman, an attentive old man. His mind seems to retain everything, not only audiences, but halls, orchestras he has heard, history, literature.

When he entered the Lyric Theatre in Baltimore for a rehearsal recently, someone offered to show him to his dressing room.

"Never mind," he said, "I know the way. I conducted here in 1911. It was Gioconda. And Taft was President."

The maestro's chauffeur, who listened regularly to a quiz program on an Italian-language station in New York, reported to him that a question concerning the date of the *première* of an opera in Italy and the members of the cast had been baffling people for days. As soon as Toscanini heard that the opera was Cristoforo Colombo, he placed the *première* in 1892 in Genoa and gave the names of all the singers.

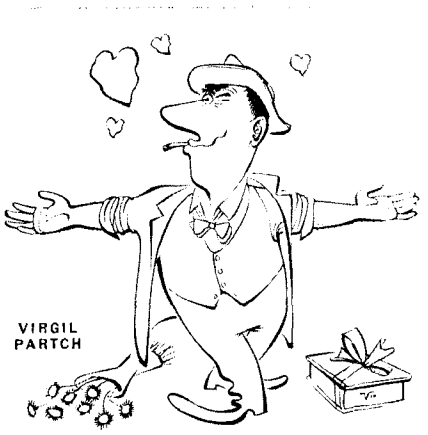
Other Feats of Memory

Talking one day of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, a group of piano pieces, the maestro sat down at the piano and played them all through. It turned out that he had not looked at the score since his student days more than 40 years before.

Not long ago, Toscanini thought that he would like to have the string section of the NBC Symphony play the slow movement of Joachim Raff's Quartet No. 5. Now the music of Raff, which had a vogue in the latter part of the nineteenth century, is rarely played these days. Toscanini, who had not seen a copy for decades, wrote out the entire slow movement from memory, complete with markings.

Some months later Edwin Bachman, leader of the symphony's second-violin section, and a collector of rare editions, dug up a copy of the Raff score. Toscanini's version of the slow movement was checked; it had just one error in it.

Once a troubled trombone player approached Toscanini just before an opera performance and said that one of the low notes on his instrument would not sound;



LITERAL LATIN

III

Amicus est tanquam alter idem:	When my boy-friend gets tanked his ideas change.
Difficilis nugae:	Chewy candy.
Ad hunc locum:	She has been sitting too much
Chorea scriptorum:	War correspondent.
Bellaque matribus detestata:	Mothers, do you suffer from hateful upset stomach.
Helluo librorum:	Not much of a library.
Conjunctis viribus:	You can toss this tired old jalopy on the scrap heap.
Damnunt quod non intelligunt:	My quadruplets are pretty darned dumb.

—DICK SHAW

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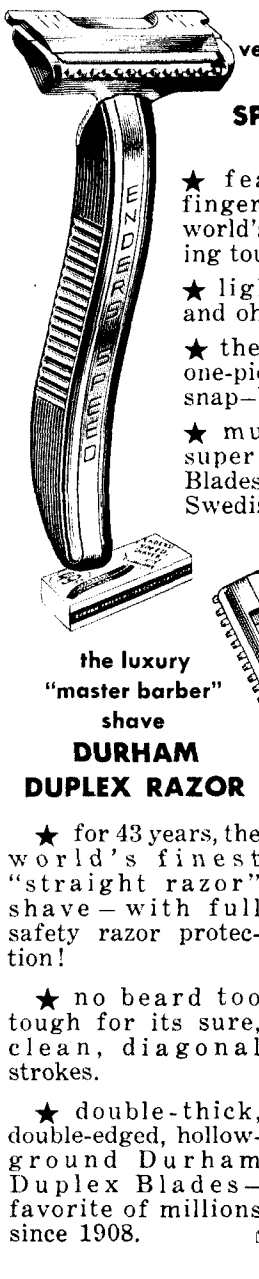

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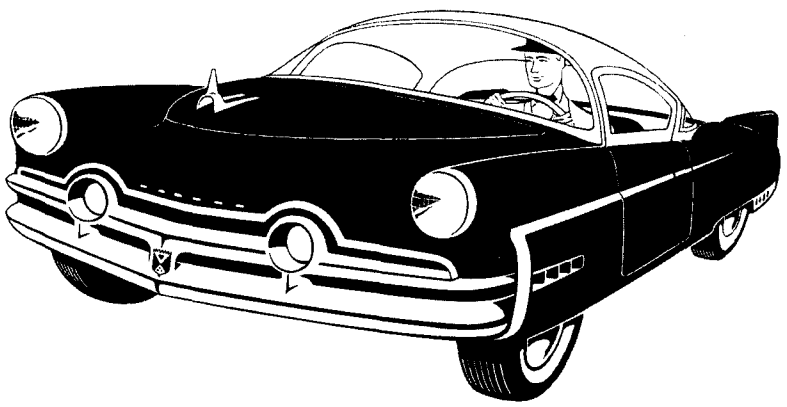
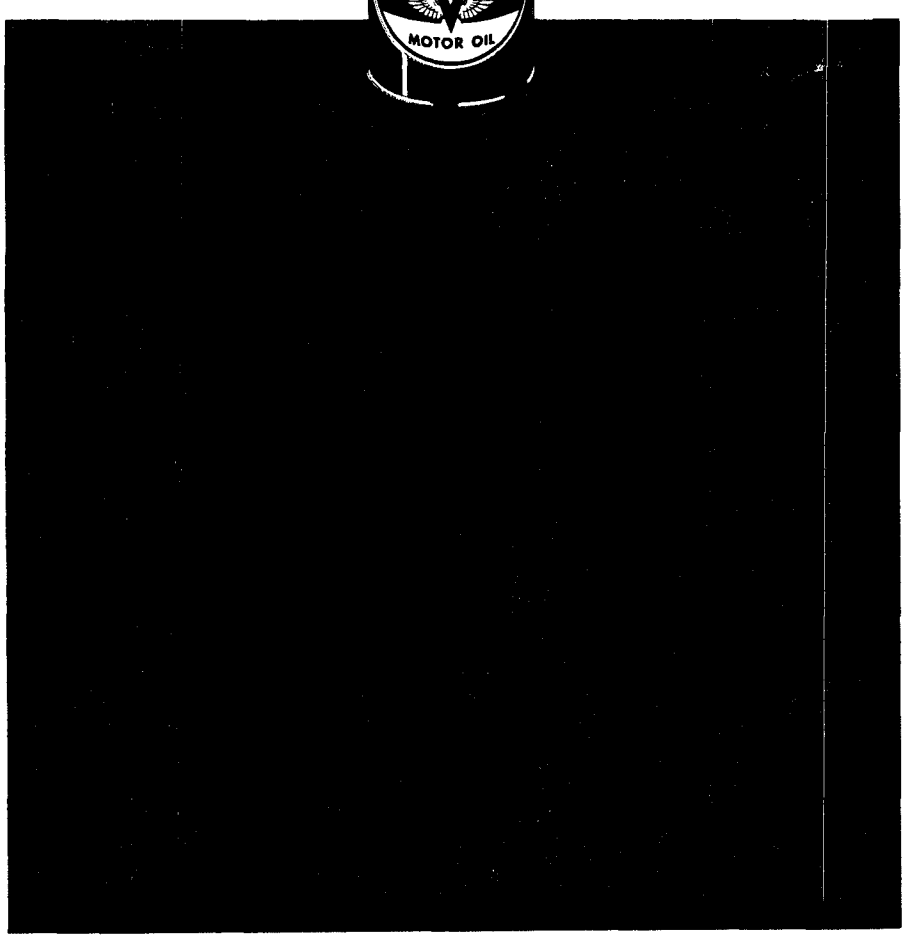


FOUND

WHEREVER FINE CARS

TRAVEL



TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
NEW YORK · TULSA · SAN FRANCISCO

there was no time to get the trombone repaired or to borrow another. The maestro shut his eyes and seemed lost in deep thought. Then his eyes flashed open and he smiled. "Don't worry," he said, "that note is not in tonight's opera."

Just as there is no vanity in him concerning his amazing memory—or indeed anything else—he is impatient with vanity in others. When Toscanini was at the Metropolitan, he had a devoted admirer who quietly put together a scrapbook of all the newspaper stories about him, and then presented it to him ceremoniously. Toscanini leafed through the book without relish and said to his friend, "What will I do with it?"

A Laugh at His Own Expense

He can see himself objectively, and with a sense of humor. He was once discussing a score with a young friend and automatically began waving his arms, beating time and giving cues. Suddenly he stopped, his arms still in mid-air, and smiled gently. "It's silly, isn't it," he said, "for a grown man to be throwing his arms around like this?"

Toscanini takes delight in simple pleasures. He went to the zoo in New Orleans and a peacock with tail and wings outspread caught his fancy. He tried talking to the bird. "Yuh, yuh!" he called. The bird paid no attention. "Yuh, yuh, yuh!" he shouted. Still there was no reaction. Toscanini turned away in disgust. "Stupid," he said, "like a musician."

Curiously enough, the maestro is inordinately fond of practical jokes. A friend showed him a trick collapsible knife which he borrowed and gleefully put beside his wife's plate. Then at dinner he waited and watched. But that evening his wife chose to cut her meat with the edge of her fork. He kept prodding her to use her knife and she persisted in using the fork. Thoroughly annoyed, he exploded, "Imagine, eating meat without a knife!"

The autocrat of the concert hall and opera house tends to be tyrannical at home. If his children do things that seem silly to him, he dismisses their preferences as incredible. Some time ago his daughter Wally spent almost a month in the comparative isolation of the maestro's island off Pallanza, Italy, and diverted herself by fishing. He does not like fishing and it struck him as a fruitless occupation. "Who ever heard of such an idiotic thing?" Toscanini protested.

He may complain to his family about details, but he is devoted to his children and grandchildren and proud of them. There are three children: Walter, Wally (Countess Castelbarco) and Mrs. Wanda Horowitz; and three grandchildren, all in their teens or early twenties: Walfredo Toscanini, Emanuela Castelbarco and Sonya Horowitz. In his wallet he carries photographs of all of them, and on his wrist he wears a gold identification bracelet with a little heart for each member of his family. When his grandson, Walfredo, declined to make the ascent to the ski tow at Sun Valley, someone remarked that he seemed to be nervous about heights. The maestro retorted flatly, "No Toscanini is afraid!"

Toscanini likes to tell his friends that he has given his children complete freedom, and it is true that they have gone their own ways, leading the lives they chose to lead. Nevertheless, his son and daughters feel that there have been unwritten rules of behavior for them. Their father, they know, expects them to share his life, and although no one has ever told them to attend rehearsals and performances, they believe they must.

When his granddaughter, Sonya Horowitz, showed talent for the piano, Toscanini made special trips to his daughter's home just to sit quietly and listen to the little girl. Occasionally he played duets with her, and once when the child told him he was not so hot as a pianist, he delightedly repeated the comment to his friends.

Toscanini's daily routine in recent years has been simple and unhurried. He arises early—he often sleeps fitfully and kills time reading books and scores—and rings for breakfast. Then he patters into his studio to bid good morning to his canaries. He removes the covers from the cages and plays a record of a canary's song. Then he stands at the piano and plays while the birds sing.

If he has no rehearsal he remains in his study, reading through scores and playing the piano. Then he dresses. He has always been fastidious about his personal appearance. He shaves himself and, since he never goes to a barber, his wife or daughters trim his hair. He likes good, conservative clothes, and he carefully matches shirt, tie, socks and suit.

The midday meal is the main one—not that he ever takes much. He likes a good thick soup, which he eats with relish. He nibbles on the rest: meat, vegetables, salad, dessert. Those who know him best say he eats more than he appears to be eating, and that it has become a fetish with him to pretend, and perhaps to believe, that he hardly ever takes food. They say it is the same with his sleeping habits. He calls the night his enemy and insists that he sleeps only a few hours, but his family occasionally accuses him of napping through a radio or television program. He always offers an indignant denial.

In the afternoon, if there is no rehearsal or performance, Toscanini studies some more or takes a drive into the country. In years gone by he was fond of walking for exercise in good weather, but recently he has been content to sit on the terrace of his pleasant home in Riverdale, New York, and let the sun warm him.

He shares his evenings with his family and friends. Toscanini frequently listens to records and broadcasts, not only of the music in his own field, but also jazz. And he watches television programs for hours on end—broadcasts for children, comedy shows, murder mysteries and sports events. He laughs like a child at the antics of Milton Berle. When some gag pleases him, he points a finger at the screen and his cracked voice calls out, "Look at him!"

He is fond of wrestling and boxing and becomes so aroused during a match that he stands up, shouts, flails his arms, ducks, feints, attacks, and calls out dire threats to the gladiator he happens not to like. "Give it to him!" he screams.

Applause for Mount Shasta

Though he has lived most of his life in cities, Toscanini feels a close kinship to nature. At Sun Valley last year, when the sun was warm and the air rare, he lay down and rolled in the grass out of sheer exuberance. In California he looked in silence at the 14-000-foot, snow-covered Mount Shasta, and then unaffectedly applauded it.

Toscanini's health and vitality remain extraordinary. One doctor called him a biological phenomenon, and another told him that his heart sounded like a young man's. He still has his own teeth and is as reluctant as the rest of us about going to the dentist to have them attended to. He reacts to the fact that he is an octogenarian variably, according to his mood.

One day when he felt low, he told his family at dinner, "I looked into the mirror this morning and said to myself, 'You fool, you're old, you ought to be ashamed to show yourself in public.'" And he would not listen to arguments to the contrary.

More often, however, he seems to go on the assumption that he is ageless. For his eightieth birthday he was presented with a clock guaranteed to need no winding for 50 years. He held it out to the company around him, every one younger than he, and said, "Just imagine, when this clock has to be wound everyone here will be dead but me."

Arturo Toscanini winces when he hears himself described as a "great" conductor. He hates the word "great" whether it is applied to himself or any other conductor. He thinks it should be reserved for the towering creative figures like Beethoven and Wagner and Verdi. No interpreter deserves the adjective, he feels; if you are a conductor, you are either a good musician or not, and to be a good musician is accomplishment enough for any lifetime. THE END

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

has the largest pigeon population in America. The birds have just about taken over San Francisco's Civic Center. War was declared upon them two years ago. An ordinance was passed by the city making it a misdemeanor to feed the creatures. Aluminum owls, warranted to scare pigeons out of town, were stationed here and there. Pied Pipers appeared with pigeon poppers, whatever they are, but were sent away as too expensive. Pest controllers, promising to make San Francisco pigeonless for $12,000, were waved away for the same reason. Meanwhile, the pigeons multiplied faster than Chinese Reds. The city Board of Supervisors admits defeat. In two years the pigeon casualties have amounted to a mere 1,200. The survivors, a million or so, coo sweetly over San Francisco.

★ ★ ★

Just arrived. A couple of letters. One is from a gentleman in Shamokin, Pennsylvania, who says he was married only two months ago. We fail to see what this has to do with his protest that in a cooking article in his newspaper the author gives his readers, "including my bride," a few "concrete" recipes. You'll have to struggle with that one yourselves while we pass on to the other letter, which informs us there's a bank in Beatrice, Nebraska, which has installed a pipe organ. We can see it clearly. Just as a loan is about to be made, the bank official making it pushes a button and the organ plays O Promise Me!

★ ★ ★

Due to the thoughtfulness of Mr. Lou Maupin, of Lincoln, Nebraska, we are able to report that a resident of that city was recently fined $25 for halting his car in the middle of the street while eating a large sausage, thus causing a bad traffic jam. The importance of this is inconsiderable, except that this is the first case we've heard about outside of Washington, D.C., of a citizen being under the influence of baloney.

★ ★ ★

The state of New Hampshire is fooling around with a bit of legislation which would permit the state police to carry on criminal investigations independent of the county sheriffs—without even notifying them, in fact. So far as New Hampshire's famous Sheriffs Lobby is concerned, the introduction of legislation like that was like shaking a lamb chop in the face of an Englishman. In other words, the sheriffs saw red. The bill was proposed in the name of a silly theory known as economy. Under the present law, when a crime's been committed, the state police investigate. After they've done the work, they're compelled to call in the sheriff, give him the dope. Whereat the sheriff retraces their steps, makes the arrest if any, and collects fees for doing what the police have already done. One of the outraged sheriffs, with frostbitten logic, demanded: "If we're going to have this kind of a law, what's the use of having sheriffs? And if there ain't no fees, what's the use being a sheriff anyway? I'm a sheriff and I'm agin it."

★ ★ ★

Something appropriate should be said about the fact that the late Eighty-first Congress spent 2,061 hours and 47 minutes of its garrulous life talking. To this oratorical avalanche the House contributed 796 hours and 38 minutes. The Senate, older and windier although numerically much smaller, bellowed for 1,265 hours and 9 minutes. All this gumbeating was published in the Congressional Record for a total of 17,318 pages. And you, dear friends and loving fellow citizens, paid for that at $82 a page. Yes, indeed, something should be said. YOU say it.

★ ★ ★

Our devotion to the readers of Collier's is not wholly free from danger. This letter from Mr. Harold W. Manter, of Lincoln, Nebraska, for example. Mr. Manter encloses a footnote clipped from a Burlington railroad timetable, wherein it is written that Banana Messenger tickets will not be honored on the Burlington's California Zephyrs. Mr. Manter wants to know what a Banana Messenger is. First we tried the stationmaster's office in Grand Central Terminal, New York. We think we got out just in time. They were very courteous, but it was clearly the evasive courtesy one shows a stranger who looks a little unbright and may need medical attention. At the Pennsylvania Railroad a very solicitous fellow asked us if we wouldn't like to lie down for a while. But we weren't to be denied. We finally asked a conductor on a New Haven train—a grizzled chap who's been railroading for many, many years. Sure, a Banana Messenger is a fellow who rides in freight cars loaded with bananas. His job is to keep the temperature just right for the bananas. "But I ain't seen one of them for years," he added. "Hardly seen a banana."

COLLIER'S

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NEGLECTED WIRES CAUSE AUTOMOBILE FIRES!

In Chicago alone, 3,633 motor vehicles burned up in 1949. Of these, 2,298—that's 63%—caught fire because of defective wiring!

National Safety Council figures like these tell the same story all over the country—*with "caused by defective wiring" fires running as high as 92%!*

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When kidney function slows down, many folks complain of nagging backache, headaches, dizziness and loss of pep and energy. Don't suffer restless nights with these discomforts if reduced kidney function is getting you down—due to such common causes as stress and strain, over-exertion or exposure to cold.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While often otherwise caused, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

Russia Can't Take Alaska

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

British Columbia or the state of Washington.

The difficulty posed by an air attack would leave just one other alternative open to the enemy—to land forces on the barren coasts or in the wilderness, with the objective of advancing overland to take Anchorage and Fairbanks. *And this, I contend, is absolutely impossible.* Aside from the few inhabited areas, the Alaskan wilderness is so wild, so impenetrable, so deadly, that any military force would be engulfed and destroyed in it without our having to fire a single shot.

The Russians know this. The Alaskans know this. But the armchair strategists look at the map and continually discover easy avenues of invasion to the Anchorage-Fairbanks defense perimeters. Often, for instance, they hit on the undefended Alaska Peninsula which stretches invitingly toward Siberia and originates at Cook Inlet, at the head of which sits Anchorage.

This will give you some idea of what this "easy" invasion route is like:

Peninsula Expedition Fails

In the summer of 1928, I headed an expedition which tried to traverse the narrow neck of the peninsula for a distance of only 100 miles. For three months I went into training with a Swiss-American giant named Jack Koby and Santa Clara University football star Roderick Chisholm, and then we attempted to penetrate to the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, the site of a 1912 volcanic eruption. It had been visited by human beings only once before, when a National Geographic Society expedition broke through in 1916.

We cut inland from the Gulf of Alaska, intending to strike across the Katmai area and emerge on the Bering Sea slope of the peninsula. From the very first day, we got bogged down in a morass the like of which no modern army ever has seen.

We struggled through deserts of volcanic ash in which we sank to our knees with every step, and we nearly strangled from the constant dust in our nostrils. When we got through the ash, we fell into quicksands up to our armpits; and then we inched our way up uncharted precipices and across treacherous glaciers. We crawled through ghost forests destroyed by showers of volcanic acid, and every day we were drenched by torrential rains and flung about by sudden 100-mile-per-hour gales that rushed through the mountain passes from the Bering Sea. All this time there wasn't a trace of living game, and we existed on canned foods from the 120-pound packs we carried.

Finally we had to give up and turn back. We had spent the months of June, July, August and September on the expedition, and in all that time we had covered a grand total of *30 miles.* We were three husky, well-trained men, unimpeded by extra equipment. A military force never could have penetrated beyond the first 10 miles!

Another favorite pastime of the armchair strategists is to look at the map and discover wide, flat, invasion corridors along the great east-west rivers of Alaska. They see the mighty Yukon, particularly, and wail that a mechanized enemy could land at the river mouth on the Bering Sea and roll directly up the flatlands to Fairbanks.

In 1939, I led an expedition up a similar Alaska river, the Noatak, which empties into Kotzebue Sound on the west coast and flows roughly west and south like the Yukon. The object of this expedition was to find out if the headwaters of the Noatak originate anywhere near the Colville River which flows north to the arctic. Such a discovery would provide a pipe-line route down the two river valleys, and enable us to tap fully our potentially great oil fields at Point Barrow. This would prove invaluable to our defense, because Barrow is ice-locked 10½ months out of the year, while Kotzebue on the Bering Sea is open as a port all summer.

Again I rounded up the strongest men I could find and we started up the river in a flat-bottomed boat. This trip was pure torture. We ran aground on innumerable mud bars, and the river had so many tributaries that we never knew whether we were on the Noatak or on some dead-end branch. We turned around and hunted for the main channel time after infuriating time, and nearly every day we suffered an ice-water bath in a rapids or a whirlpool.

After six weeks of this, we made 150 miles—with the help of two trips back to the river mouth for additional gasoline and supplies. Then we set out on foot across the tundra. And this was where the real nightmare began.

The tundra or muskeg which covers about one fourth of Alaska consists of waist-deep water with long-rooted clumps of vegetation growing out of it. When you move across this swampland, you try to step from one clump of vegetation to the next, but more often than not you slip and fall into the water with your 100-pound pack.

While you are struggling along thusly at the rate of about a half mile a day, you are constantly surrounded by clouds of mosquitoes. These insects are so vicious that in the days of Russian rule in Alaska, a form of capital punishment was to stake a convicted criminal out in the wilds and allow the mosquitoes to bite him to death. There also are black gnats and tiny invisible insects, called "nosee-ums" by the Indians, which burrow into the skin around the hairline and cause violent infections.

In addition to this, the 100-mile-an-hour arctic storms hit you when you least expect them, pelting you with sleet and rain and loose rock, and knocking you flat with the fury of their blasts. In the face of all these tribulations, we made 20 miles in two months—and again the expedition had to be abandoned.

Problems That Confront an Enemy

Multiply that mileage figure by 30, and you will have some idea of the problems that would beset an enemy if he landed at the mouth of the Yukon and tried to roll up the "flat, open corridor" to Fairbanks—more than 600 miles upstream, with swamp and tundra nearly all the way.

Some armchair strategists have suggested that mechanized equipment could use the tundra like a highway when it freezes in winter. But again the map studiers are wrong. A thin coating of ice forms on the tundra with the first frost in September, but then the early snows act as insulation and the water underneath rarely freezes. As our own armed forces found out when they strayed more than a few yards from the Alcan Highway on the Operation Sweetbriar maneuvers last winter, the frozen tundra often can scarcely hold a sled, let alone a tank.

If Russian paratroopers were to land on the Kenai Peninsula and move up the Alaska Railroad to Anchorage, they would again face the tundra, plus some of the roughest mountains in the territory, with only one easily defensible route, Moose Pass, leading through them. If they kept to the railroad tracks, they would be totally exposed to our air forces and could be bombed and strafed to destruction. The same thing would happen if they dropped on the Alcan Highway and moved toward Fairbanks from the rear. On the narrow strand of the road they would be bombed; off the road there would be the tundra and the mountains and the impenetrable forests.

They would find, moreover, that even the immediate vicinity of our cities and military bases is impassable. Just across Knik Arm from Anchorage, for example, the Susitna River marshes are as wild as the Yukon tundra, 500 miles away.

Elements Create Real Peril

In 1935, I was investigating unmapped volcanoes with an expedition just a few miles from Cold Bay in the Alaska Peninsula, now the site of a military airfield. Suddenly the sky turned pitch-black between the spires of the Aghileen Pinnacles. It was one of Alaska's terrifying, unpredictable storms, and the rains came down by the bucketful. Before we had time to think, whole mountainsides of rock and alder brush moved down on us, and the entire six-mile-wide valley where we were standing became a rushing torrent of water, 20 feet deep. We escaped because we managed to clamber onto a gravel bar, but a regiment caught in that valley would have perished—within artillery range of the airfield.

Even the long-settled Panhandle area paralleling British Columbia has terrain that is unbelievably wild, with uncharted mountains towering right down to the ocean's edge.

In 1927, for example, I was the first man to cross the Taku Glacier and discover what is now known as the Juneau Icecap, stretching all the way to Canada. This little expedition, into an area forbiddingly called "the Spirits' Home" by the Indians, took 76 hours, during which I had no sleep and lost 28 pounds. We were burned by the sun; we nearly were killed a dozen times in broken-rock masses; and we finally had to be rescued by a Captain William Strong who courageously sailed up the savage Taku River to the point where he had guessed we would emerge.

The weird thing about all this is that it took place in a region just a few miles outside Juneau—in an area that was settled in the late 1700s.

It is no wonder that when the U.S. Navy set up a base on 100-mile-long Kodiak Island, it did so without fear of attack from the rear. For the interior of the island is so impenetrable that no enemy would possibly launch an attack across it.

When the Japanese occupied undefended Attu and Kiska in the Aleutian Islands in World War II, they were still 2,500 miles from Anchorage and they got no farther, despite the fact that the territory was wide-open to any major attack.

We abandoned our air base at Nome, on the Bering Sea, recently, knowing that it would mean nothing to the Russians if they took it. With hundreds of miles of tundra and swamp between them and our Anchorage-Fairbanks fortress, they would be up a dead-end street—and they would be no more than 20 minutes' flying time beyond their own bases in Siberia.

The trouble with most American thinking about Alaska's military problems is that we consider them in terms of past wars, most of which were fought in inhabited

Next Week

The Huks—Foe in the Philippines

New England's Tax Gestapo

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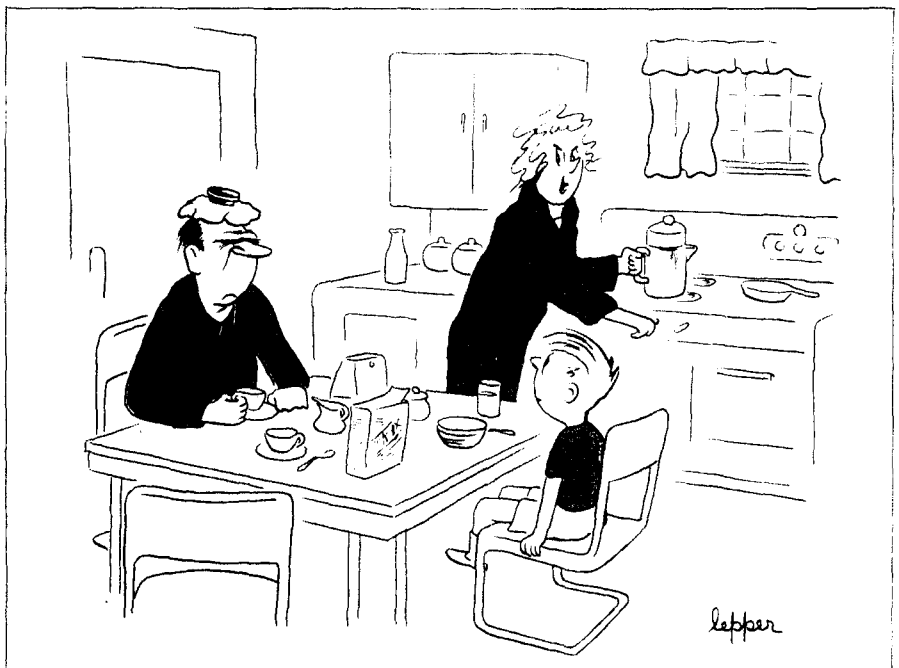

COLLIER'S **"Don't bother Daddy. He had a hard night on the way home from the office"** EDWIN LEPPER

areas that had roads, farms and villages. From the time of Alexander the Great, armies have lived on the land as they advanced, hijacking vast quantities of food and booty from conquered populations. Even in World War II, communiqués contained lines like, "The Red Army advanced 50 kilometers in the direction of Dresden today, capturing 53 villages." It was the villages that were important—not the kilometers.

In most of Alaska, however, there are no villages to speak of, no food, and no roads —until you get to the built-up Anchorage-Fairbanks area. Alaska is about two and one half times the size of Texas; yet you could put the territory's entire population into Soldier Field, Chicago, and still have plenty of seats left over for general admission.

Alaska comprises 586,400 square miles. Scarcely 1,000 square miles, or less than one fifth of 1 per cent, are inhabited; and, according to Department of the Interior figures, only 12,000 acres, or the incredibly low total of *18 square miles,* are under cultivation. Some 200,000 square miles consist almost wholly of impassable mountains, and *150,000 square miles are equally* useless swamp and tundra.

Alcan Highway Construction Costly

There are only 591.1 miles of railroad in the entire vast area, and a miserly 2,926 miles of roads (compared with 195,812 miles of rural roads in Texas). Most of the roads are part of the Alcan Highway system —one of the most expensive experiments in the history of engineering. We used the best road-building equipment in the world and spent millions of dollars in constructing the Alcan, yet much of it still washes away when the arctic thaws descend on it each spring.

With all this, it is no wonder that of Alaska's 128,643 people, nearly all live within our Anchorage-Fairbanks defense perimeters, or in the Panhandle far to the southeast. Less than 1,000 Indians and 100 whites are strung out along the entire length of the Yukon River Valley in Alaska, and some 5,000 Eskimos are scattered in settlements along the Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean coast lines.

These Eskimo communities, more than anything else, tend to prove my point. In 1938, I piled nine King Island Eskimos into a primitive walrus-skin boat called an umiak and traveled 2,000 miles in the open sea visiting every Eskimo settlement between Nome and Barter Island—to help prove scientifically that all Eskimos speak a common language.

A startling feature of this trip was that *I found not a single Eskimo living more than 10 miles inland.* After generations of experience, the natives have found that the interior of Alaska is too much of a deathtrap even for them: in an area three times the size of Korea, there is not a single pound of food to be found.

And that's why I say an invading army would starve here in a week. To be sure, there might be an effort to supply it by air. But such an unprecedented air lift would be almost impossible. The supply aircraft would have to fly over 1,000 miles, through the most treacherous flying weather in the world, and it would be a simple matter for us to harass them with planes based in southeast Alaska and throughout the Canadian Arctic Archipelago.

Suppose, however, that the impossible did occur, and the Communists took over Alaska and managed to subsist in a region that produces only 5 per cent of its own food. What would they do then? Presumably, their object would be to invade the United States from there, or bomb our big industrial centers. For either project, they would have to bring in military equipment in the same difficult manner. And there would be other, even more awesome, obstacles.

An invasion of the United States from Alaska could be launched over only one possible land route: the Alcan Highway—1,523 miles of exposed road winding through an impenetrable tangle of tundra and mountain, in Canada as well as Alaska. From Dawson Creek, British Columbia, the southeastern end of the Alcan Highway, there is another 470 miles before the invaders would reach the first town of any consequence—Edmonton, Alberta.

This means that for 1,993 miles—more than twice the distance from Berlin to Moscow—the invading army would be strung out over a narrow ribbon of road, exposed to air attack every foot of the way, and unable to take cover because of the tundra and mountains and forests on either side. And they still would be many miles from the heartland of North America.

It is scarcely credible that the Russians would want to use Anchorage and Fairbanks to bomb our industrial cities. A look at the map shows why. There are dozens of bases in continental Russia that are only a couple of hours farther by air from Detroit, Chicago and Seattle—with railroads and other arteries running directly from the Communist factories to the bombing planes.

It is equally incredible that the Reds would want to seize Anchorage and Fairbanks to keep us from using those bases to bomb Russia. A high-ranking Air Force general recently told me that Alaska is so difficult to supply that in the event of offensive war we would use it mainly as a rescue station and emergency-landing base for planes returning from bombing missions. "It actually would be easier," he said, "to bomb Russia from Omaha than from Fairbanks."

This general agrees with me that the Russians are not likely to strike in Alaska. So do other authorities with whom I spoke when I was in the Territory a short time ago.

These experts are American Eskimos, who, in admirable defiance of Soviet edicts, paddled across the Bering Sea last summer to visit their relatives on the East Cape of Siberia. They told me that there are no offensive preparations at all in this area, which is immediately opposite Alaska. They saw antiaircraft batteries in the low-lying hills behind the coast, and they heard of purely defensive short-range fighter-plane airfields—with not a single major air base closer than Kamchatka, 1,000 miles away.

Moreover, their relatives told them that the Russians are afraid to build important installations in the East Cape area because it is too near large camps of slave laborers who might revolt and seize the bases in the event of war.

Why We Need Alaska

This leads to an important question: If Alaska is so worthless, why do *we* want it?

In the first place, it is absolutely necessary, from the purely defensive point of view, for us to maintain a solid line of outposts away from our shores. Today, our so-called Western Defense Perimeter begins at the North Pole and runs through Alaska and then down through Japan, Okinawa, Korea and Formosa. This protective belt consists of: (1) naval bases from which we can patrol our Pacific approaches against atom-bomb-carrying submarines; (2) air bases, to assist the naval patrol and provide fighter opposition against attacking enemy planes; and (3) in the case of Alaska, at least, a base for our great radar screen. The Russians don't need Alaska for their defense because they get even better protection, for their purposes, from a similar defense perimeter along the Siberian coast line.

In the second place, we must retain Alaska because of its future potentialities, which have been demonstrated so dramatically in the modern cities of Anchorage and Fairbanks and in the agricultural miracle that is the Matanuska Valley. There we now can raise almost anything that grows in New York State (with the exception of corn). In the 22-hour arctic summer daylight, moreover, the crops grow twice as fast, and huge specimens of melons and vegetables have been produced, despite the short three-month growing season.

Today, there are plans afoot that can convert several million additional acres of wasteland to this phenomenal agricultural production. I have proposed a project, for example, to dig a canal reuniting the great Kuskokwim and Yukon Rivers, which once were one stream similar to the Mississippi-Missouri river system. This would drain the surface water from the tundra and swamp of the vast Yukon basin and open up untold acres of rich bottom land, like the Mississippi delta, to the farmers. It also would stimulate settlement and road building up to the arctic mountain ranges, so that the now inaccessible mineral wealth of that region could be tapped for the first time. All these monumental plans, however, would take at least 100 years to fulfill.

The Russians, therefore, could conquer Alaska *if they* cared to wait until a century from now, when the territory could support a population of 15,000,000 people *(and* invading armies) as the result of the aforementioned projects.

Today, however, I would like nothing better than to see the entire Red Army attempt to conquer Alaska. The Russians would be swallowed up by the wilderness as surely as Almighty God caused the Egyptian army to be swallowed up by the Red Sea.

THE END

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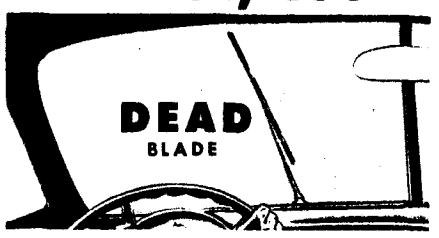

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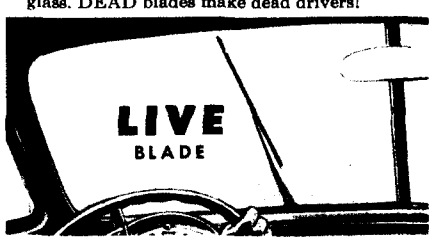

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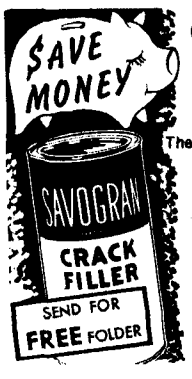

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A Reporter in Search of God

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Maimonides was right—" (Moses ben Maimon, or Maimonides, Spanish Jewish philosopher, 1135-1204) "—Maimonides said it is impossible to describe God, that one can only say, 'God exists.' "

A week later I was at the Catholic Centre of the University of Ottawa, in Canada. William E. O'Meara, a staff member, said to me, "There is a big difference between knowing about God—and knowing God."

That started me off on the next phase of the search. Definable or indefinable, God exists. But how can we reach Him?

There is something called "religion." How have we regarded religion in the past 25 years? How often has it been something a man kept in his closet like an old tuxedo, out of style, not a good fit any more, rather uncomfortable, but absolutely vital to drag out and don on certain occasions?

People, in some cases, have even been ashamed of religion. It has been smart to be cynical. What rough-and-ready man of the world wanted to be caught believing? Can you imagine a busy executive saying to his secretary, "No phones for the next few minutes, Miss Jones. I'm going to pray"?

Easter Bonnets Provide Distractions

What about religion in church and temple? The Reverend Cayley of Rochester said in a recent radio broadcast, "Too often our worship services are packed with meaningless rigmarole . . . Our prayers may be eloquent and frequently verbose, but on a bright Easter morning they don't seem to turn many of the worshipers' wandering eyes from hats to Heaven."

Venerable Dean William Ralph Inge, firebrand of St. Paul's in London, complained at Britain's Modern Churchman's Conference, "Do we really expect the workingman to come to church to sing, 'I will think upon Rahab and Babylon' . . . or such gibberish as the verse of the 68th Psalm, beginning, 'Rebuke the company of the spearmen'? I am told that the correct translation of these words is, 'Rebuke the hippopotamus.' " *(Literal translation—"the wild beast of the reeds.")*

Simplicity is, and always has been, the brightest garb of truth. For clergymen, the truths of religion may be perfectly clear despite the archaic language and obscure allusions. But the average man or woman hasn't attended the seminary, hasn't studied theology, isn't much more familiar with the special language of religion than he is with the lingo of lawyers or the shop talk of nuclear physicists.

Why should religion hide its light under a bushel?

At the Reverend Cayley's house, dining with his wife and four children gathered around him at the supper table, everyone held hands in a circle when it was time to say grace. This is what they said:

"Thank you, God, the food is fine. Make us grateful all the time."

It was that clear, that direct, that simple. The children knew what they were saying. They understood.

Don't adults, in their religious observances, also want to know and understand? Otherwise, come Easter, how are you going to turn their eyes "from hats to Heaven"?

Religion has sparked some of the most surging, irresistible movements in human history. It also has slumped into doldrums. Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner, as I talked with him at Cleveland's Euclid Avenue Temple, regretted that religion in the last few decades hasn't had a moving force, a "dynamic."

"When religion has a dynamic, it sweeps all before it. But it hasn't had a dynamic. It has grown too static. It has become concerned with housekeeping," he declared. "Too many of our clergy have been peddling the trappings of religion, not the essence. The trappings will not help people. Only the essence will."

The fragmentation of religion into multiple faiths and denominations, often with hot rivalries, has not helped to bring people the essence. Rabbi Brickner pointed out, "When a man sees four different kinds of houses of God on four corners, his natural reaction is, 'Where is the truth? They can't even agree among themselves.' "

He suggested a "Parliament of Religions" —a kind of spiritual United Nations in which all faiths and denominations could proclaim the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

It would be one way of stressing that which is common to all major, enduring religions: mankind's bond of love to God. This, most theologians agree, is the essence of religion. When one feels the warmth and strength and everlasting security of that bond, he is having a religious experience. No matter whether he feels that bond in a church or temple, at his desk in an office, at home with his wife and children, or out in the country looking at a tree; the important thing is to feel it.

Albert Einstein, who has poised human intellect athwart the universe like cosmic calipers, describes the religious feeling thus: "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead: his eyes are closed. This insight into the mystery of life, coupled though it be with fear, has also given rise to religion. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms—this knowledge, this feeling, is at the center of true religiousness."

The key is religious experience; not simply to be religious, but to feel religious. I was discussing human happiness with a priest in Canada, Father Andrew Guay, when he said, quoting one of the Roman Catholic philosophers, "Joy is the echo of God's life in you." That seemed to sum it up. If one can feel God living within himself, then he knows true religion. He knows the comfort—the joy, as the philosopher put it—of the inner presence of God.

That is how we reach God. That is the "God factor" in human beings. Without the God factor, the playing of a violin is just horsehair scraping on catgut. With the God factor, it is music. The British physicist, the late Sir James Jeans, once said that the universe resembles not so much a mathematical formula or a mechanical law as a "great idea." Take the word "universe" itself. Etymologically it means "turned into one"—one physical system, one cosmos. Add the God factor and it means "one verse"—one poem.

A Desire for Understanding

But on my rounds I found that people who were searching for God weren't satisfied simply to try to define God, or even to reach God. They wanted to understand God.

At Heidelberg College, in Tiffin, Ohio, some of the students were hard pressed to understand God in connection with the bloodshed in Korea. It was during a week of nasty fighting. A group of students got together on Sunday night for one of their "fireside conferences," which they hold at the homes of faculty members. This time they fired their questions at the president of the college, Terry Wickham.

"Why does God let people kill one another?" they wanted to know. "Why does He let such awful things happen? Why does He let human beings get into such messes?"

Wickham leaned back in his chair and slowly replied, "God is not going to solve our problems for us." Then he went on to explain a few things:

When God created man, He did not simply design a robot. Probably the most wondrous thing about the creation of man is that God withheld His hand. He made man a self-directing being. He gave us humans a certain freedom of choice. We are free to work with God or against Him. We can accept the leadership of God, or reject it.

We have, then, our own human responsibility. And because of this responsibility, we have no right to blame God every time we get ourselves into a mess.

But how do we explain some of the things which happen in this world—some of the accidents, tragedies, heart-rending sorrows—for which man doesn't seem to be at all responsible? . . . A fine, hard-working father of four children is blinded in an automobile accident. A good, charitable woman is stricken with cancer. A devout, wholesome couple lose their only child. An honest businessman is squeezed to the wall by unprincipled competitors. A town is wiped out by a flood. A child falls into a well. An innocent man is sent to jail.

Why? . . . Why?

I put the question to Rabbi Silver. Where is divine justice here?

"That is the theme of the Book of Job: Why do the righteous suffer?" the Rabbi replied. "The answer is that man must not look for reward or punishment in terms of things physical. The good life does not mean riches, or good fortune. The bad life does not mean poverty, or misfortune. The only true compensations are spiritual. As Job finally said, 'Now mine eye seeth Thee.' He had come close to God."

The Reality of Spiritual Rewards

At first such an explanation seems idealistic and remote, as though it belonged on the pulpit rather than in the humdrum of life. But when one thinks for a moment of the many people who are rich in all things physical, yet miserable at heart; and of the many others who are poor as church mice, yet millionaires in spirit—then the notion of spiritual rewards seems quite real.

A woman in New York, wife of a prominent executive, was stricken with polio—just as suddenly, unexpectedly, inexplicably as polio always strikes. I saw her shortly before the attack, a fine-looking vivacious woman. Then I saw her afterward, in her wheel chair. I was prepared to feel sorry for her, to join in the lamentations against cruel fate. But I talked to her for an hour.

She had achieved a new harmony with the universe. She found beauty where many people do not even know it exists. She found new meanings, new values, new inner aliveness. "I've found so many things to be happy about," she said. "Really, I've gained so much more than I've lost." Would she want to go back to before her misfortune? "No," she said. "If I were offered a trade, I'd say no. I wouldn't trade what has come to me for anything in this world."

I thought of Job's words: "Now mine eye seeth Thee."

Job survived all his misfortunes. He lived to a ripe old age. But it isn't always that way. Some accidents, some tragedies are fatal. How can we understand them? What about the snuffing out of life itself?

In a small town in Connecticut last winter a tree surgeon was killed while helping with emergency work after a big windstorm. I talked to several of the townspeople who knew him. They described him as a fine man, one of those warm, neighborly people whom everybody loved. They weren't just being respectful. You could read sincerity in their eyes when person after person—the gas-station man, the grocer, the homeowner, the postman—called

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him "a wonderful fellow." One elderly townswoman said, "Just seeing him and exchanging a few words always made you feel good."

This man was killed.

How come? Some of the townspeople frankly wanted to know. When I talked to them about God, they told me about the tree surgeon. And they deeply wanted to understand God's ways. One said, "Here was a good man. Why did he have to die—while so many crooks, cheats and scoundrels live on and prosper?"

I put the question to several theologians. One of them answered, "Many of us regard goodness as a bank account and God as the teller. We make deposits of goodness, and then we want to be able to write out a check and get paid. We overlook entirely the matter of eternity. What about the eternal meanings of life and the eternal purposes of God?"

A Roman Catholic theologian put it this way: "Life on earth is but a period of preparation. So the obvious answer to material wealth, success and good fortune is, 'You can't take it with you.' But spiritual wealth has an eternal quality. It becomes part of the soul. It is indestructible."

He said it was like small boys playing marbles. Material winnings are "for fun." Spiritual winnings are "for keeps." It makes a big difference when dusk comes and mothers start calling the kids home, and the game is over.

Yes—the good man was killed in the storm. But how do we know how that fits in with purposes far beyond the flicker of earthly existence on this planetary thingumbob which Jesus called "God's footstool"?

"Only the foolish man gambles all on his own blueprint of life. The wise man stakes his life on God's blueprint," remarked the Reverend Arthur E. Wilson, of the Beneficent Congregational Church in Providence, Rhode Island.

He continued: "The essence of faith is the belief that God has a purpose in human life. Our lives, as individuals, can be used to live out that purpose. But we mustn't become preoccupied with life itself, as if our sole objective were to save our physical lives. It is easy to fall into that trap in these days of atomic fear."

Many an individual has difficulty in accepting the idea of God's purpose. He isn't willing to throw in with the rest of humanity. He insists that God pay attention to him personally, that God sit on his shoulder, as it were, and guide his every step, ward off all misfortune and deliver to him every kind of earthly sugar plum.

"That's turning God into a divine bellhop," says the Reverend Cayley. "Certainly God is interested in each one of us, the same as I am interested in every corpuscle in my body. I am definitely interested in Corpuscle No. 7,792,678—even though I may not constantly be in personal attendance upon it!"

Created in His Image

Man would be a pretty insignificant creature if God were, indeed, sitting on his shoulder guiding every move. Even man himself can make such creatures—marionettes, robots, automatons. But God made something special, a creature in His own image; since man, like God, has powers of creation, decision, inspiration and love.

Perhaps these powers are what man is reaching out for in these troubled times. Perhaps he wants to team up with God again, to live and act as God's image, to realize the God within him.

On a bus in New York I sat behind a middle-aged woman who was reading the Bible. I leaned forward and asked, "Do you read it often?"

"Every day," she replied.

Her husband was seriously ill, she said, and the two of them read the Bible together.

"Do you think if you read the Bible, God will help you?" I inquired.

"No, not especially," she said. "But we will be more able to help God." THE END

COLLIER'S "I think our best defense is that sweater" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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Marion Bowls 'Em Over

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Women's International Bowling Congress—traditionally bowling's biggest prize for gals—and anchored the Fanatorium Majors of Grand Rapids to victory in the WIBC team competition; finally she completed her sweep of national, state and city championships by winning the Michigan and Grand Rapids singles tournaments.

Understandably, Marion was voted 1950's "woman bowler of the year," and there is no reason to suspect she will have to relinquish her title this season. She launched the 1950-'51 winter campaign by retaining her National Match Game title.

Over approximately 10,000 hours of bowling, Marion has learned to release her ball on the alley at a spot seven inches from the inside edge of the right gutter. The spinning ball, weighing 15 pounds and 15 ounces, begins to curve to the left halfway down the 60-foot alley and crashes into the head pin slightly right of center.

"That's under ideal conditions," Marion points out. "But conditions are seldom ideal, and no two alleys have quite the same surface. On hard-surface alleys, your ball hooks very little, while on soft surfaces—especially shellacked alleys—you get a big hook. Consequently, you've got to estimate your hook and vary your release point—left or right—as much as six inches according to the hardness of the alley. The big trick in tournament bowling is making the correct adjustment within that six-inch span as you move from alley to alley."

The mental strain of making the proper release-point adjustment is enough to take Marion's appetite away. During the last three days of the recent National Match Game tournament she lived on oatmeal ("Couldn't keep anything else down").

Next to eating, Marion believes the hardest part of tournament bowling is sitting down. "Sometimes," she says, "when your opponent is up there going after a big strike, you feel like you can't sit still another second. But somehow you manage to grit your teeth and watch. That's why I always chew a couple of sticks of gum—it cushions my teeth against the grinding."

Marion is the daughter of a retired Grand Rapids policeman. In her early teens, she won the 100-yard dash four years straight at the West Side Businessmen's picnic ("Every year the prize was the same—a vacuum bottle") and she also played first base on her brothers' baseball team.

From baseball, Marion eased into girls' softball as the pitcher for the team representing the Fanatorium bowling alleys. Fanatorium owner Bill Morrissey liked Marion's sweeping underhand delivery. One night, after Marion struck out 19 hitters in a seven-inning game, Morrissey said: "You ought to make a good bowler. Why don't you come to my place and roll a game?"

Marion accepted the invitation and rolled a creditable 81. Morrissey promptly drafted her for the Fanatorium's women's team and installed her as the Fanatorium's cashier at $3 per night (plus an hour's free bowling every afternoon).

That was 15 years ago. Bowling has been Marion's business ever since. She works at it seven days a week, 12 hours a day. Usually, she has a late breakfast (toast and coffee) at the Fanatorium lunch counter around one o'clock and spends the rest of the afternoon giving free lessons. Four nights a week, she bowls for the Fanatorium Majors in Grand Rapids competition; the other three nights, she manages the Fanatorium's 18 alleys and furnace, which has functioned perfectly ever since Marion banged it and something clicked.

At six o'clock, Marion takes time out for a sandwich. Dinner—usually a steak—doesn't come until 1:00 A.M., when the night's work or bowling is over. Then Marion likes to read, detective stories mostly. "Three or four nights a year," she admits, "I get to sleep before 3:00 A.M."

It's a strenuous life, but thirty-six-year-old Marion has already achieved the success badge of most career girls—a mink coat—and enough accessories to place her on anybody's list of the nation's 10 best-dressed sportswomen. Last year's revenues for endorsements and exhibitions ($75 per day, plus expenses) boosted her income into the $25,000-a-year bracket. "And that," Marion remarked recently, thinking back to the days when she was winning those 100-yard dashes at the West Side Businessmen's picnics, "ain't vacuum bottles." THE END

Woman's Work

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Rowena sat at the table anyway, and, afterward, when he had the boy alone, Link tried to straighten him out. "It's all new to you," he said. "You've had no way of knowing that nothing ever pleasures a woman so much as tending her men."

"I don't like to see her tired."

"I felt the same way when your mother come to me as a bride, but I rose up above it, and Emmy made me a good wife."

"She was old before her time."

"Thas when a woman gets at her best, when she's seasoned. A woman's like anything else—the good you get out of 'em is all a question of how they're broke in."

"Rowena ain't like a horse or a hunting dog."

Link laughed, because this was something he'd heard a long time ago, when his brother Allen had married the little Hinkle girl. "Your Uncle Allen told me the same thing, and now look what's 'come of him. He don't draw a deep breath without he asks Edna Sue is it all right."

Link shook his head sadly. "You can't cross nature without it fights back at you, and ain't nothing so troublesome as a woman that's been lifted up outta her natural place."

THE girl, outside of eating at the table with them, gave no trouble, and by the end of the first week Link had come to feel a great softness toward her.

"She's more a Hilton than a Thorne," he decided, and remembered Rowena's mother with a kindliness he'd put behind him twenty years ago when Naomi Hilton had walked out of the schoolhouse where she'd taught for two winters and married Knox Thorne, a drinker and a fighter who had, since the age of fourteen, been locked up every Election Day and most national holidays. Naomi, as Link remembered her in the years of her growing up, had been a solemn, big-eyed child who'd always seemed dwarfed and frightened by the world around her. It had been a marvel to everyone when she'd married Knox Thorne, like the mating of a rabbit and a mountain lion.

"The girl favors Naomi," Link told Gus Falk when he went for his mail that Saturday. "She's all Hilton."

Gus shrugged, and went on sorting mail. "Thorne blood's a tricky and powerful thing."

"She's all watered down with the Hilton strain," Link said, and went home humming to himself.

It was after dark when Slate and Rowena came back from town. Link, waiting for his supper, had finally gotten up and lighted the lamps himself, but since it was Saturday and the two of them were more than likely spending Slate's first wages on a good time, he didn't mind too much, although he did want to remind Rowena that after this she should fill all the lamps first thing Saturday morning and put them in place so he wouldn't have to go trudging around in the dark.

"Well, I reckon you've blowed all your money," Link said when they finally came home.

"Not all of it." Rowena motioned to Slate, who fidgeted a ten-dollar bill from his coat pocket and handed it to Link. "Thas for our next week's board and lodging," Rowena said.

Link shook his head. "It's no need to pay."

"We said we'd pay." Rowena, still in her town dress and her good shoes, sat down on the couch beside Slate. She began to play the phonograph.

"I'm hungry," Link said.

"We ate in town," Rowena said.

Link began to drum on the arms of his big chair. "*I* didn't eat in town."

"What she means is . . ." Slate shifted uneasily, the scraping of his shoes on the floor sounding unnaturally loud in the quiet room. "Well, we're paying now."

Link sprang up from his chair. "Damn it, I don't want your money! I want my supper."

"There's beans and bacon and cold corn bread in the kitchen," Rowena said.

"She means you can fix it yourself," Slate said, glancing quickly over everything within reach of Link's throwing hand.

Rowena yawned. "I'm going to bed."

"Me, too." Slate side-stepped the green ash tray, which shattered the framed portrait of Grandmother Morley.

Link, when the strip of light was gone from under their door and no sound came from their room, tiptoed out to the kitchen and quietly ate a cold supper. Afterward he lay awake wondering how a woman with Naomi Hilton's schooling could ever have lowered herself to marry Knox Thorne.

"She must of knowed she'd end up the mother of monsters."

LINK was awakened next morning by the clatter of dishes, the sizzle of frying pork and the smell of coffee. He lay in the bed, grinning up at the ceiling, not quite sure how he'd brought the girl to her senses, although it didn't matter just so long as she went on cooking and tending.

"Last night was just a li'l throwback to her Thorne blood," he decided as he headed for the kitchen, sniffing the Sunday breakfast. He took his regular place at the head of the table. "Them biscuits look good," he said, and found they were just beyond his reach.

"They ain't hard to make," Rowena said, not passing the plate.

"I can't seem to reach 'em."

"We haven't finished eating yet."

Slate, who seemed suddenly less hungry, explained, "She means you can have what's left over."

Link banged his clenched fist on the table, spilling sweet milk from Slate's glass. "I'm not a hound-dog begging scraps off'n the table," he said. "It's my house and I got certain rights."

Rowena went on eating. "Nobody's arguing your rights."

"I got a right to eat."

"You can eat what you help fix."

Link watched the girl knife the last of the meat and fried potatoes onto her plate. She upended the coffeepot, emptying it into her cup. She spread apple butter on the two remaining biscuits, handing one to Slate, taking the other for herself. She ate with a harvest hunger.

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"We got no cause to quarrel," Link said, hoping to get through that stubborn Thorne shell to the sensible Hilton side of the girl. "I'll give you back the money."

"We don't want the money," Rowena said.

"She means she'd rather pay than work out her board," Slate said.

Rowena started clearing the table. "I'm married to Slate, not hired out to you."

"I won't listen to no such talk as that!" Link said, and Rowena looked down at him with that maddening Thorne smile which Link, in store arguments, had shouted into a thousand times, never with any effect.

"If you wanta help me round the house," Rowena said, "we can share out the work."

"I ain't gonna lower myself."

"Well, then, I'll do for Slate and me, but I won't lift a finger to cook nor clean for anybody else."

"There ain't anybody else, only me."

Slate coughed. "She means you."

Link began to throw things. He started with the saltcellar, then the sugar bowl, and because Slate and Rowena had cleared everything else from the table he got up and started throwing the dirty dishes on the sink.

"We'd best go dress for church," Rowena said, and walked out of the kitchen, Slate ducking out behind her.

LINK threw the plain white dishes and the plates with the cluster of cherries painted on them. He threw all the cups and saucers, the iron skillets, the lamps, the glasses, the pots and pans, and even the drinking gourd. When there was nothing else to be thrown, he kicked over the kitchen table and stomped out of the kitchen. Rowena and Slate, in their church clothes, were crossing the parlor toward the front door.

"Don't come back," Link said. "Get out and stay out."

"We've paid for a week," Rowena said. "We'll come back."

Link roared and swung around, throwing parlor things until Slate and Rowena had walked down the path too far to hear the clatter of his rage. "I'd think it was maybe a judgment," he told himself, brushing crumbs of glass from the seat of his big chair, "only the Lord's got no cause to judge against me."

Link would have brewed a pot of coffee and fried some hen eggs while Slate and Rowena were gone, but he didn't want to give the girl the satisfaction of finding out he'd made his own breakfast. He was still sitting in his big chair when the two of them came back from church. They walked through the living room without a word to him, and he could hear them moving about in the kitchen. He eased over to the door and peered through the keyhole. Slate was setting the table with paper plates. Rowena was picking up knives and forks from the floor. There was no paper plate at the head of the table.

"It all started when he let her eat with us," he said, and limped back to his chair. He felt weak with hunger and helplessness.

SLATE opened the kitchen door part way and stood behind it, so it would shield him from any thrown thing. "She says you can eat if you work."

"I ain't concerned with what she says."

"She's making cream gravy with the chicken."

Link chewed his underlip. "What kinda work she have in mind?"

"Carry in the water."

"But I never done such a thing as that in my life."

"She says it's always a first time for everything."

Link sank back, groaning, shaking his head. "This is what comes of marrying too low."

He could hear the two of them eating together on the other side of the kitchen door, and when they came back to the parlor they had the shine of chicken grease on their mouths. Rowena stretched out on the couch and asked Slate to play the phonograph.

"Salvationists don't play music on Sunday," Link said.

"Foot-Washers do," Rowena said.

Link left the house to which the girl had made him a stranger. He shuffled around back to the pump to draw himself a dipper of water, hoping it might soothe the gnawing ache of his empty stomach. His two beagle hounds were nuzzling a pan of chicken bones, and when they heard him coming, they filled their jaws and backed away into the shade of the giant honey locust.

"It's a merciful thing poor Emmy never lived to see me put second to the rabbit dogs," he said, and it suddenly seemed unreasonable and not like Emmy that she should have lain down one night and slept herself out of all this misery.

"She should of took better care of her health," he said, as though Emmy's death had been a thing of purpose and spite.

He was washing one of the larger bones when Rowena opened the kitchen door. He dropped the bone, shame burning in him like a fever. He sat down on the kitchen steps as Rowena moved past him, perfumed up like an apple orchard. "Well," he said, "you've finally did what you set out—brung me down level with the hunting dogs."

"You was asked to the table."

"On condition."

"No reason you can't help." She sat on a rock, facing him, the sun bathing her legs in a silken shine. "Slate helps me."

Link scooped a rock the size of an egg into the palm of his throwing hand. He took aim at the latticework around the springhouse.

"It's no use to throw things," Rowena said.

"It eases me."

The two dogs, when he scooped up the rock, took shelter beneath the porch steps. They peered out at Link, who still hadn't thrown the rock. Suddenly he let it drop from his hand. "You don't know what it is to raise up children and have 'em leave you, never give you another thought."

"Link, Jr., bought you your land."

"It ain't much 'count. It's rocky."

"The girls send you money."

"When they think about it. Sometimes."

"Mrs. Falk says they send it every month."

Link grabbed the rock and threw it. "You can't reason with a Thorne. No sense trying."

"I ain't a Thorne now. I'm a Morley."

"You just got the name, not the blood."

Rowena's laugh was like that Thorne smile set to organ music. "The babies'll all be Morleys."

Link slumped back against the porch steps, his mind a nightmare of unnatural grandchildren romping around the house like naked savages and probably growing up to preach atheism and free love.

"Slate might as well of married a Russian."

IT WAS dark when he heard Slate and Rowena in the kitchen, starting supper. He pumped a pail of water and carried it in to them. "Just set it on the sink," Rowena said, without surprise, as though she'd expected it. Slate took a third paper plate from the shelf and put it at the head of the table. Rowena handed Link the broom and nodded at the floor. "I brung in water," Link said. "That oughta be enough."

"It's your mess," Rowena said, and Link started sweeping.

"Tomorrow I'm getting some new dishes," Rowena said.

"She means not to throw," Slate said.

Link drew himself up, a restless anger settling in his hands clenched on the broom handle. "When it comes over me to throw, I throw. I can't help myself. It's my nature."

"I don't want my dishes broke," Rowena said.

"You can't change human nature."

Rowena smiled that aggravating Thorne smile. "You can smoothen it out a little."

Link whirled around toward Slate with a roar. "Don't tell me what she means!"

Slate took shelter behind the stove. "I reckon you know what she means."

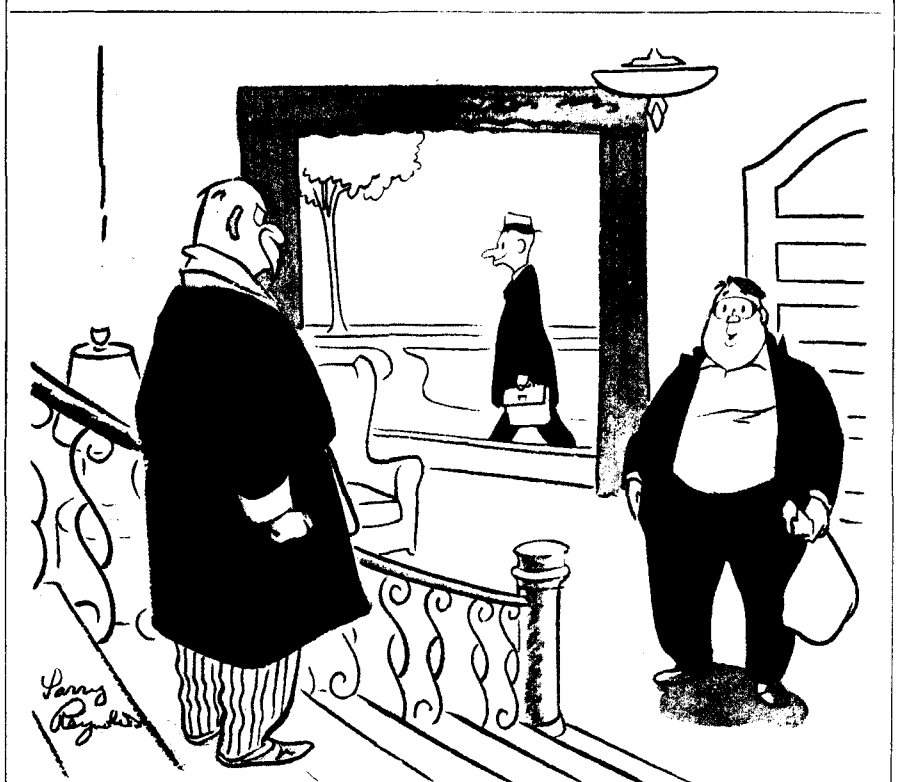
The three of them sat down at the table together, and it was Rowena's idea that Link should ask the blessing.

"It'll be Salvationist," Link said, because he had to hold onto something of what he'd been.

"It's your house," Rowena said, and bowed her head.

THE END

BUTCH



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DORMAN H. SMITH

Now It's Our Move

IN ANCIENT DAYS the tribes of Israel used to perform a ceremony in which the sins of the people were symbolically placed upon the head of a goat. The goat was then allowed to escape into the wilderness, bearing the sins with him. This was a very simple technique of disposal with only one drawback: it didn't eliminate sin. So they eliminated the ritual. But the recurring desire for the handy scapegoat has persisted in human nature.

That desire has been particularly noticeable in this country since the Korean war started. A number of people naturally wondered why the government had not foreseen it. And after the hordes of Chinese Reds were thrown into the fight, people wondered why the United Nations command had not foreseen *that*. All this wondering led to a determined hunt for a head on which to deposit a number of sins—sins of misplaced trust, faulty judgment, lack of vision, plain stupidity and so on—which the miracle of hindsight so readily reveals.

This isn't to say that the hindsight was not accurate. Many mistakes were made which show up readily in retrospect. But no one can be held responsible for all of them, and no one can erase them.

The country's present difficulties are the sum of a variety of past circumstances and errors. But the need today is not for scapegoats but for officers of government, both military and civilian, who will ponder past errors and profit by them. The need is for purposeful leadership and positive policy. There has been too much uncertainty and confusion in the government's reaction to changing international events in recent months. And it has given the public a case of the jitters.

Our leadership, which resides in Congress as well as in the White House, ought to be of a sort that does not shut its ears to intelligent advice from outside its own circle. It should examine opposing views, instead of simply labeling and dismissing them. Unless such an example is provided at the core of government there can scarcely be much hope of closing the divisions of public opinion that still remain.

But unity in support of the government's actions is only a beginning The American people need to have confidence in their leaders. They deserve the assurance that their leaders are actually leading and not, as has happened too often in the past five years, merely countering the moves of their Soviet adversaries. For it cannot be denied that thus far, in the present crisis, American policy has largely been dictated by pressure from Moscow.

The Communist-inspired civil war in Greece and the Communist demands on Turkey led to the Truman Doctrine. The Communist efforts to exploit the difficulties of postwar recovery in Western Europe brought about the Marshall Plan. Communist aggression in Korea is responsible for rearmament and partial mobilization in the United States today.

It is clearly time that the government took the diplomatic offensive. It must initiate a firm and militant policy for containing aggression and preserving peace, which will not be disrupted by surprise shifts in Communist tactics. And in shaping that policy the government should recognize and impress upon its citizens a few basic and inescapable facts which, in this magazine's opinion, must dictate our future actions.

First of all, there is the simple, realistic reason for rearming. The Soviet Union was not a serious threat to world peace until the end of World War II. The democracies are where they are today because they disarmed at that time, and the Russians did not. The best hope of averting further war is for the United States and its friends to restore as quickly as possible the approximate balance of military power that existed among the victorious nations in 1945.

That ratio of power cannot be restored by the United States alone. This country needs the help of its friends, for moral and physical and strategic reasons, as much as they need help from us. They need to be assured that we will never voluntarily abandon them to Communism. But it should also be made clear that a state of supine terror on their part could make abandonment the only course that was left open to us.

Then there is the propaganda war that we are waging with Russia. It is an important war which will play a decisive part in future events, and so far America has not done as good a job as it can. The government should really take off its gloves and deal vigorously with the Kremlin's lies.

Our country has certain superiorities over Russia—in knowledge, in industrial development, and most of all, perhaps, in the incentive, determination and devotion that are inherent in our legacy of freedom. The government should assure its citizens and the world that, in the event of general war, it can and will exploit them to the full extent of an unprecedented effort.

But there are also American inferiorities on the balance sheet of comparative strengths, and these are the source of the major disagreements among the American people. It is obvious that there are limits to our man power and money and natural resources, which must limit the nation's commitments.

These limitations mean that America cannot fight all over the globe at one time. They also mean that the government must economize wherever economy is safely possible. They mean that the campaign to check inflation must be carried out with more honesty and courage, and with less evidence of political pressure and prejudice, than have been shown thus far.

It will be a long, hard job to put that policy into action. It doesn't leave any time for scapegoat hunts. The important thing now is to avoid future mistakes. For even if this job is administered with the utmost wisdom, the country will not have an airtight guarantee against the threat of a third world war. But it can and must have a basis of unity and strength to support an intelligent diplomacy whose goal is an enduring peace and the restoration of human rights throughout the world.

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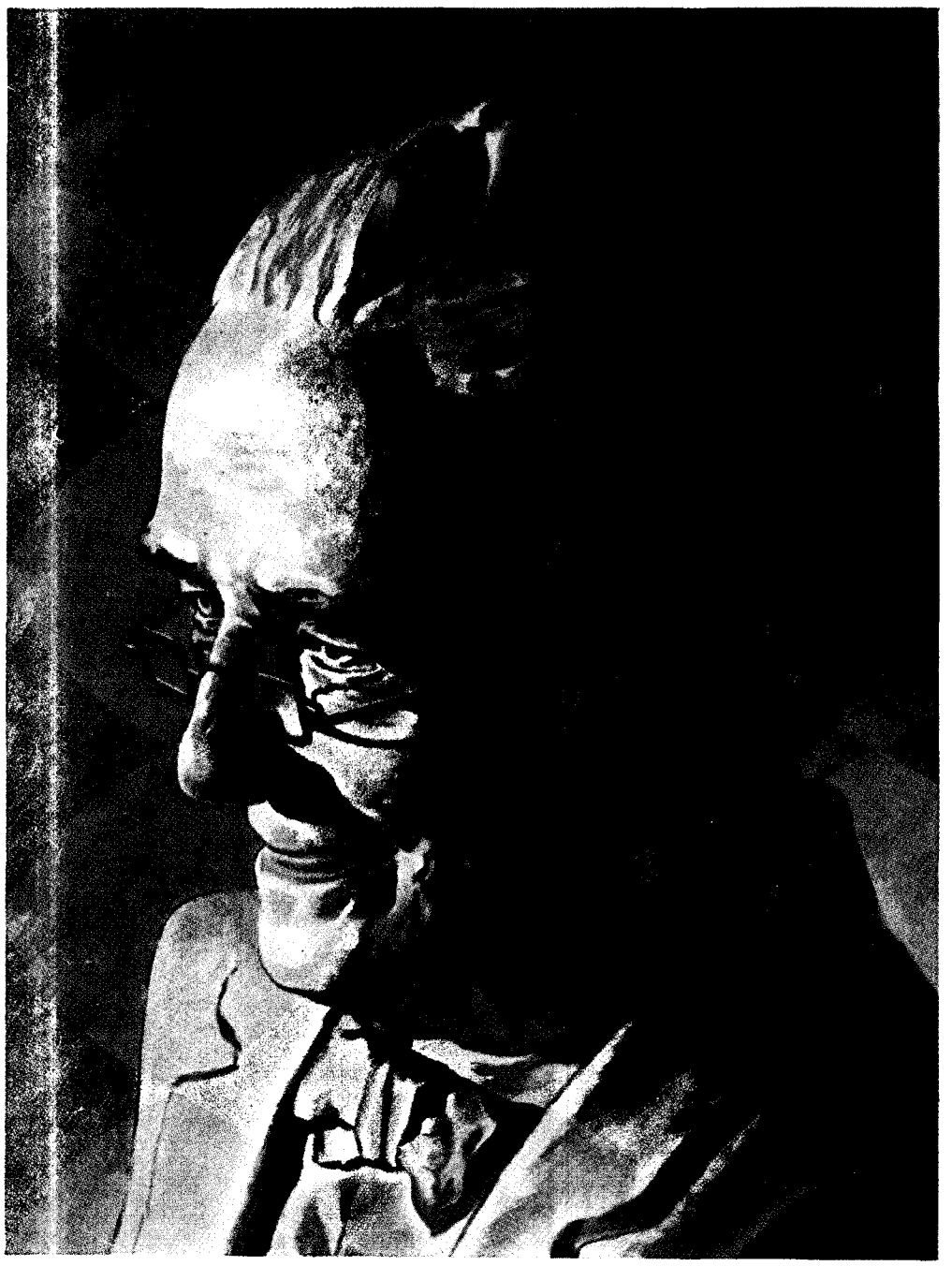

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